Collier's

FEBRUARY 19, 1944

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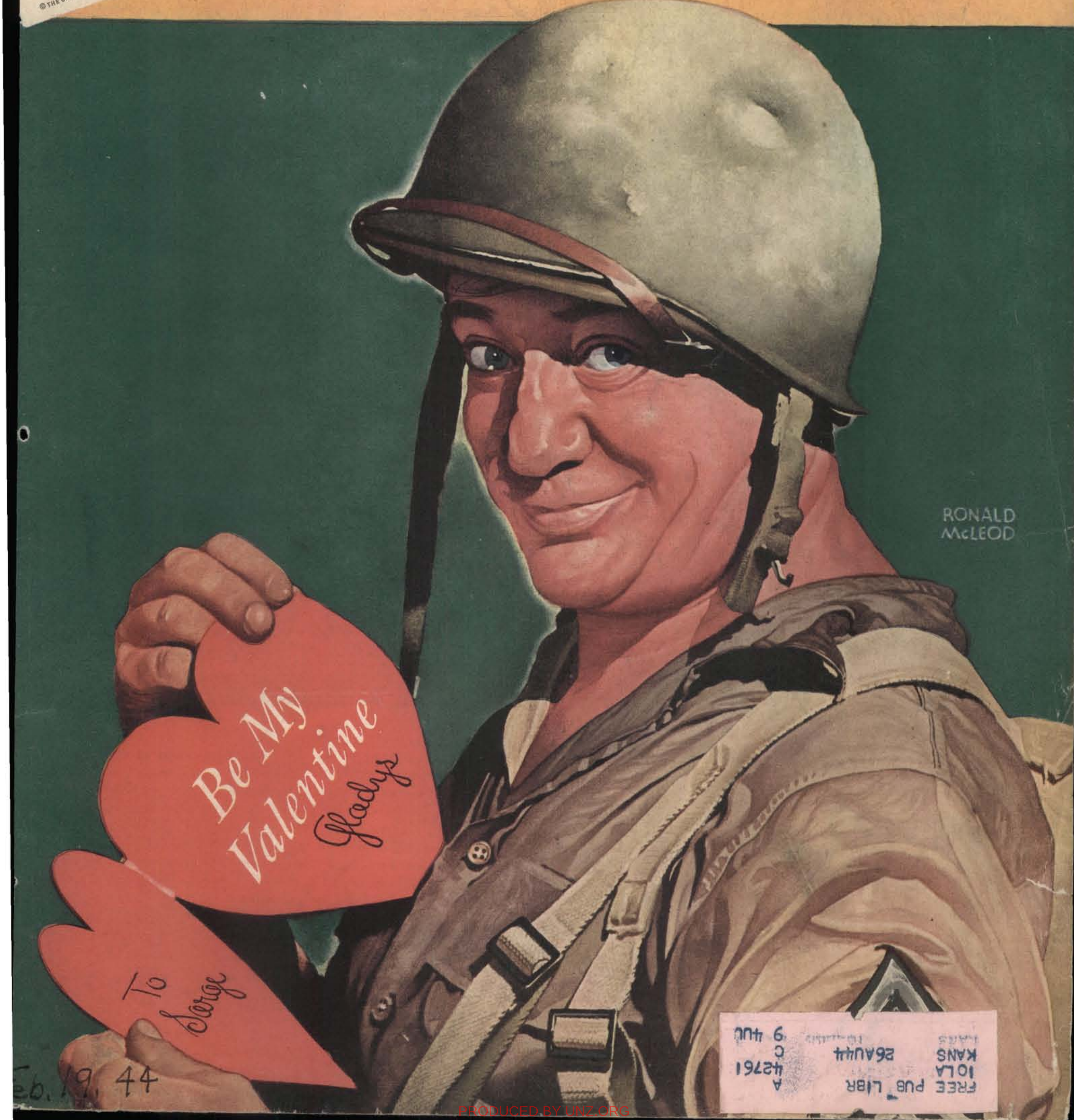
The First Story of Our Greenland Victory

WAR BELOW ZERO

By BERNT BALCHEN
and COREY FORD


Be My Valentine
Gladys
To Serge
RONALD McLEOD

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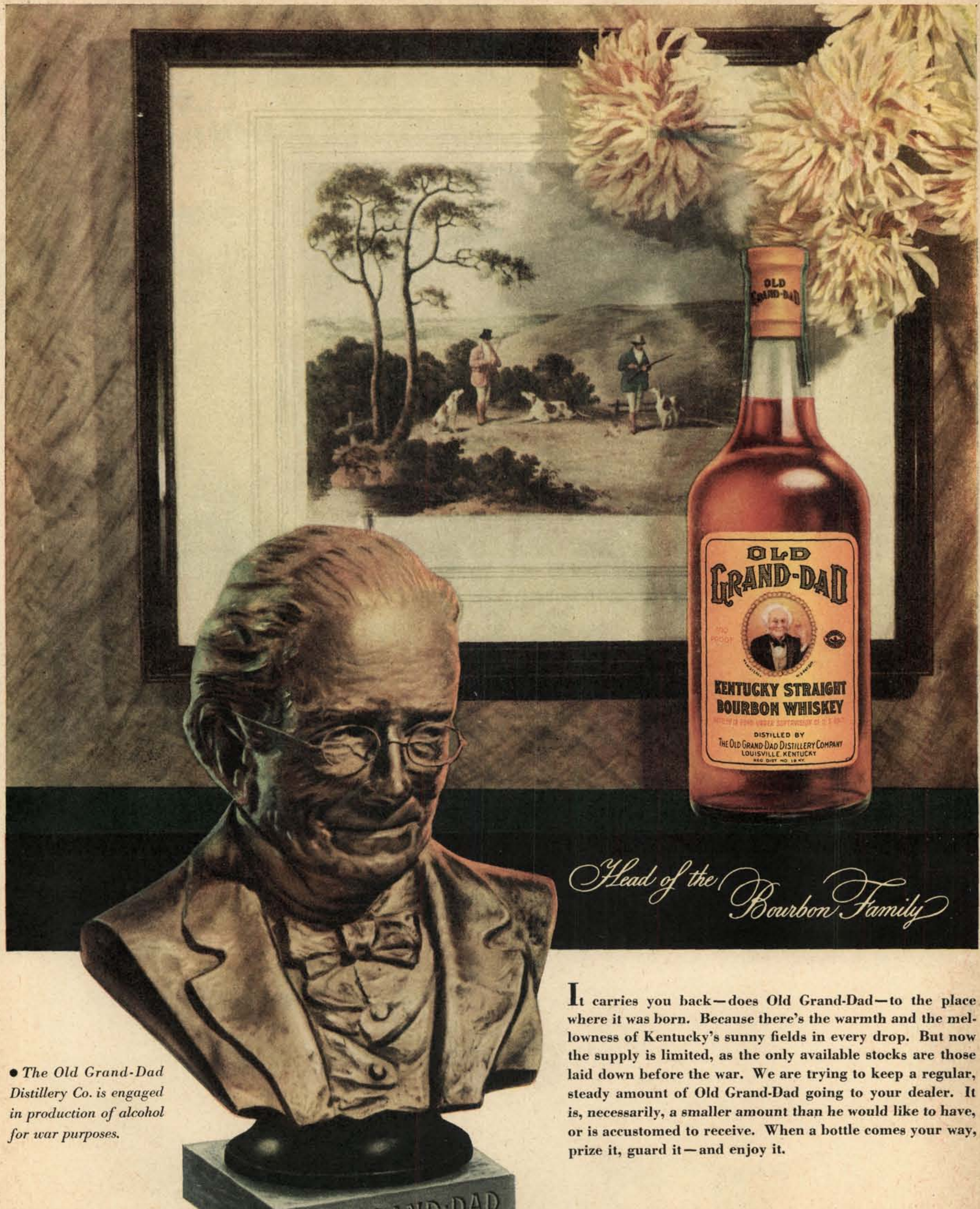
OLD GRAND-DAD
OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
DISTILLED BY
THE OLD GRAND-DAD DISTILLERY COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
REG DIST NO. 18 KY.
Head of the Bourbon Family
OLD GRAND·DAD

• The Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co. is engaged in production of alcohol for war purposes.

It carries you back—does Old Grand-Dad—to the place where it was born. Because there's the warmth and the mellowness of Kentucky's sunny fields in every drop. But now the supply is limited, as the only available stocks are those laid down before the war. We are trying to keep a regular, steady amount of Old Grand-Dad going to your dealer. It is, necessarily, a smaller amount than he would like to have, or is accustomed to receive. When a bottle comes your way, prize it, guard it—and enjoy it.

This Whiskey is 4 Years Old • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

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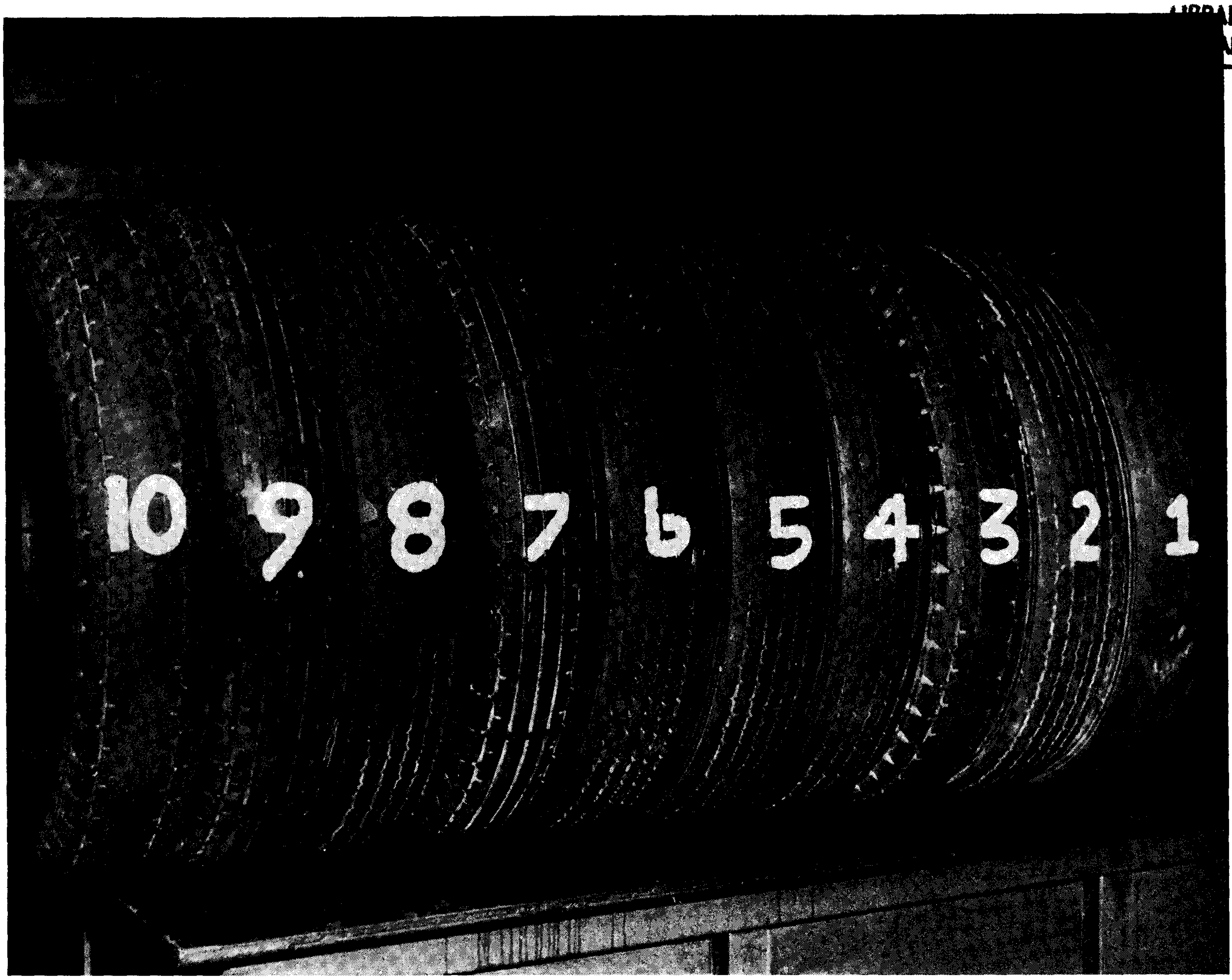

Tire treads that came out of holes in the ground

The chemists took something that flows, juggled its molecules and made it roll

The tread of a tire is the outside part that takes the road wear. Original treads of those above were made of material from the deep earth—from holes drilled down below layers of rock, dirt, sand, water—sometimes a mile or more. "Molecule juggling" made petroleum into "rubber."

Research on this "butadiene-type" rubber began back in the twenties. B. F. Goodrich built the first plant to make it commercially and, before the government plants were built, was making more than all the rest of the nation combined. In 1940 the tires above and thousands of other passenger-car tires were sold—the first containing *any* synthetic rubber ever put into general use by American car owners. Private owners and companies sent in reports of their performance. The test was estimated at 80 million miles a year ago—and some of the tires are still running without recapping.

Those tires in the picture were owned by a large eastern utility company. No. 1 has gone 27,622 miles; No. 2 ran 29,432. Some were recapped, but Nos. 9 and 10 rode side by side for 30,018 miles before recapping. Others worked under conditions that reduced their mileages, but the average of all ten was over 20,000.

Today's B. F. Goodrich tires are made of government synthetic. Those for passenger cars are all-synthetic (99.8%). With good care, they'll nearly equal the service of prewar tires. Truck tires are not yet this good, particularly in intercity service, but are improving.

Few can buy right now, but if you're one of those who *can* buy tires today, go to a B. F. Goodrich dealer or Silvertown store. You'll get tires backed by years of experience with synthetic rubber in all kinds of products—tires backed by this 80,000,000-mile road test. The B. F. Goodrich Co., Akron, Ohio.

In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

ek. 19,44

Picture
OF THE MONTH

M-G-M *presents*
SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE
with
ROBERT WALKER
As "Private Hargrove"
and

Donna Reed	Robert Benchley
Keenan Wynn	Bob Crosby
Ray Collins	Chill Wills

Directed by
Wesley Ruggles
Produced by
George Haight
Screen Play by *Harry Kurnitz*, based upon the book by *Marion Hargrove*

See Here, Private Hargrove

BRIEF CITATION:—Inducted from the top ranks of best-sellers, "See Here, Private Hargrove" has been brought to the screen by MGM. The Big Studio has made a very special issue of the G. I. story that has thrilled millions as a book.

A happy lot is Robert Walker's—cast for Private Hargrove. New to the screen as the young sailor-lad in "Bataan", the 'lucky guy' who won a role in "Madame Curie", Walker's own private life reads like the composite biography of the average private. For this young man has worked in a garage, punched cattle in Texas, jerked sodas on Broadway, been to sea and survived a shipwreck! That checkered past partly accounts for his splendid performance as the naive rookie.

Every sweetheart, wife, mother, dad and kid brother who wants the inside 'dope' on life in an Army Camp will consider the film "See Here, Private Hargrove" a command performance. Donna Reed provides the feminine touch—and it's a delightful one. Robert Benchley, Bob Crosby, Keenan Wynn, Ray Collins and Chill Wills also answer to the entertainment roll call!

Wesley Ruggles, one of Hollywood's foremost comedy directors, pilots the screen Hargrove in top-flight fashion. And George Haight produces this film with great gusto! Credit Harry Kurnitz for the screen play and, of course, the initial pat on the back must be handed to the newspaper man who became a private and put his observations and emotions down in entertaining print!

By this time you'll gather that this reviewer wishes to paraphrase the title of this excellent film and ejaculate to one and all—"See—Hear—Private Hargrove"!

Collier's
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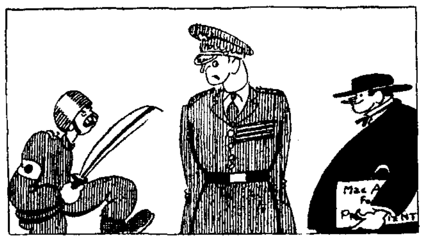
ANY WEEK

FORTY years ago, Mr. Edward R. Portlimner of Springfield, Massachusetts, quit reading Collier's. Something made him mad. But now he has taken us up again. "I don't hold a grudge so good any more," writes Mr. Portlimner. "Live and let live, say I." Furthermore, we have a letter from Mr. Ewald Thumb of Los Angeles, California. Mr. Thumb used to write us scalders about Wall Street. Didn't hold with Wall Street at all. But this letter, received three weeks ago, hadn't a word to say about Wall Street. We hastened to ask him why. "There are so damn' many things to get mad at these days that I can't make up my mind," was his reply. "Anyway, a man can't go on hating the same thing all his life."

ONE of the important political notes for this week is from Mr. Joe Beamish of Denver, Colorado. Mr. Beamish informs us that competition for public office is something awful. An incumbent spends about 99 per cent of his time being on guard. "In fact," says Mr. Beamish, "vacationing congressmen are prowling around, hugging the front walls of buildings and wearing rear-view mirrors on the front of their hats."

ALL we know is that we not only admire General MacArthur but sympathize with him. On one side he has our enemies. On the other he has his friends. Between them the man's pretty sore beset. And all this because we've just received a letter from Mr. L. W. McCormick of Doylestown, Pennsylvania. Mr. McCormick is chairman of the General MacArthur for President and Senator Lodge for Vice-President Organization. Realizing that the general's a pretty busy man, Mr. McCormick has even picked his cabinet for him. Mr. McCormick hasn't had time to get around to the general's platform and policies but, after all, they are details which the general's friends will get to in due time. "We are provoked," writes Mr. McCormick, "with magazine and newspaper articles suggesting General Douglas MacArthur would not make a good President because he has not had statecraft experience. . . . General MacArthur would select a strong and courageous *Cabinet* and delegate the proper authority. . . . Secretary of State: Senator Arthur Vandenberg of Michigan, Foreign Affairs; Secretary of the Treasury: Beardsley Ruml of New York, Taxation and Finance; Attorney General: George W. Maxey of Pennsylvania, Law; Postmaster General: Harrison Spangler of Iowa, Mail; Secretary of the Interior: Senator John A. Danaher of Connecticut, National Resources; Secretary of Agriculture: Frank O. Horton of Wyoming, Farmers; Secretary of Commerce: Max Epstein of Illinois, Business; Secretary of Labor: Henry Kaiser of California, Labor Relations." Mr. McCormick does not "attempt to suggest a man for Secretary of War or Secretary of the Navy," but we gather that his organization would be satisfied with a fellow named MacArthur for both posts. But Mr. McCormick does send us the official campaign button, a large wooden one (sturdy oak) proclaiming "I'm for MacArthur and Lodge."



QUITE a play is given to the American Way of Life, in our correspondence. We've not been paying much attention to it, on the assumption that what we're doing now isn't it. But here's one which we pass on to you. "This American Way of Life," writes Mr. Michael Medwick of St. Louis, Missouri. "What is it?" There seems to be a fine diversity of opinion. We hear that a couple of congressmen were discussing the anti-strike bill just before it came to a vote. One of them was taking it very seriously, having lost considerable sleep, pondering how he should vote. The other told him that he was a sap. "Vote the way your district thinks," said he. "It'll pass anyway, and nobody's going to pay any attention to it afterward." Well, that's part of the answer to what the American Way of Life is. Poking in our mail, we find other hints: "Americans are trained not to tolerate

(Continued on page 41*)*

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COVER RONALD McLEOD

When ruin threatened—an unseen friend stepped in

'he smashup Jim Simmons had driving home this vening might have knocked his family's security ito smithereens. It happened quick as light-ing, yet for a fleeting moment Jim had thought, How will I ever pay a heavy judgment?"

Then later, of course, he remembered the visit f his helpful friend. Because this man intro-uced himself to Jim a few weeks ago, Jim is *ıfe.* This friend will act as Jim's doctor, his lawyer -and his bank book all in one! In effect, he is an nseen passenger, riding with Jim wherever he rives, always ready to help at a moment's notice.

What happened to Jim Simmons can happen) *you.* Wartime driving is hazardous! Most ccidents have always happened at speeds *less* ıan 35. They happen no matter how little you rive. That's why you need the broad protection ıat Jim Simmons' friend can give you, too. Who : this man?

He Represents the World's Largest Auto Insurance Company

He is one of 7000 representatives of State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company, located throughout the Jnited States and Canada. He can show you *i*hy *all auto insurance is not alike* . . . why more than a million car owners have chosen State Farm.

Ask the State Farm agent near you to explain State Farm's *More-Auto-Insurance-For-Your-Money* Plan. This makes protection so low in cost that every driver can afford it. Your policy is non-assessable. Rates are adjusted to the type of gas ration card you have. Coverage is provided if you "share the ride."

The costs for personal injury accidents are higher these days, so your State Farm policy provides *double* the usual "5 and 10" *Liability* coverage, as well as broad *Property Damage* protection.

Important, too, is State Farm's *80% Collision* coverage. This pays 80c of every repair bill dollar up to $250, and everything over $250. *Medical Payments* pays medical and other expenses up to $500 a person in accidents for which you are *not* liable. *Comprehensive* covers loss due to fire, theft, and thirty other causes. *Emergency Road Service and Bail Bond Expense* pays 80% of towing and mechanical first-aid charges, and 80% of fee required for a bail bond.

Yes, State Farm auto insurance is *different.* Ask your agent today for details of the plan that has saved more than a million member-policyholders in excess of $50,000,000 in the cost of their auto insurance. Or, send for free booklet explaining facts every driver should know about auto insurance. Just mail coupon.

State Farm offers similar economies in Life and Fire Insurance, too. Ask your friend, the State Farm agent, about them. (The name in this advertisement is fictitious.)

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INSURANCE
COMPANIES
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Pacific Coast Office:
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FREE to drivers — New Informative Booklet

MR. G. E. MECHERLE C-24
State Farm Insurance Companies
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Please send me your new booklet presenting basic facts about automobile insurance. I understand this request will not obligate me in any way.

Name...

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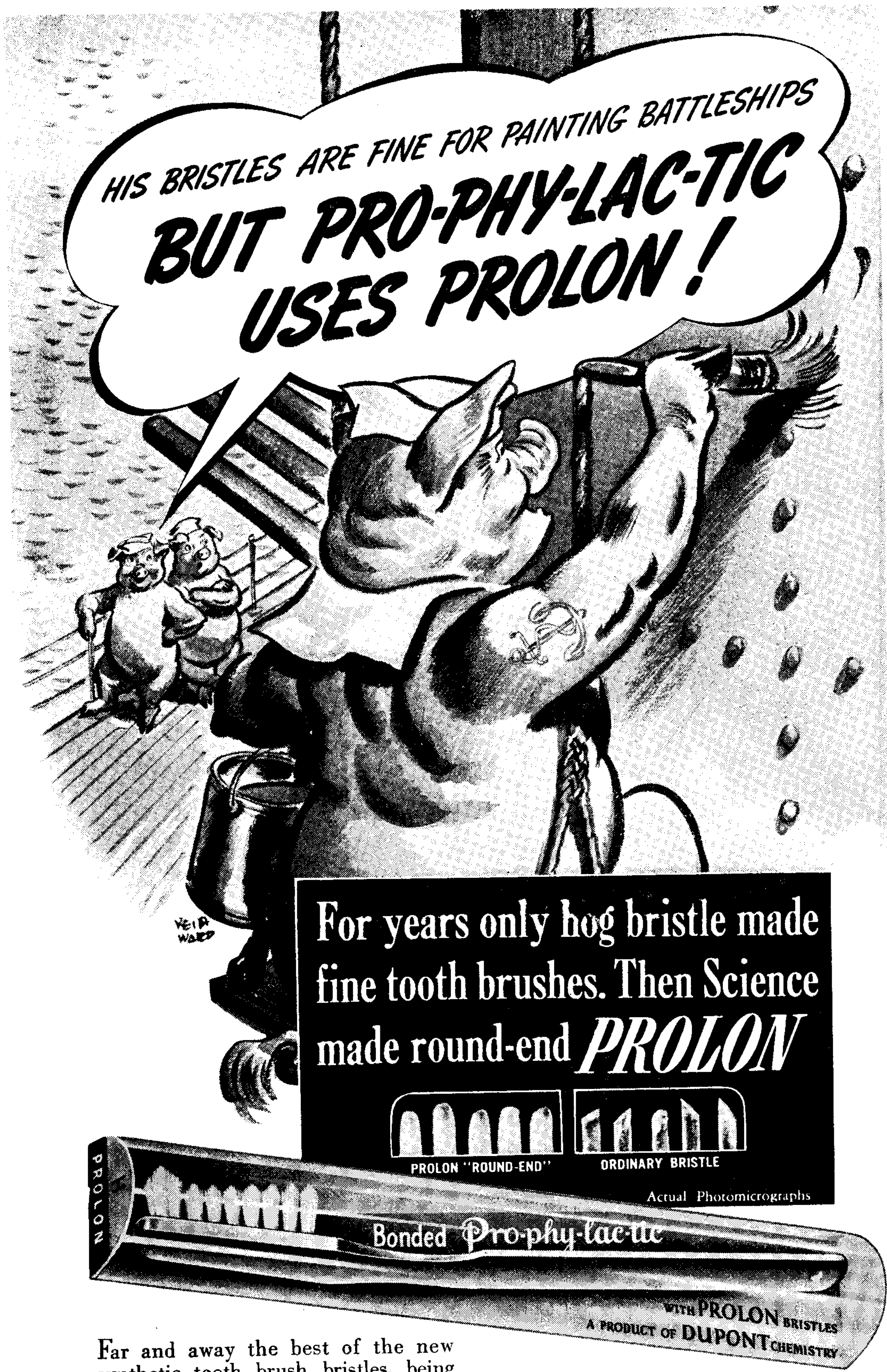
City...................................... *State*...................

BUY WAR BONDS ★ BUY MORE IN '44


HIS BRISTLES ARE FINE FOR PAINTING BATTLESHIPS
BUT PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC USES PROLON!
For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end PROLON
PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photomicrographs
PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
WITH PROLON BRISTLES
A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by duPont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this duPont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same duPont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

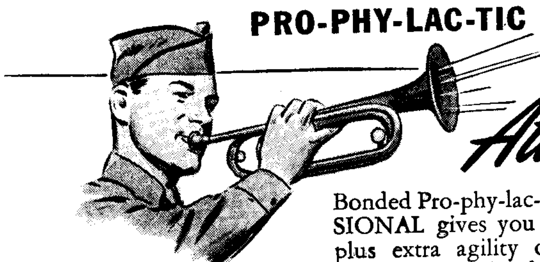
It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

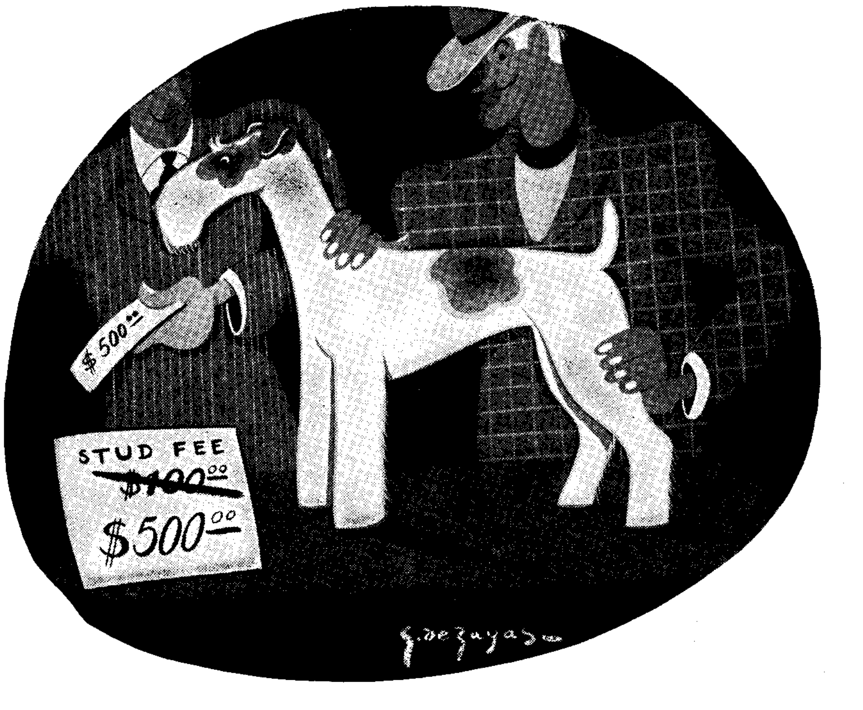
PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.



Attention! **Users of Smaller Brushes**

Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic 2-Row PROFESSIONAL gives you Round-End Prolon plus extra agility of professional-type compact brush head, only one inch long.

Same price . . . same package, marked with yellow band.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

As the fox terrier Ch. Nornay Saddler, winner of 59 best-in-show prizes, is too small for Army service, his stud fee has been increased from $100 to $500 for the duration, and the money is being given to war charities.

The quickest "turn-around" made by an American train today is that of a Twin Cities Zephyr which arrives in Minneapolis from Chicago every afternoon at 3:45 and departs on its return trip at 4 o'clock. To maintain this schedule, the train has to be unloaded and wyed, the engine refueled and rewatered, the cars cleaned inside and their windows washed outside, and all outgoing passengers and baggage put aboard within 15 minutes.

Except one pair of socks or stockings per person, no new clothing of any kind has been obtainable by the civilian population of Germany since August 1, 1943, when clothes rationing was suspended for an indefinite period.

In Russia, every person traveling by train, bus, boat or plane is automatically insured against death or disability caused by an accident, the cost of this protection being included in the price of the ticket.—*By Sgt. Edward Wergeles, New York City.*

Owing to the relative seriousness attached to different crimes by different states, the penalties inflicted for them vary widely by these jurisdictions. For example, the penalty for armed robbery ranges from one year in ten states to death in two, while the penalty for rape ranges from one year in six states to death in four.

Kentucky and New Mexico are the only states that still have no provision whatsoever for absentee voting. . . . The Army Air Forces now have more officers and men than the Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard combined. . . . During the 30 months of their adult life, a pair of rats, under perfect conditions, may have 350,000,000 descendants.

Juvenile delinquency in Covington, Kentucky, has been checked by a new ordinance that provides a fine up to $50 for parents whose children under 16 years of age are found on the street unaccompanied by an adult after 10:30 P. M. between May and October and 9:30 P. M. between November and April.

Since 1941, the money award given by war plants for the thousands of improved production methods adopted at the suggestion of employees has averaged only about $16.

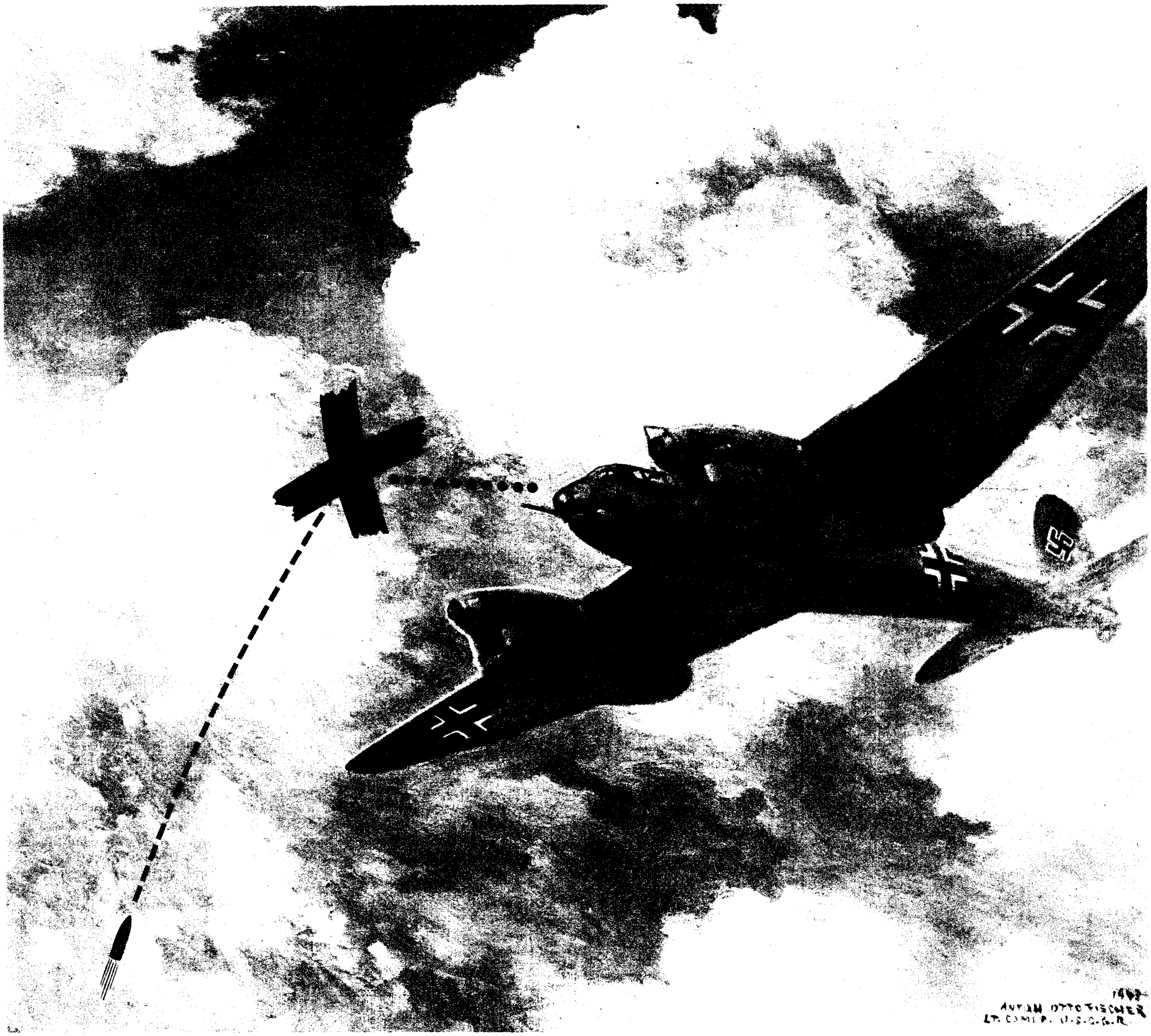
Among the many flags in the world having a different design on each side are the state ensigns of Massachusetts, Oregon and South Dakota.—*By Helen Donohoe, Philadelphia, Pa.*

While a February without a full moon takes place about five times in every century, this occurrence in 1866 was accompanied by the rarest lunar phenomenon on record. The preceding January and the following March had two full moons each, a sequence that will not happen again for at least 2,500,000 years.—*By W. T. Lottis, Palo Alto, California.*

Of the 46 existing field, track and swimming records made at Olympic Games, nineteen are held by the United States, seven by Japan, six by Germany, four each by Finland and the Netherlands, two by Great Britain and one each by Canada, Italy, Poland and New Zealand.

In 1943, approximately 10,000 moonshiners were arrested and 6,000 illicit stills were seized by revenue officers. . . . Conscientious objectors, when released by the Army for overage or other reasons, receive the same honorable discharge papers and benefits as other servicemen.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



End of an Enemy

THIS enemy plane is headed for doom. In a split second it will be blasted from the skies by a shell from one of our anti-aircraft guns on the ground.

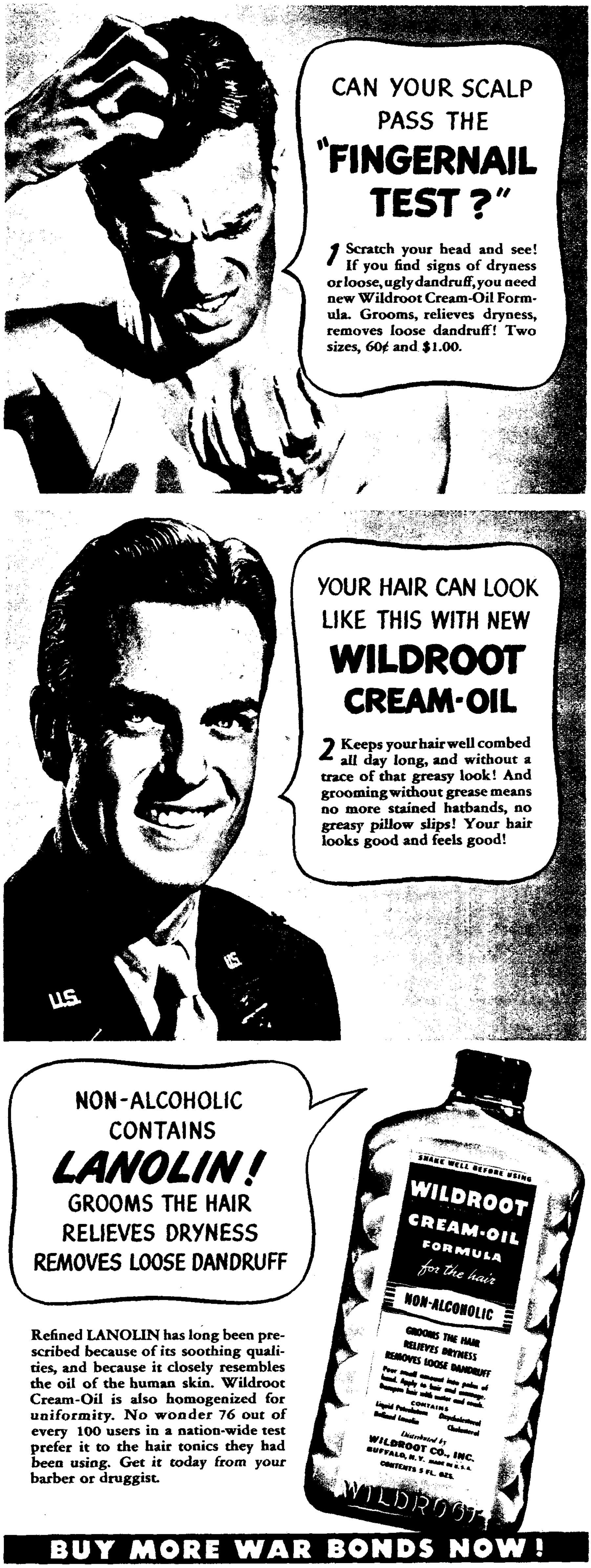
How can a gun hit a plane going 300 miles an hour 20,000 feet up . . . when it takes the shell 15 seconds to get up there and in that time the plane has gone more than a mile? Besides, the shell curves in its flight. Wind blows it. Gravity pulls on it. Even the weather affects its velocity.

The answer is the Gun Director—an *electrical* brain which aims the guns. Swiftly it plots the plane's height and course. Instantly it solves the complex mathematical problem, continuously matching the curved path of the shell to the path of the plane so that the two will meet. It even times the fuse to explode the shell at the exact instant.

The *electrical* Gun Director has greatly increased the deadliness of anti-aircraft gunfire. Developed by Bell Telephone Laboratories and made by Western Electric, it is one of many war weapons by the peacetime makers of Bell Telephones.

Until the last enemy plane is knocked down,
buy War Bonds regularly—all you can!

Western Electric
IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
IN WAR...ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.


CAN YOUR SCALP PASS THE "FINGERNAIL TEST?"

1 Scratch your head and see! If you find signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Two sizes, 60¢ and $1.00.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2 Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN! GROOMS THE HAIR RELIEVES DRYNESS REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is also homogenized for uniformity. No wonder 76 out of every 100 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the hair tonics they had been using. Get it today from your barber or druggist.

SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL FORMULA for the hair
NON-ALCOHOLIC
GROOMS THE HAIR RELIEVES DRYNESS REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF
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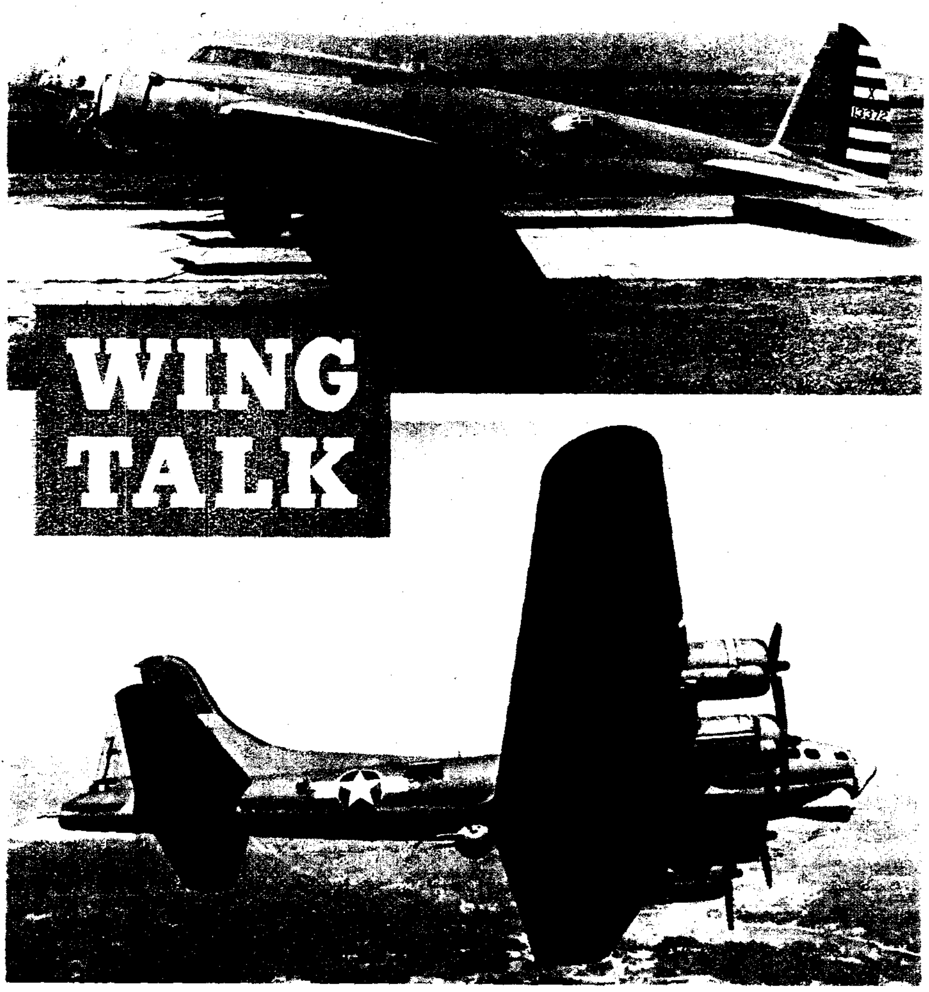
BUY MORE WAR BONDS NOW!

WING TALK



Today's Flying Fortress (lower) has same basic design as 1935's No. 299 (top) but the new B-17 weighs twice as much; has 50% more power

REMEMBER how Churchill used to turn up by bomber in far-off places? Those trips were about as comfortable for his bulk as a ten-hour ride on a windowless streetcar. But now, flying statesmen like Roosevelt, Churchill and Stalin can climb aboard a luxurious Clipper or Stratoliner or Skymaster and negotiate continents and oceans, nonstop, in splendid comfort—all because one of America's World War II bombers was converted for transport purposes.

According to Harry Woodhead, who presides over the production of B-24s, the idea was originated to solve the problem of delivering planes to Pacific outposts. "Pilots used to ferry bombers as far as Australia in three days, only to wait thirty days or more to hop a ride back," he recalled recently. "Pretty soon, our ferry crews were congregated at the other end of the line, and our new airplanes stacked up on us at the factory. So we got a British Liberator, the same old AL-504 in which Churchill later roamed, flew it to Honolulu and brought back 17 crew members in an elapsed time of only 35 hours.

"Later, this same plane was sent to Australia to bring back 20 crew members, and the elapsed time for the round trip was just under six days, but the plane wasn't comfortable. So we arranged with the British to get another Liberator, bring it to San Diego and convert it into a cargo transport. At the same time, we got a Liberator B-24D from the Army Air Forces and we converted that. Then we flew the Army plane to Washington, and orders for converted Liberator transports followed."

THAT'S how the now-famous C-87 Liberator Express was born. The original Army transport conversion became the Gulliver which took Wendell Willkie to discover One World. Its successors have carried diplomats and freight across the North and South Atlantic, the Pacific, over the Himalayas, and across every continent.

The latest trick in converted transport jobs was recently performed at a certain factory. Craftsmen built into a few big-bellied Army planes complete little apartments, with plush-covered bedrooms, full-size toilet facilities, and galleys fitted out to meet the demands of the most fastidious chefs. All this failed to alter the transoceanic cruising range, and the flying boudoirs still tick off around five miles a minute when they're in a special hurry.

ON THE other hand, there have been constant improvements on bombers, too. Look, for example, what's happened to the sturdy B-17 Flying Fortress. Its basic design has remained practically the same since the U. S. Army Air Forces accepted the first model in 1935, but plenty has been done to keep it in step with rapid war changes.

We're now in the "G" run of the B-17, which means that there have been seven earlier series since they subtracted the experimental "X" and the field test "Y" and bought the B-17 in quantity. Modifications differentiating them have run into the thousands; the "F" alone encountered 800 alterations of various kinds in structure and battle appointments. The most obvious improvements have dealt with guns. First the tail stingers were added, then the powered turrets atop and beneath, and lastly the "chin" turret hanging beneath the nose of the Fortress.

Just to give you an idea of the immensity of the transformation, consider this: You know the B-17 as a 30-ton airplane. Without giving away secrets, we can amplify this by pointing out that today's B-17G operates in battle with a gross weight over twice that considered normal for the first 1935 model. Its four engines have been improved to such an extent they now generate 50 per cent more power than the original model could rev up.

Such ingenuity has paid handsome dividends to the crews who fight in Fortresses. Of the 631 Nazi fighters shot down by the 8th Air Force over Europe during a recent month, 541 fell before the blazing guns of B-17s. . . .

TOM ASHLEY

"FOR JOE AND PETE AND JACK AND HARRY..."

We took the beach-head at dawn.

Our destroyers stood out to sea and threw in the shells and our planes pounded hell out of their pill boxes, and then we came in . . .

But, the wind and the tide tricked us.

The landing boats grounded off shore and we jumped over the sides and stood in the warm, shallow water and stared at the far-away beach and then at each other . . . and our eyes and our mouths were wide with fear as we waded in . . .

And we fell under their guns like wheat to the blade of the reaper. And though they said we could never take it . . . at dawn on the third day we took it.

I'm not fighting for myself alone . . .

I'm fighting for the buddies who fell beside me . . . for Joe and Pete and Jack and Harry.

For the flag they loved, and their kids back home, and the faith they held in their right to be free . . . for the future and the life that they gave up . . . for the things that make America the one country in all the world where a man can be somebody . . . where a man can go somewhere.

I know why I'm still out here.

I know what's got to be done.

And I'm not coming back until I'm through with my knife and my gun . . . until I know that terrorism and the lust to kill and enslave are forever dead . . . until all men and women and children can live without fear . . . as free *individuals* in a land, and a world, where there will always be liberty, equality and freedom of opportunity.

That's what they fought and died for.

That's what I'm fighting for.

That's America.

Keep it that way until I come back.

• • •

Here at Nash-Kelvinator we're building Pratt & Whitney engines for the Navy's Vought Corsairs and Grumman Hellcats . . . Hamilton Standard propellers for United Nations bombers . . . governors, binoculars, parts for ships, jeeps, tanks and trucks . . . readying production lines for Sikorsky helicopters. All of us devoted to winning this war . . . to speeding the Peace when our men will come back to their jobs and homes and even better futures than they had before . . . to the day when together we'll build an even finer Kelvinator, an even greater Nash!

The Army-Navy "E" awarded to Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Propeller Division.

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION

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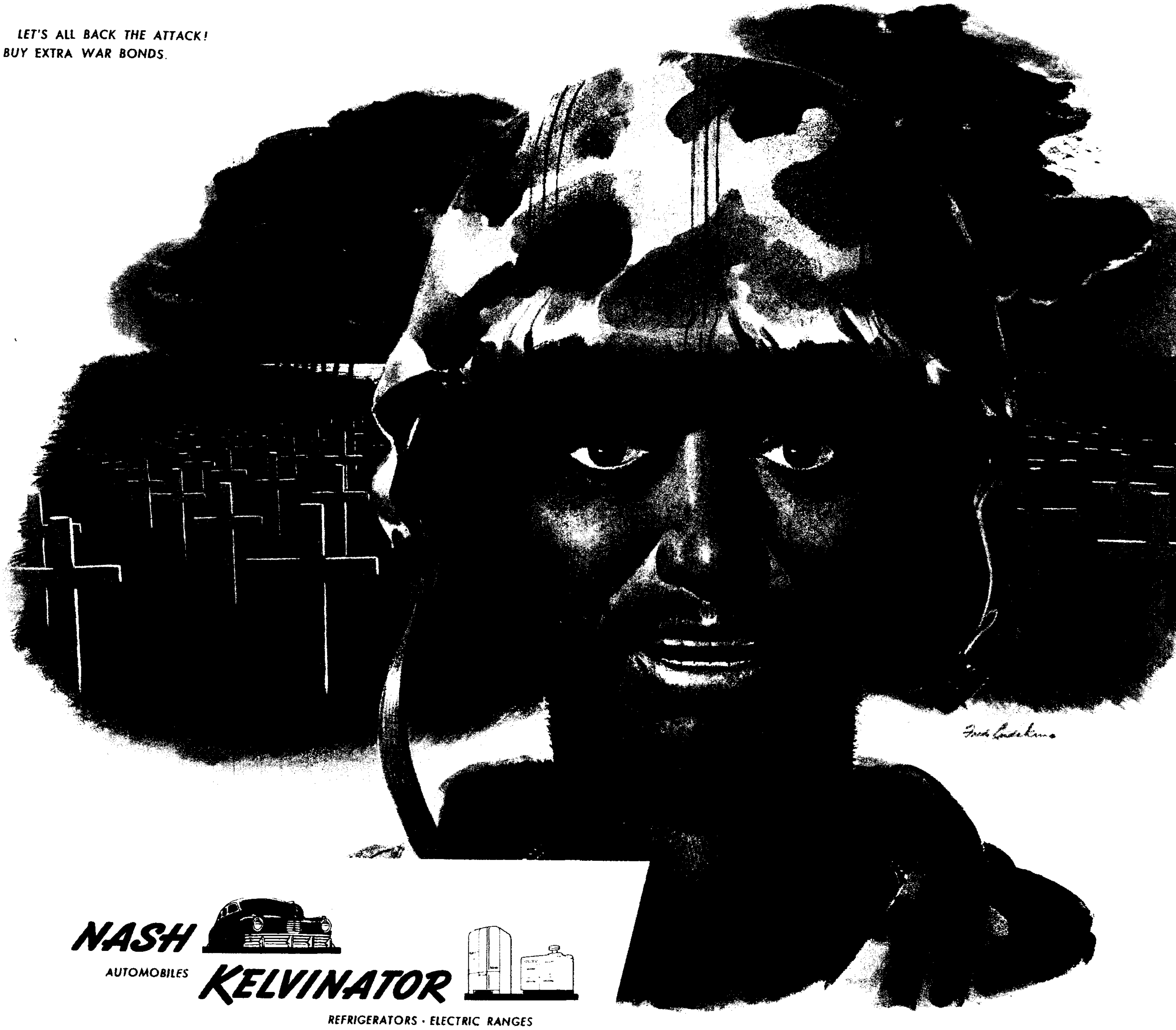


NASH
AUTOMOBILES

KELVINATOR
REFRIGERATORS • ELECTRIC RANGES

It's about doctors and trees

This story starts 75 years ago. It's about a group of doctors who spent 7 years trying to get some trees planted.

They were unsuccessful, and the result was one of the most serious medical problems that physicians face today.

For the trees were cinchona trees. And quinine, the most effective remedy for malaria, is made from cinchona bark.

Like the rubber tree, the cinchona originally was a native of South America. Wild trees in the forests of Peru supplied most of the world's quinine for many years.

But, by 1868, wasteful methods of gathering bark had virtually exhausted the Peruvian trees. The world's quinine supply was controlled by the Dutch who had succeeded in growing the cinchona on Java plantations, just as they were successful in cultivating rubber trees.

This made many farsighted American doctors see the need of a source of quinine that could not be easily cut off by war.

So in 1868 the American Medical Association appointed a committee to get Congress interested in cultivating cinchona trees in the United States.

After thorough study, the committee recommended to Congress that steps be taken immediately toward growing cinchona trees in this country. Nothing happened. A second message followed. No action.

A third report was finally presented on the floor of both the House and Senate. The Department of Agriculture became enthusiastic. President Grant was interested. But still nothing was done about it.

Finally, after 7 discouraging years, the committee was disbanded in 1875. Java continued to supply the bulk of the world's quinine. Then came the second World War. The Japanese took Java.

Almost overnight, we faced a quinine shortage. This was particularly serious because many American troops were being sent to countries where malaria is common.

Fortunately, luck was with us. A lieutenant colonel who had been experimenting with cinchona trees in the Philippines, got out with two million seeds. Saplings grown from these seeds in Maryland nurseries have been planted in Costa Rica and will be producing quinine by 1946.

In the meantime, our chemical laboratories developed ingenious substitutes. The quinine shortage, while serious, will be remedied.

The only thing unusual in this story is the almost happy ending. The doctors of 75 years ago suffered the same fate that many experts with good ideas for safeguarding the future have suffered. Nobody did anything about their ideas.

That happens so often. Take the way a lot of us act when our insurance man calls. We know insurance is a good idea. Our agent presents a plan that sounds as if it's just what we need. We're almost convinced. But then we say to ourselves: "Shucks, this will cost me a little money, and the future is a long way off." So we put off getting the protection we should have.

This neglect often comes home to roost. For, while it took a war to make neglect of the cinchona tree costly, it takes only a slip on the sidewalk to make your failure to provide yourself with insurance cost you dearly.

Such things happen every day. If it should happen to you, the insurance you were going to get won't help a bit when the bills from the hospital and the doctor come due.

Moral: Insure in The Travelers. All forms of insurance and surety bonds. The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Connecticut.

the request of the authors, Bernt Bal-
n (left) and Corey Ford, the entire roy-
es of these articles have been donated
:he Army Air Forces Aid Society, Inc.,
be used for the postwar assistance of
Corps personnel and their dependents

Foreword

VHEN the Nazis invaded Norway,
they had a private score to settle
h an obstinate citizen of Oslo who was
mber One on their black list. Gleefully,
y seized Bernt Balchen's property, con-
ated his money and, as a final gesture,
k the medals he had won during a life-
e of flying—the Cross of St. Olaf,
ich amounts virtually to knighthood in
rway, the Congressional Medal of
nor awarded him for his flight over
South Pole, the Gold Medal of Paris
received for piloting Byrd across the
antic—and sent them back to Ger-
ny to be melted down. Balchen ac-
ted the loss with characteristic calm.
's a good thing," he said, "to start over
in with a clean slate."

You can always win more medals; and
'way, awards don't mean much to
nt Balchen. Action is the important
ng. He is a flier's flier: Clarence Cham-
lin unhesitatingly calls him "the great-
pilot in the world, bar none," and
fessor Lawrence Gould, Byrd's second
command, says, "If I ever made a two-
n expedition I'd rather have Balchen
ng than any other man I know."

Balchen was the guiding genius in that
tarctic expedition, personally piloted
d's plane over the Pole, was again at
controls that fogbound night when
d's ill-fated America, lost over the At-
tic, somehow managed a landing at
l-Sur-Mer. He received his training
the Royal Norwegian Air Forces in
9. With the late Floyd Bennett, he
de the famous Greenly Island flight to
ng out the stranded Bremen fliers in
28; spent two years as chief pilot with
Wilkins Antarctic expedition; led sal-
ge work in the Viking disaster off New-
indland in 1931.

He tested ships for Fokker, flew gold
Canada, had reluctantly settled down at
t as civilian manager of Norwegian Air
ies in Europe when war sent him back
o his immense delight—into active serv-
. On detached service to the British
A.F., after the fall of Norway, he made
ee transpacific hops to Singapore with
ptain Clyde Pangborn. Since 1941, as a
onel in the U. S. Army Air Forces, he
s been in command of our remotest
se in Greenland, the northernmost
nerican air base in the world.

Bernt Balchen loves two things: action
d cold. He has a strange, almost fanatic
inity for snow and ice; he recalls, as a
y in Norway, tunneling a hole in the
ow to sleep. He was the most discon-
ate member of Byrd's crew when the
ighter Eleanor Bolling came in sight of
lboa at last, after nearly two years in
tle America; he loved the Antarctic,
d he had no desire to come home.

Today, at forty-five, he is a man of pro-
gious strength, with a giant's shoulders,
reat barrel of a chest, legs of solid steel.
th his windbreaker open at the neck
d his shaggy blond head bared—he
ver wears any headgear on the trail—
trots hour after hour in the wake of his
g team; he can wear out men half his
e. He is a natural athlete, an outstand-
; skier, and was once amateur middle-
ight champion of Norway.

They still tell of a boxing meet when,
e rest of his team being incapacitated
the eve of the finals, Bernt himself
ught four bouts in the space of three hours, using a postage stamp to cover a cut over his eye. He scored four knockouts. In Little America, he used to work out daily in a snow-block gymnasium at forty below. He taught skiing to the men and personally refereed their boxing bouts in Greenland and in Iceland.

He is inarticulate about himself. He never uses words like adventure, risk, hazard. A flight is always "very good" or "very interesting, you bet." He has the greatest difficulty with the first personal pronoun.

I am setting down these facts about him here because you would never learn them from his own narrative. In fact, my main problem in working with Bernt was to get him to admit he took any personal part at all in the events he describes.

"So the B-17 came in at fifty feet and strafed the German gun positions . . ."

"Who was flying it, Bernt?"

"Who? Oh, well, I happened to be piloting at the time."

They have a saying about him in the North countries. *"Han er siste av Vikingur,"* they sigh. "He is the last of the Vikings." There is another Norwegian expression that you hear about him sometimes: *Han skal leve til han dör.* (A man who will live until he dies.) Somehow it seems to fit Bernt Balchen. . . .

COREY FORD

WAR BELOW ZERO

BY BERNT BALCHEN AND COREY FORD

PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND

Here, for the first time, is the saga of our grim fight across an Icecap for control of Greenland, key to victory in the crucial battle for Europe

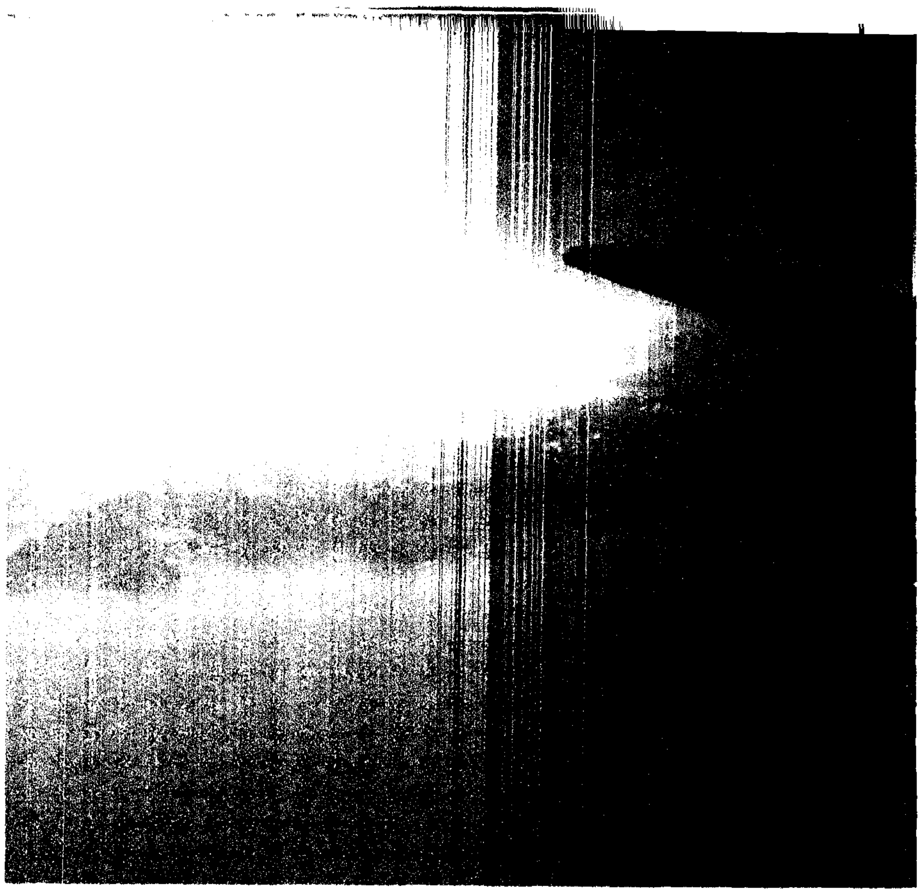
Part I

WAR in the Arctic is a lonely war. It is not a big show like Russia or Italy; there are no vast armies, no major campaigns, no epic battles of a million men. It is a war of long distances and longer silences: a war of waiting. Events are far apart and small. A trawler halts in a hidden cove. A group of men in green German army tunics set up their equipment on the barren beach. A passing dog-sled driver is ambushed and shot. And between these events is nothing but the waiting and the silence. . . .

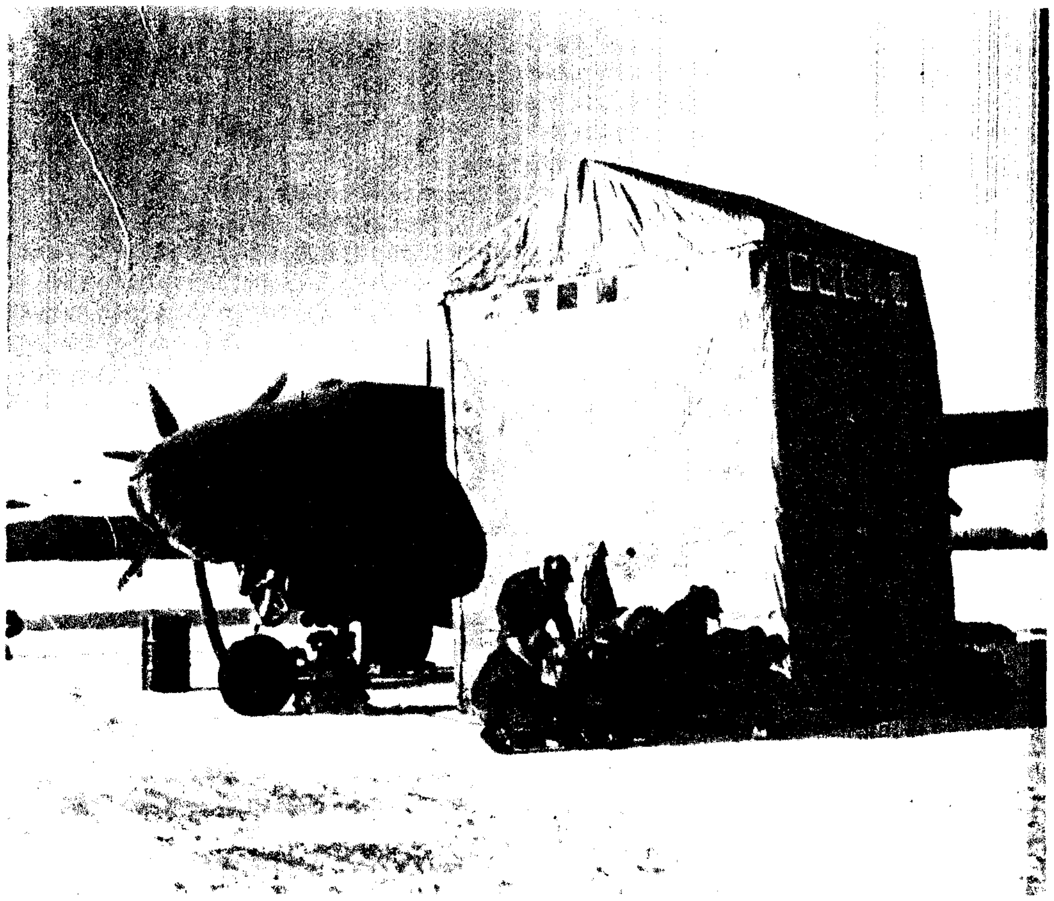
Evidently the driver of the sled never heard the command to halt. The wind off Greenland's Icecap was sharp, the flying snow crystals stung his face as the team of huskies trotted ahead of him; he pulled his parka hood tighter over his head against the cold. With two other members of the Greenland Sledge Patrol, he was hurrying back to Eskimonaes after an uneventful two weeks' reconnaissance to the north; there had been no sign of enemy installations along the coast. Nothing aroused his suspicions as he led the way over the shore ice toward the deserted trapper's cabin at Sandodden where they planned to spend the night.

The first shot, fired from the door of the cabin, struck his lead dog; the animal dropped in its traces, kicking once or twice convulsively. Before the driver realized what had happened, his second dog leaped into the air and doubled over, biting at a spreading red stain on its white

A lone sentry, walking his post in 24-hour darkness, guards the landing strip at our northernmost Army air base, between the Circle and the Pole



An Army bomber slants its wing over Greenland's dreaded Icecap, as it heads westward via the new and secret Arctic airway to northern Europe



Ground-crew mechanics, working at 50° below, use a canvas nose hangar to protect themselves while repairing the engine of a transient bomber

A Husky sled dog, veteran of Admiral Byrd's Antarctic Expedition, races across the steel mat to greet new arrivals at our air base in western Greenland

fur. Instinctively he stooped to grab his rifle from the bottom of the sled; a bullet drilled him through the temple, and he fell face forward onto the snow.

That shot, by a Nazi trooper, marked our first fatal conflict with the enemy in Greenland; it was the initial contact with an armed German invasion force anywhere in the Western Hemisphere. You did not know—the facts could not be revealed until now—that the Nazis had actually established a foothold on this side of the Atlantic. You did not know, all last year, that their planes were flying within bombing distance of the shores of North America. Their submarines, refueling in Greenland's silent fiords, were striking at will at our convoys to England and Murmansk. Their well-equipped weather station, on the island's undefended east coast, was in daily radio communication direct with Berlin.

Perhaps you did not even know there was a war in Greenland. It was a secret war, waged in semidarkness north of the Arctic Circle, on a remote battlefield perpetually locked under ten thousand feet of solid ice. The weapons were not tommy guns and tanks; the real heroes of this war were nameless enlisted men working in Air Force ground crews at fifty below zero, or standing guard on Coast Guard cutters fighting through the pack ice, or living all winter long in isolated weather stations along the Icecap, buried under eighteen feet of snow. Once each day they would tunnel to the surface to take their wind and temperature readings; the rest of the time there was nothing to do but wait.

But in Greenland we were not fighting to defeat a division or capture a ridge. It was not a war for territory. It was a war for weather. . . .

Look at your map, and you will see that Greenland sits at the top of the globe, the nearest land mass to the North Pole.

Storm Center of the Atlantic

From this frozen island in the Arctic there flow winds and currents that set up the storm fronts for all the North Atlantic, for England, for Norway, for the continent itself. Greenland holds the key to tomorrow's weather in Europe. Every bombing raid we make over Germany depends on our long-range forecasts from the Arctic. The timing, indeed the very success, of our coming invasion may hinge on the fact that we—and not the Nazis—have Greenland today.

The Germans knew the importance of Greenland. From the outset of the war, Nazi weather planes had been patrolling its coast; it was advance information from Greenland that enabled the trapped Scharnhorst and Gneisenau to slip out of harbor, under cover of heavy fog, and pass unmolested within fifteen miles of the Dover coast. For a quarter century, alleged German scientific expeditions had actually been studying the Arctic with an eye to its future military use; their so-called good-will flights across the Atlantic, by way of Greenland, had amassed invaluable data. It is a little ironic now to recall the rescue flight I made to Labrador in 1928—the flight which cost Floyd

(Continued on page 78)

THE NIGHT IL DUCE FELL

By Boguslaw Kuchyinsky, as told to Alice-Leone Moats

RADIOED FROM MADRID

A translation and adaptation of a story by Boguslaw Kuchyinsky, a well-known Polish writer who escaped from Poland after the German invasion and ended up in Rome, where he was able to remain through the intercession of friends in the Vatican. He left Rome by plane after the surrender of Italy

WHENEVER I read or hear eyewitness accounts of what is taking place in Berlin today I think: "But that's an old story. I know it well."

Then I realize it merely seems an old story, because it's so like something I saw in Rome at the time Mussolini fell.

The end was hastened in Italy because for many months the Italians had faced the fact that whether the Axis won or lost Italy was sure to lose.

The Fascist party fell overnight. It fell quickly and fairly quietly—quietly because the Italian people had almost lost the habit of thinking for themselves.

It took just one bombing and one threat of invasion to bring about the downfall of Mussolini; it may well take hundreds of bombings and actual invasion to bring about the downfall of Hitler, but the result will probably be the same. For that reason it has seemed worth while to tell what took place in Rome when Mussolini toppled. What happened in Rome may possibly be the pattern for what will eventually happen in Berlin.

The third day after the bombing of Rome there was still no water. For three days the work of removing the wounded and dead from the ruins had continued steadily and the end of this gruesome work was not yet in sight.

Just as on the first day, the streets of districts near railroad stations were obstructed by tramcars and other vehicles which had been completely destroyed. Electric-light posts lay on the ground all wound up in their own cables. Cars moved slowly through the scattered remains of buildings and bomb craters.

The number of corpses which were being dug out was increasing in alarming fashion. When coffins gave out, the bodies were carried to cemeteries wrapped in the first thing at hand.

Groups of people stood about staring at everything with curiosity and anger.

They were past being intimidated by the presence of soldiers, officers, guards and Fascist militiamen, and for the first time they spoke their thoughts on Fascism clearly and harshly. As I went by one completely wrecked house, I heard a woman asking where people who had been bombed out would be housed. Another, in a voice shrill with hatred, replied: "That scoundrel will be thrown out and we'll be given shelter in his house."

Clearly the "scoundrel" could be no one but Mussolini.

Free to Speak at Last

In those days there was a great deal of talk about him and Fascism and the Fascists. Walls of the city were covered with anti-Fascism inscriptions. In broad daylight with no attempt at secrecy, members of the opposition would scrawl their insults against Il Duce and party officials on the principal buildings. Epithets that occurred most frequently were: "Assassin! Bandit! Criminal! Cuckold!"

No civilians were taking an active part in the task of clearing the streets of debris caused by bombs. The consensus was that the best way to put an end to many national misfortunes was to expel Mussolini and make peace immediately. So crowds just stood by, passively watching the cleaning-up process, while muttering insults and ironic comments.

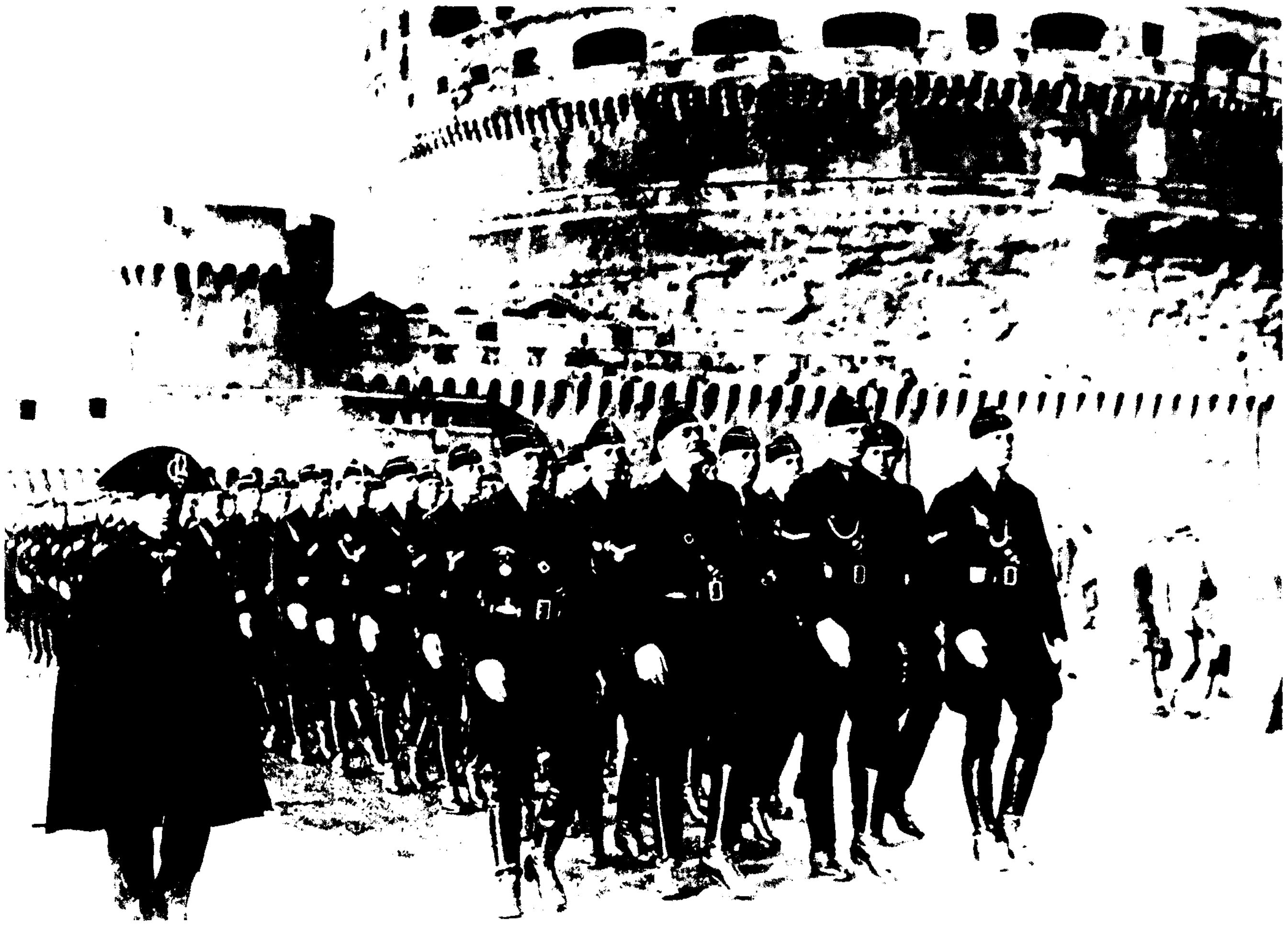
In a tramcar fellow passengers assured me that the victims amounted to more than ten thousand. According to them, the government placed the figure at several hundred in order not to throw greater responsibility on itself. Insistently they repeated: "The Allies gave warning that the people of Rome should stay far from railway stations. Why didn't the government tell us that?"

When we reached the first streets of San Lorenzo, the stench of corpses was already noticeable. Work was going on very slowly in order to avoid the collapse of walls which were still standing and the consequent death of people who were alive under the ruins. There was a nerve-shattering sound of moans, calls for help and terrible oaths coming from the wreckage. However, by the time the cellar was at last uncovered, it was generally only to find corpses or to extract human limbs and horribly mutilated trunks. Authorities began chasing away the curious to prevent them from witnessing scenes which provoked anti-Fascist criticism.

I returned to the center of town where the streets were practically empty.

The few people I saw wore a look of fear. Everybody was apprehensive as to what the next hours might bring. They expected another bombing, and many were sure that the Allies would invade the peninsula within a week. Rome continued to be a dead city all that Saturday afternoon and also Sunday morning, when news began to spread that a meeting of the Grand Fascist Council had been going on for several hours. Some people stayed by their radios anxious

(Continued on page 75)



EUROPEAN

Rome was quiet while Fascism died. Italians waited and watched, subdued by long acquaintance with the strong Gestapo detachments stationed in all their cities

On the morning after the great news, joyous Italian mobs surged fearlessly into Rome's streets, commandeering cars and busses for triumphal tours of the city

WIDE WORLD

Embarkation Point

BY VICTORIA LINCOLN

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM

Almost everything was for sale at the bazaar in the old Maine village, but Ginny brought home something that wasn't exactly on the market

THAT summer, vacationing alone at the Knights' farmhouse, Mrs. Calhoun began again to wake early for the first time in years. She would lie in bed, rested and expectant, listening to the conversation of orioles and catbirds outside the window, fully conscious from the first opening of her eyes, and no longer huddling backward from the pressure of morning into the comfortable ambiguities of her dream.

Now, too, she smiled all the time she was dressing. She would spend a comfortable ten or fifteen minutes at the mirror as she had used to do, five years ago, brushing her soft, light hair, noticing happily how her skin, darkening with the sun, made it look blonder. She would take her lipstick and fill the natural outline of her pretty mouth with care, and sit, idly happy, waiting for the color to set before she kissed the blotting tissues and smiled once more at the print she left upon them. Then she would touch her hair again, with the natural grace of a happy woman, a gesture of infinite promise, and go down to breakfast singing. For on the table by her bed was the picture of Captain Sherry Calhoun, now overseas.

Thus, circled in heavy silver, the deliberate charm of his one-sided smile fixed unchanging under glass, Sherry Calhoun fulfilled his husbandly duties as he had never done in the flesh. It had been a bad match.

"Oh, that's Sherry Calhoun's wife," they had said for five years; "that's poor little Mrs. Calhoun." Sitting in a corner through countless gay country week ends, she had been poor little Mrs. Calhoun, colorless, conveniently forgotten much of the time, but still there, to be stumbled over occasionally, embarrassing as an unspoken reproach.

She had been little Ginny Tuckerman, a small-town belle on her first thrilling visit to New York, when she met and married wayward, graceless, philandering, cold-hearted Sherry Calhoun. The marriage was a source of irritated bewilderment to Sherry's friends, and, indeed, after the first few weeks of it, to Sherry himself. She had a small trust fund, certainly not enough to interest a man who lived on his friends as easily as Sherry did. And her soft, inconsequential beauty fed on admiration. You have all known these gentle, pastel women who are so easily quenched.

But even in the simplest creatures the individual life dies hard. In Sherry's world she had been defeated and destroyed daily; but the deathless center of personality that is in all of us had continued to put out its dogged, unknowing shoots, to live unrecognized behind the soft, neglected face, in the chair at the rainy window out of the contract players' way, in the quiet, unending shame.

Indeed, she had grown into a certain distinction. Love and the slow death of love, never put into words or clearly realized, a marriage that had meant the loss of her young girl's narcissistic happiness and the shame of disappointed womanhood at one blow, these odd and unhappy advantages had carried her, somehow, past her mark. And now, this summer, she was beginning to catch up with herself.

She began to wake early, and with that waking a new quality touched Mrs. Calhoun's manner. It became relaxed and aware at once. There was nothing in it so coarse or simple as invitation, yet, seeing her, a man of experience might have surmised that it could do no harm to throw out a little discreet feeler or so—nothing that could startle or offend her, but an experimental word, a lingering pressure of the hand—on the chance, you know, just on the outside chance.

"I tell you," said Miss Knight to her brother, "I'm glad that picture of her husband shows he's such a handsome feller, or I'd feel that girl needed watching."

"She seems a quiet, well-mannered enough young woman to me," replied her brother, slowly.

As he went out into the cow barn he kept on thinking of Mrs. Calhoun, kindly and seriously. It had been quite clear to him from the minute he helped her into the house with her coats and luggage that she was essentially unattached. The picture in the frame might be as handsome as all get out, but Mrs. Calhoun was quite alone, and he knew it. And with the profound gentleness which was Mr. Knight's peculiar gift and wisdom, he hoped that she was going to be happy.

He watched her now, as she came out into the farmyard after breakfast, a huge striped purse under her arm. Her appearance pleased him impersonally, just as you might be delighted with the feast-day finery of a peasant. It was unfamiliar to him, with the gay clothes, the professionally arranged hair, the painted nails, the delicate, artificial make-up, so citified and different from the appearance of both kinds of country girls—the good ones and the bad ones. But to Mr. Knight the unfamiliar was not, automatically, either suspect or ludicrous. He was by nature a highly civilized person.

"Morning, Mrs. Calhoun," he said. "Headin' for the bus?"

"Good morning, Mr. Knight. Yes, I am."

"Could drive you down to the bus stop, if you want to set on the steps and wait a little spell, maybe five minutes. I'm takin' some eggs over to Wes Parker's."

"Thank you," she said. "I'd like to, Mr. Knight."

THEY rolled down the drive and into the deep-rutted white dust lane, toward the state highway. Sumac and flowering elderberries flanked the road; chicory, Queen Anne's lace and bouncing Bet stood in the ditches. The air above their heads was laced with the bright, bounding passage of goldfinches.

The ocean was to the left of them, hidden now by the lay of the land, but there, filling the air, making it at one time lively and soft.

Mrs. Calhoun drew a deep breath. "I love it here," she said. "I love being near the ocean."

"Yep," said Mr. Knight. "Good for folks."

He turned down U. S. Route 1. "This street goes all the way to Floridy," he said. "Know that?"

Mrs. Calhoun laughed, nodded her bright head. "When the war's over, Mr. Knight, suppose you drive me the whole length of the street."

"Weather like this, there's nothing I'd like better." He paused and added gallantly, "Or any weather."

She smiled at him, enjoying the comfort of his impersonal male kindness, as she had enjoyed the sun and the feeling of the sea. She did not feel that she had to answer him and there was a long, relaxed silence before he spoke again.

"First Christian Church is having a bazaar this afternoon," he said. "The summer folks always take it in. I'd go if I was you. Nice way to get acquainted."

"I don't care much about seeing people."

"You would, if they was the right kind. Everybody needs friends. You go."

SHE turned in her seat and looked at him with childish directness. His long, plain face was turned straight ahead, his blue eyes on the road, but the smile was meant for her, the encouraging nod.

"You go on," he said again. "You're too young not to be doing more for people than you are, and being more mixed up with them." He paused and grinned suddenly. "And old enough not to make a fool of yourself, I guess."

But it was just of this that Mrs. Calhoun was not at all sure.

"Mr. Knight," she said, abruptly, "I have the funniest feeling about this summer. As if I never noticed how I felt, or even acted like myself, till now. I'm very happy all the time, but I feel sort of queer and new. I've been wanting to tell someone that. Do you think I'm crazy?"

They were approaching the four-corners. Mr. Knight slowed down the machine.

"Well, now," he said, "don't know's I see what you're talking about, to tell you the truth. You don't appear to be crazy, though." He laughed. "Anyways, if I was you, I'd go to that bazaar. Real nice class of folks there, make you real nice friends."

He opened the door and helped her out, smiling at her huge handbag, her pretty hair, fixed up so fancy and citified.

Poor girl, he thought suddenly, if her husband had been a good man, she'd have loved him. She's the kind.

"Now you go," he said again, smiling seriously. The bus was visible down the road, and he got back into the car and drove off, taking the eggs to Wes Parker's.

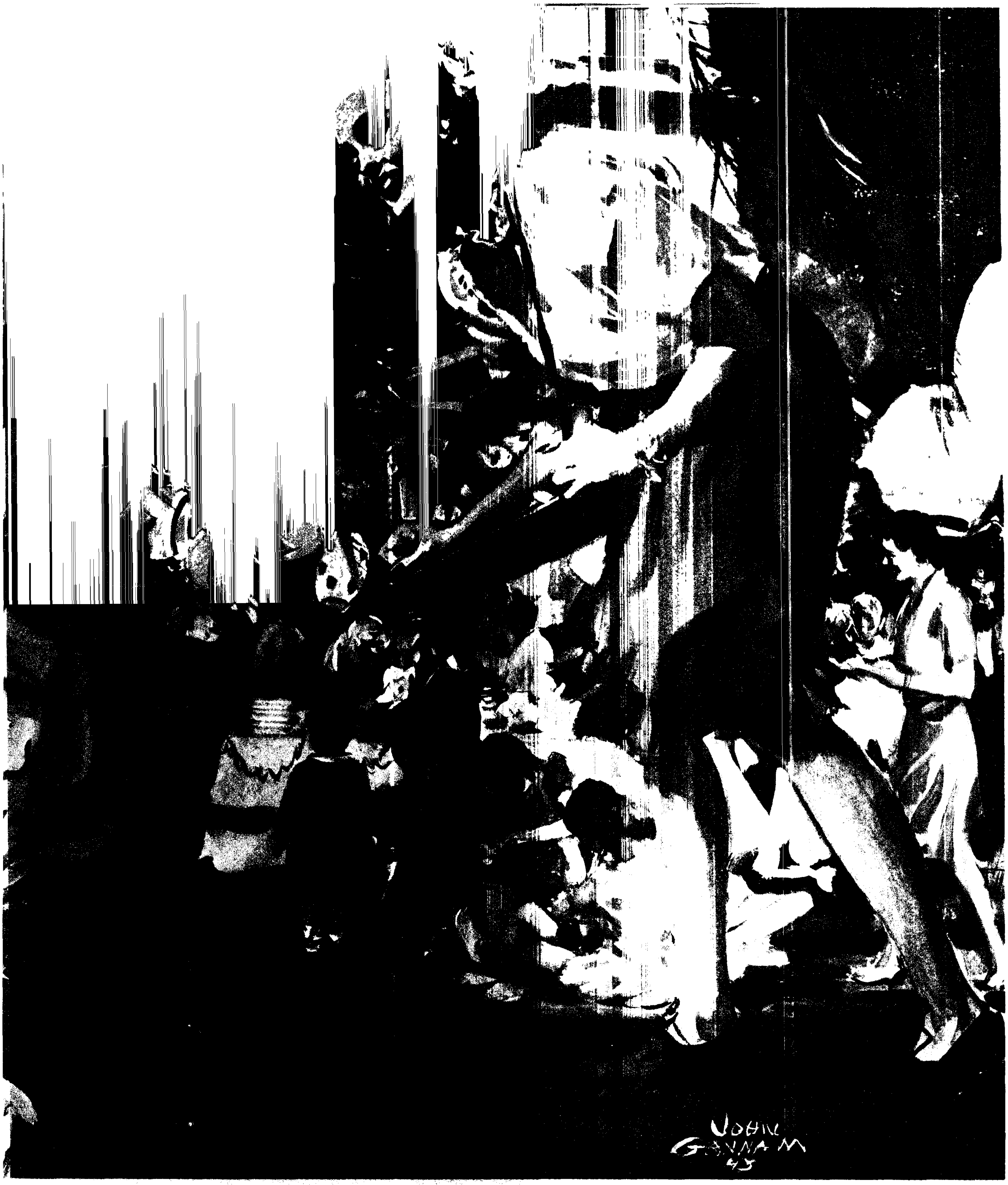
Mrs. Calhoun got into the bus, oddly flattered and excited.

I guess maybe I will go to that bazaar for a while after the show, she thought. Not that I'm likely to get talking to any people. But it sounds sort of attractive. I should have worn my hat. Out here, though, I guess it won't matter much.

The day, once this decision was taken, became unlike other days, vivid and simple, slanting toward its objective. In the ten-cent store she bought shoe white, nail polish, two sample-sized lipsticks. Then, filled with an unfamiliar longing to communicate with friends, with women, she bought post cards and took them to the post office where she wrote to hostesses she had barely known.

"Dear Lora," she wrote, "I wish you were here to smell this nice salt air, it is lovely here, best ever, Ginny;" and, "Dear Alice. This is the First Christian Church where I am going to a bazaar this afternoon, best wishes, Ginny Calhoun."

Coming out of the post office, she found herself face to face on the steps with a very young man in Army uniform. He was a big, handsome boy, with a smooth, heavy-featured face, and he looked at her closely, his clear, rather blank eyes widening and then drooping in an admiring calculation



Ginny walked over to him and said, "You're Mrs. Polk's nephew, aren't you? I'm Virginia Calhoun. She says you've been good enough to offer to drive me to the Knights' "

which he lacked either the manner or the self-consciousness to conceal. If she had smiled, if her eyes had shown the least recognition, he would have spoken to her. Unexpectedly, she blushed like a girl and hurried down the steps, studying her wrist watch with an intentness that could have deceived no one.

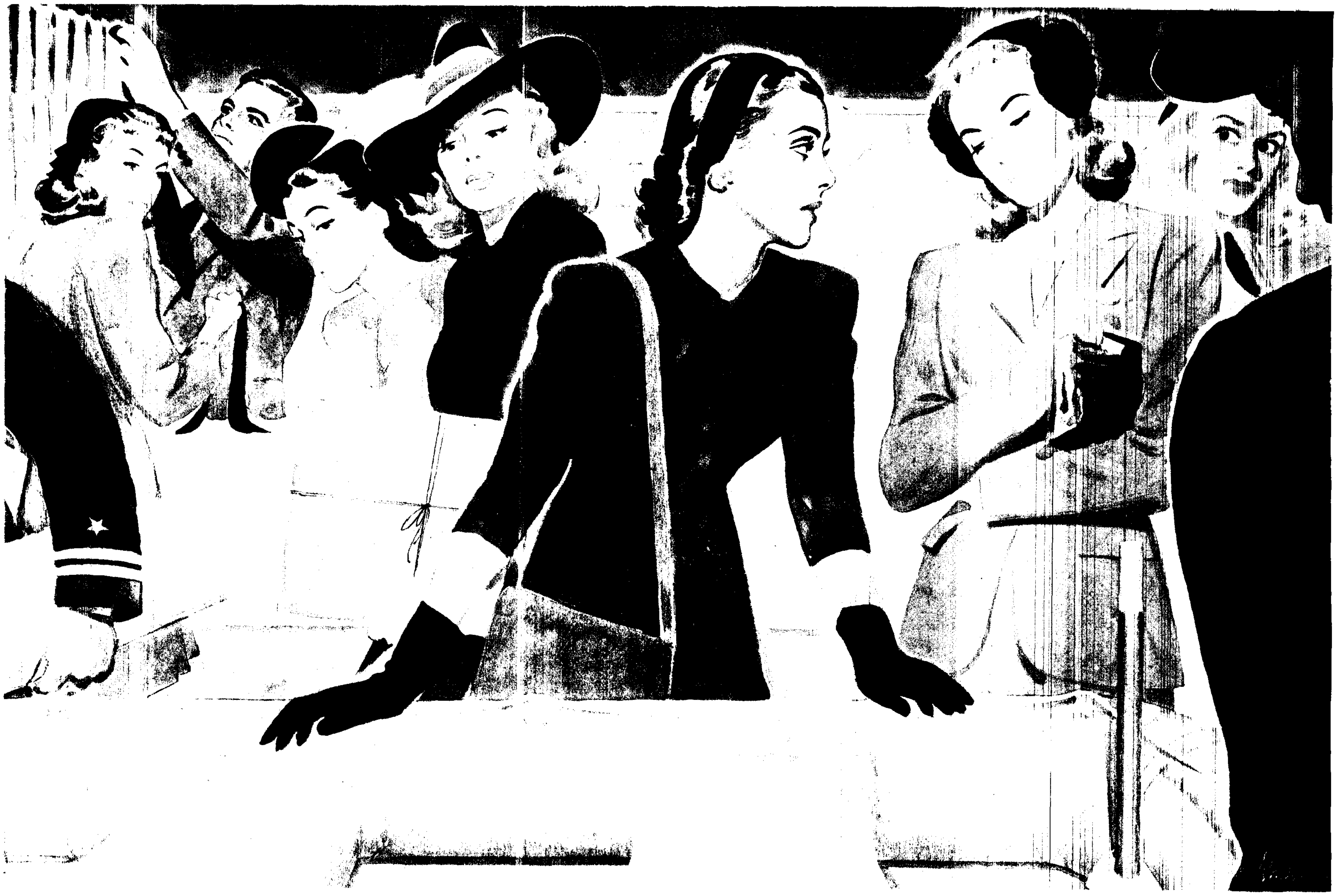
With a look of surprise, of flattered amusement, the big young soldier swaggered into the building. He looked over his shoulder as he pushed through the door, but Ginny had hurried out of sight.

The encounter, slight as it was, heightened the feeling of the day, the importance it had assumed with Mr. Knight's repeated, "Now you go."

She ate an early lunch, earlier than she had planned. The movie opened at one, and she had decided, suddenly, that she had better be there right at the start, so that she wouldn't be late, too late, for the bazaar. Too late to see it all and be back at Knights' early.

It was a good show, and she enjoyed it, but through it all there was a sense of waiting. She was glad when the first title came around again, and she could go to the ladies' room to wash and powder, freshen her lipstick and comb her hair, and then start out toward the First Christian Church.

(Continued on page 58)



Kay stared down at the rubber float. "This is a grim number, isn't it?" she said to Betsy. "It makes you understand a lot of things"

WAR WEDDING

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM ROSE

III

The Story Thus Far:

WARD INGRAM, an influential New Yorker, helps Kay Moore—with whom he is in love—to get a job with Comment, a magazine edited by his friend, Bert Flannery. Kay makes good. But she does not marry Ingram—she marries Jeremy Wing, a young naval lieutenant, whom she has known only a few days!

Months pass. Jeremy—wounded, when his ship is torpedoed, and finally discharged from a hospital—finds himself back in New York. Kay gives him an ecstatic greeting. Then she tells him that Flannery has asked her to go to Chicago and gather material for a very important article on the effect of the war on the Middle West. She says that the assignment means a great deal to her (three hundred dollars and a by-line in Comment) but that, since Jeremy has only a two-weeks leave, she will not think of leaving New York.

A few hours later (after she has notified Flannery of her decision) Jeremy receives orders to report in two weeks to a Captain Lepp in Philadelphia. Wondering what the orders mean, he telephones Commander Dixon ("Chip" Dixon, whose wife, Roxane, is Kay's stepsister); and Dixon investigates, learns that Lepp is a public relations officer who is doing a morale-building job in the East!

Feeling certain that Jeremy will be kept in the New York area indefinitely, Kay is delighted. Now (so she thinks) she is free to go to Chicago and write the article. Unfortunately, when she telephones Flannery to tell him the good news, he informs her coldly that he has given the assignment to another woman!

Jeremy reports to Lepp, who does the expected—sends him hither and yon (near New York) on speechmaking tours. And soon Kay observes that Jeremy is restless, moody. He longs to return to a fighting sector; he does not want to stay at home, even with the woman he loves.

Once by chance Kay meets Ingram on the street, as he is preparing to leave for Europe on an important civilian mission. He makes it obvious that he still loves her, still wants her.

And Brenda Brown? That clever young woman (who earns a large salary as a "wedding consultant" at a great department store) is still in love with Jeremy. Sensing that he is not as happy as he might be, she gives a dinner party at her apartment. Ingram is a guest (Brenda seats him beside Kay); and all evening—during the dinner and, later, at two night clubs—Brenda makes a pointed drive for Jeremy.

Kay is not blind to what is going on (once, while she watches, Brenda somehow induces Jeremy to smooth her hair—or does Jeremy do it because he enjoys doing it?); and her jealousy and anger are aroused.

When the party finally breaks up, Kay, Jeremy, Ingram and Brenda take a cab together. They drop Brenda at her apartment house, and Jeremy kisses her goodnight (as he had always done in the past). . . . Alone, at last, with Jeremy in their apartment, Kay is on the verge of tears. From the pocket of his coat, Jeremy draws out the fragile candy boxes he and Kay had bought earlier to give to Roxane's little girls; they are crushed badly—smashed when Jeremy embraced Brenda. Kay can no longer contain herself. "Why," she bursts out, "did you have to ruin everything?"

"TELL me about Kay," Betsy asked her mother. "I haven't heard a word from her lately. Is she still working on Comment? And how about Jeremy? Where's he?"

Mrs. Totten was glad to turn the conversation to Kay. She had wanted very much to have Betsy come home because it was better for her daughter to be comfortable and well cared for during these months, instead of living among the confusions and excitements of a Navy base. But Betsy, married and soon to be a mother, seemed more of a stranger to Mrs. Totten than she ever had been. They looked so differently on marriage.

Betsy McClure, in eight months of married life, had picked up no ironies and no disillusionments. There could not have been even a disappointment. She was more in love than she had been when she turned from the improvised altar in this very drawing room. Her mother could not quite follow that experience. Men, in her own life, had been just as stimulating and indispensable as Grant was to Betsy, but no man had made life so flawless. As often before, when the girls were growing up, Mrs. Totten felt that Kay was more understandable.

"Yes, Kay's kept on with her job. I know, because I gave her a ring at the Comment office to tell her you were coming. She said that she'd drop in at the very first chance."

"Is she awfully happy?"

"Why I don't know about that," said Mrs. Totten. "You can't expect every marriage to be like yours."

"What do you mean? She and Jeremy were madly in love."

"I know, but everyone can't just put on a marriage and wear it without alterations, like you and Grant. Of course, the whole thing didn't work out as Kay thought it would. She was in a grand rush to get married because Jeremy had to go off and be a hero and might never come back. And then he came back and now he seems to be ordered to be a hero right around here. It must dim the glamor a little."

"I don't think so for a minute," protested Betsy. "It's a wonderful break for them. And Jerry's had a lot of combat duty. Look at his citations. Grant says he showed what was in him."

"He apparently wants to go right on showing it—in foreign waters," said Mrs. Totten. "When I last had a glimpse of him, he seemed repressed. Maybe slightly sour. I should imagine he might be rather hard to live with. But Kay is getting a chance to find out what her husband is like,

(Continued on page 26)

Vindication

BY HENRY EXALL

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL BURGER

No one liked the boy's pet goat, but when a killer went on the loose Mr. Lacey learned that the boy really had something

IN A SMALL open space in the woods, hidden from the trail, the boy and the goat had spent the night. Now, in the first gray half-light of dawn, the goat stood alert, listening.

Robin, in faded blue overalls, tousled blond head resting on an outstretched arm, still lay locked in sleep. The big white billy goat turned his magnificently horned head, glanced down at the boy, then silently stalked upwind through the trees. At the high creek bank he paused, stiff-legged and formidable, looking down to the shallow pool below. A huge black dog was in the act of shaking the water from his heavy coat. He whirled instantly facing the goat and half crouched, ears flat, fangs bared, a low growl rumbling from his throat. The goat's pale eyes glared back into the burning black devils in the dog's.

Robin pushed through the bushes and put an arm around the goat's shoulders. For a moment it seemed that the great dog would spring up the bank at both of them, but with a final snarl he leaped to the opposite bank and vanished like a shadow in the woods. For seconds they stared after him then Robin tugged at the goat.

"Blue," he urged, "Blue, come back."

Slowly the goat allowed himself to be turned and, as the boy walked to the cart, he followed.

On part of a rabbit he had luckily killed with a slingshot and cooked the night before, Robin made his breakfast while Blue browsed on budding shoots and stood on his hind legs to reach low-hanging, new leaves. At Robin's call he came and stood quietly while the boy fitted on the much patched, light harness.

"Don't you go slipping off any more. You hear? If I hadn't come when I did that dog would have jumped you. Gosh, he was a bad one. Belonged to somebody, though. Did you see the collar and tag on him?"

They forded the creek below the pool, pausing to drink the cold water and to fill the lard-can water bucket beside Robin in the ramshackle wagon.

As the trail emerged from the woods they came to a red dirt road. In the clear mountain air, glimpses of it were visible for miles ahead as it wound through the brown sage of the foothills.

For five days they had followed the back trails, avoiding roads and highways, but now that the mountain range was behind them, Robin's fear of pursuit had lessened. He allowed the goat to take the easier going of the road without hesitation. On the down slopes he rode and braked the wagon and on the steep upgrades he got out and walked at Blue's shoulder. As they topped each rise he turned and scanned the road behind them, but this was more from habit than anxiety.

"He won't catch us now. This is another state we're in. Reckon he couldn't take you away from me if he did."

The big goat, bending his shoulders to the breast strap appeared to nod head and beard steadily in agreement to the boy's words.

For two years they had been inseparable companions. Robin had found him, a newly born kid, wandering by the railroad tracks where his mother had been killed. He had taken the unclaimed baby goat home and raised him. When Blue was nearing full stature he had built the wagon; wheels and axles from the junk pile at the rear of a blacksmith shop, the bed from scrap lumber.

Since he could remember he had lived with his sister and Jot Gormley, her husband. After her death, the squat, bearded man had worked him harder than ever on the run-down forty acres, plied the quirt with increasing frequency, and a week ago had put the goat under lock and key in the barn shed.

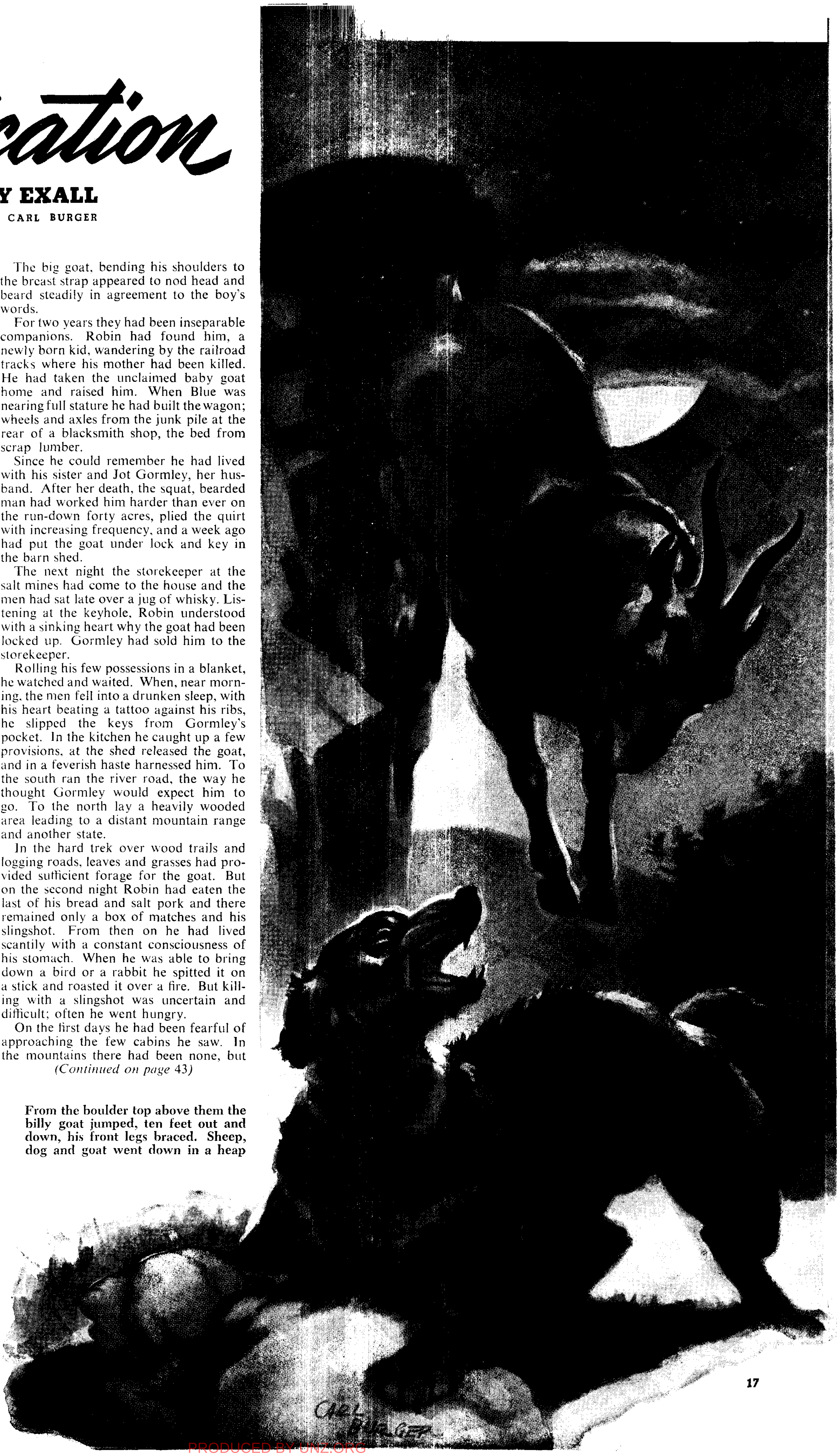
The next night the storekeeper at the salt mines had come to the house and the men had sat late over a jug of whisky. Listening at the keyhole, Robin understood with a sinking heart why the goat had been locked up. Gormley had sold him to the storekeeper.

Rolling his few possessions in a blanket, he watched and waited. When, near morning, the men fell into a drunken sleep, with his heart beating a tattoo against his ribs, he slipped the keys from Gormley's pocket. In the kitchen he caught up a few provisions, at the shed released the goat, and in a feverish haste harnessed him. To the south ran the river road, the way he thought Gormley would expect him to go. To the north lay a heavily wooded area leading to a distant mountain range and another state.

In the hard trek over wood trails and logging roads, leaves and grasses had provided sufficient forage for the goat. But on the second night Robin had eaten the last of his bread and salt pork and there remained only a box of matches and his slingshot. From then on he had lived scantily with a constant consciousness of his stomach. When he was able to bring down a bird or a rabbit he spitted it on a stick and roasted it over a fire. But killing with a slingshot was uncertain and difficult; often he went hungry.

On the first days he had been fearful of approaching the few cabins he saw. In the mountains there had been none, but

(Continued on page 43)



From the boulder top above them the billy goat jumped, ten feet out and down, his front legs braced. Sheep, dog and goat went down in a heap

TITO

BY FRANK GERVASI

RADIOED FROM CAIRO

His detractors call him the Poor Man's Stalin. His boosters call him the George Washington of Yugoslavia. Somewhere between lies the emotional ascetic who leads an army of 200,000 peasants, 50,000 of whom are women

FIFTEEN years ago, Josip Broz was a nameless man hunted as a Communist criminal by the police and secret agents of the then most powerful figure in Yugoslavia, General Pera Zivkovic, strong-arm front man for the late pious, dictatorial King Alexander. Josip Broz did not have a birth certificate, much less a passport. For the entire year 1928, he lived in the political underworld of cellars and garrets in Belgrade, Zagreb and Split, and wherever he could find refuge. His crime? He had organized the Metal Workers' Union and was one of the leaders of the trade-union movement in Yugoslavia.

He was caught early in 1929 and jailed. He was released four years later with gray in the soft waves of his brown hair, ulcers in his stomach and a dream in his brain.

Today, at the age of fifty-five, he stands at the head of an army of 200,000 and possibly 300,000 oddly uniformed but uniformly determined men and women known as Partisans, who have proved everlastingly that slave men may win battles but free men win wars. Today Josip Broz is the military and spiritual leader of a movement which has broken the Nazis' hold on the Balkans, obviated an Allied offensive in southeastern Europe until the main German armies can be crushed in the East and West, and has given new meaning to the words "A People's War" and "The Four Freedoms." To his army and the guerrilla bands and to millions of Yugoslavs in freed territory and the outside world, Josip Broz is known as Tito.

"Ti" means you and "To" means this. Broz has few idiosyncracies or mannerisms to mark him apart from other men, but one of them is the habit of prefacing an order with "You do this." Hence his name. It is pronounced Tee-toe.

To the Titos of this world and their followers must go an indefinable measure of credit for the victory that will be ours. To one particular Tito—he who was born on a 30-acre farm near Zagreb of a Croat father and a Slovene mother—must go most of the credit for the rebirth of Yugoslavia and the immobilization of the German armies in the Balkans, and the setting into motion of a revolution in southeastern Europe which might provide a permanent solution to the problems of one third of the people of that continent. What credit isn't Tito's must be given to Draja Mikhailovitch, who unfortunately chose, at one stage of his dramatic career as liberator, to turn from killing Germans to taking part in civil war and only sporadically resumed the bigger job.

Tito is of slightly more than medium height, broad-shouldered, long-armed and sturdy-legged. His head sets low on his shoulders and it is a remarkable head. In profile, it is the head of a poet and philosopher who is also a skilled craftsman—a Cellini perhaps. Full face, it is the tough, determined visage of a triple-threat halfback. A side view of this prodigious proletarian shows a high forehead, bulgy shaggy brows with a deep crease between them, capable of eloquent frowning. Tito's nose is long, slightly beaked, with thick nostrils. He has a straight, kindly mouth, good chin and a heavy workman's neck. There is what some would call an American Indian cast in his features.

Face to face, he looks remarkably like a clean-shaven Stalin, the effect being accentuated consciously or not by the cut of his unadorned broad-collared tunic.

He speaks matter-of-factly, in a low, well-modulated voice, looks directly at you as he talks and never speaks until you have finished what you have to say. He talks, they say, to each individual in an audience, moving his eyes deliberately from one person to another.

He smokes innumerable cigarettes, chain fashion, from a small holder shaped —and here's another Stalinesque touch— like a curved pipe. Far from being "a man of steel," he is capable of great emotion.

"When something really bloody happens," a man who spent months with him in Yugoslavia told me, "he's knocked out. No hysterics, no pyrotechnics. He just retires quietly for hours at a time as he did the night he got word that Milosevic and Kovasevic had been killed."

Interrupted by Tragedy

News of the loss of his two friends reached Tito by telegraph the night after Partisans had taken Jajce in the heart of Bosnia. The biggest building in town, former headquarters of the Sokol Central European Physical Culture Société, had been converted quickly into a Partisan Dom Kultura—culture center. The large hall was hung with British, American and Russian flags. The place of honor on the end wall was given to an enormous rough painting of Tito. Under it hung the Yugoslav flag with a large red star sewn in the center.

The packed hall was cleared for dancing. Tito sat with President Ivan Ribar and his staff at one side of the stage when a messenger handed Tito a telegram.

Sava Milosevic, an elderly professor of biology, and Kovasevic, Yugoslavia's best poet, had been left wounded in Foca when the Partisans retreated during the Montenegrin offensive in October. The telegram said that assassins had slit the two wounded men's throats.

Tito leaned over to a member of the Anglo-American military mission present and said quietly, "I sometimes think that it might be possible to be merciful to those people, and then things like this happen, and I know I cannot."

Tito got up. The music stopped, and the dancers paused and watched him walk slowly out of the room.

This is the newest portrait of Tito. It was made at his headquarters at t
turn of the year. It excludes his left arm, where he sustained a battle wou

Tito's right bower is Ivan Ribar, president of the presidium. Below, unde
portrait of Tito, Ribar stares toward the camera. These are Yugoslav lead

Below, Ivan Ribar addresses a Yugoslav meeting two days after his eldest s
was killed. The lighted signs say: "Death to Fascism—Freedom for the Peo

SMRT FAŠIZMU-SLOBODA

A fieldpiece of the First Partis[illegible] is loaded for firing on a German mountain position. The gun used [illegible] the Germans. Now it works on them

Tito poses for August Cincic, Yugoslavia's best sculptor. He sits uneasily before his headquarters in Bosnia. Cincic used to do busts of Yugo quislings

Out of their affection for Tito, the people have fashioned a legendary man of extraordinary courage and endurance who rides a white charger and walks uphill to spare its strength, who is always at the head of his guerrilla detachments. They attribute to him wizardry as a soldier and wisdom as a statesman. Already, sculptors are molding him in clay and casting him in bronze. They call him Marshal and Comrade Tito and the Old Boy and Drug Tito and Stasi.

Tito may not be quite the military genius his followers think him, but he has shown a remarkable aptitude for conducting war, has survived five major German offensives, and this winter is engaged in a sixth. He has built a well-disciplined, strong army which has a large, solid core of regular divisions in addition to numerous smaller guerrilla bands.

Tito may not be politically a Stalin, but he has rallied to him Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, Bosnians and Macedonians, comprising the five nations within Yugoslavia proper. His army grew from approximately two brigades to its present proportions. In the beginning, the Partisans were solidly Communist. Now they include probably every shade of Yugoslav political coloring, except, perhaps, the die-hard monarchists.

Partisan Influence Grows

Politically as well as militarily the tendrils of Tito's influence even extend beyond the borders of Yugoslavia itself into Albania, into northern Italy, into Rumania and Bulgaria and Greece.

Meanwhile, Mikhailovitch's movement, predominantly Serb and uncompromisingly dedicated to the monarchy and the government-in-exile of young King Peter, has dwindled away. From a professed strength of 300,000, it now totals less than 30,000 and maybe as few as 15,000.

Obviously, Tito has something more than a handsome profile, military luck and political technique. His political and military objectives, as set down in an article he wrote in the Partisan newspaper Proleter, in December, 1942, give a clue to his success. Here are some extracts, and these are probably the first words written by Tito to appear in the United States:

"This article is intended for the broad masses of people, to lead to an easier understanding of the tremendous importance, for all peoples of Yugoslavia, of the great struggle which has now been carried on for nineteen months by . . . our manhood.

"I should like all those who are afraid of their fate and terrified of the future, to see that there exists but one road, although a thorny one, toward a better future, toward liberty and equality of rights—the present national struggle for liberation. . . . No one need feel himself alone today in facing the various threats of those who have done so much harm to our peoples and to the whole of our country in the past; men who have thereby lost the right to speak for anyone today. . . .

"The freedom and independence of our peoples are at last really going to be won. There must not be any question of national persecution or social slavery in the future of Yugoslavia. There are a number of facts . . . plain to anyone who is abreast of the times—to anti-Fascists and patriots not only in our own country but everywhere—that the Axis is being fought. But they are not clear to the Yugoslav runaways who hold power. . . .

"These facts are: That this is not like the last World War, not an imperialist war, but a war for fatherland and freedom; that in nearly all enslaved countries, particularly in Yugoslavia, it cannot be waged by a collection of generals and ministers but only by the people themselves; . . . that Soviet Russia is taking part in this war and is bearing ninety per cent of its burden, and that it will not permit the fruits of its gigantic struggle to be plucked by a collection of traitors and reactionaries intent on persecuting other peoples and laying the foundation for new wars; that it is precisely national persecution and the absence of equal rights which made possible the easy enslavement of one country after another by the Fascist conquerors; that the Atlantic Charter does not mean the extension of frontiers at the expense of other peoples and does not mean enslavement and persecution, but must mean the freedom and self-determination of peoples for charter states, so that after victory, the peoples themselves will decide their own fate.

"It was the bitter experience of Versailles which led to the Atlantic Charter. . . . It was the Versailles Peace which gave birth to this Fascist imperialist war. This is what the (fugitive Yugoslav government) gentlemen don't realize, and this is why their Draja Mikhailovitch . . . is cooperating with the invaders.

"The present attitude of Mikhailovitch toward Moslems, Croats and others has given them away completely. . . . The Yugoslavia of Versailles became a land where national persecution could be seen in its most typical form. The Croats, Slovenes and Montenegrins were considered inferior people. The Macedonians were enslaved and downtrodden. The Moslem, German and Hungarian minorities served as small change for bartering, or as tools against the Croats and other nations of Yugoslavia.

"The great Serb hegemonists created a regime of police . . . created hatred . . . and the German and Italian Fascists knew very well how to make use of that hatred and . . . where to find quislings . . . Yugoslavs, arise! Take up arms and let us rid ourselves of the Pahvelitches and Nehditches in our midst!"

That was written over a year ago. The "Pahvelitches and Nehditches," of course, refers to the Yugoslav officials who have created a puppet government under the orders of the Germans. Since then, Tito has created not only a huge effective army, but a well-knit political state.

A year ago, Tito believed, with some reason, that Soviet Russia carried ninety per cent of the burden of the war. He doesn't think so now, for he receives material support only from Great Britain and America. The first British mission reached Tito's headquarters last May. Assistance to the Partisans in the form of weapons and ammunition and medical supplies has grown progressively with the clearing of the Mediterranean. British and American planes now regularly give his army air support whenever Tito requires it.

Soviet Setup with Variations

A year ago, Tito accented Communism's role in the salvation of Yugoslavia. He set up a government patterned on the Soviet model and called it the Yugoslav Anti-Fascist Council of National Liberation. Starting from the bottom up, it functions as follows:

The men and women of the village—Tito has introduced universal suffrage—elect district committees for the local government. These committees, or soviets, name representatives to the regional soviets, corresponding to our county governments. They, in turn, vote for delegates to the state councils from which representatives are selected for the main national committee, a lawmaking body equivalent to the British Parliament or our Congress.

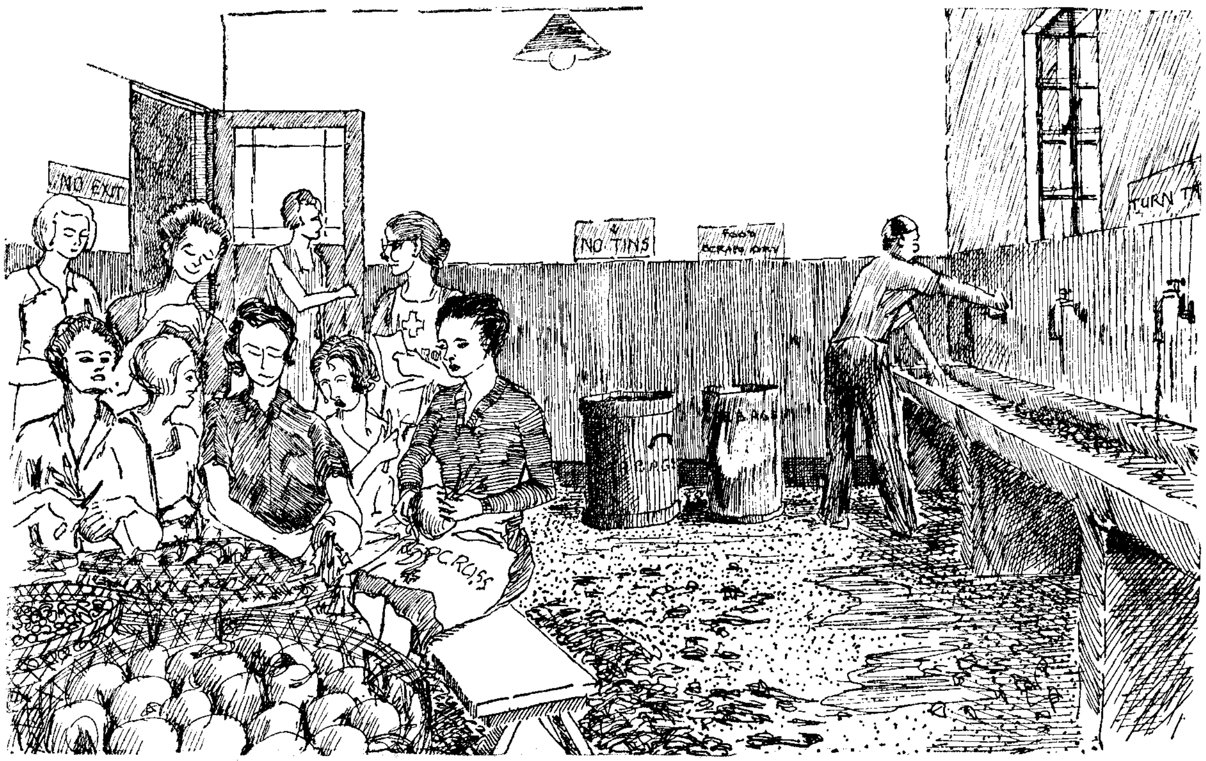
A presidium, or sort of senate, composed at present of 67 members, but which will be larger as more territory is liberated, is selected from the national committee, which also elects a president and

(Continued on page 84)

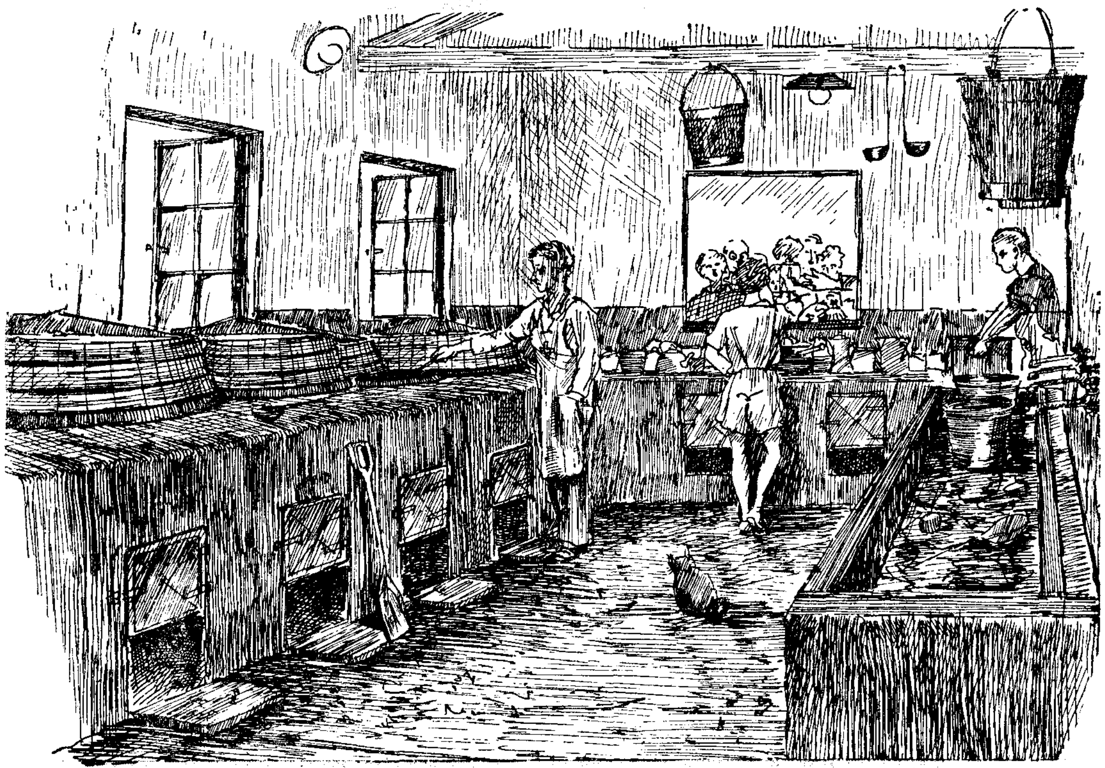
WOMEN BEHIND BARBED WIRE

BY MARJORIE HATHAWAY GUNNISON

The author has served time in two Jap war prison camps. Back home now, she finds that the starvation diet was one of the brighter sides of living under Tojo



Women prisoners doing scullery duty at the Chapei, Shanghai, camp. These drawings by the author's husband, Royal Arch Gunnison, were made on the spot and smuggled out past the Japanese



Inside view of the camp kitchen, which served 1,051 prisoners. All cooking was done by the internees. The Chinese kongs (copper kettles), left, were used for cooking everything

JAPS like children—any children. That's one of the incredible deceits of Japanese character. At Santo Tomas Camp, in Manila, they beamed like bucktoothed rabbits as the kids squealed and rolled over in the grass. The youngsters didn't seem to miss the luxury of Manila. They renewed their games as soon as they got inside the barbed wire on the old university grounds. They spoke to Japs who didn't know a word of English and, somehow, ideas were transmitted between the two groups. That's how the Japs came to organize the "American Army."

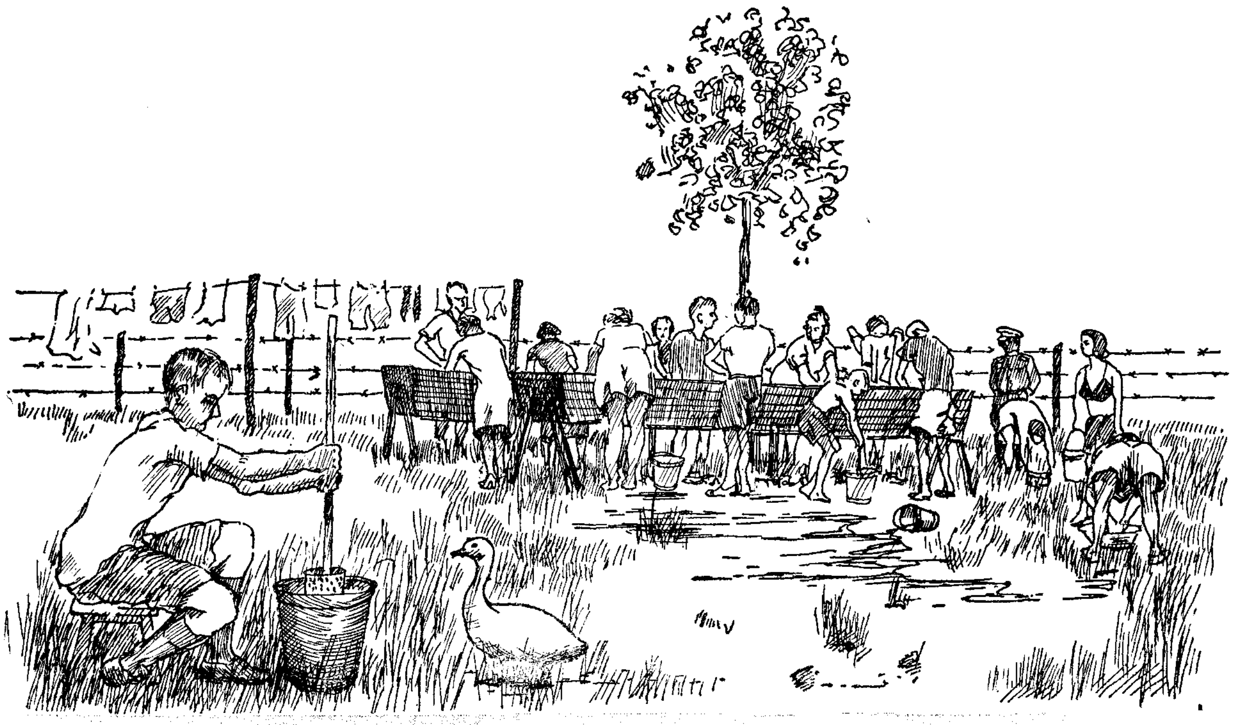
A couple of bandy-legged guards with nothing better to do formed the boys into squads. The kids loved it. They got sticks of wood and paraded up and down the lawn near the main gate and learned to deploy and swing into infantry maneuvers like real soldiers. The Japs loved it for they howled and pointed and held their sides as the boys crouched in grass and crept forward on their bellies and finally leaped to the attack, shrilling, "Banzai!"

It was a nice American Army while it lasted, but it didn't last long. One day a string of purring limousines came through the main gate. In them were ranking generals and admirals on an inspection tour. They had come to gloat blandly over their dejected American, British and Dutch prisoners. They got a hundred feet inside the gate when the American Army, which had been lying in ambush behind trees, charged toward the limousines screaming, "Down with the Japs!" When they neared the road, the "Army" flung themselves prone and raked the cars with their wooden guns: "D-d-d-d-dddddd! D-d-d-d-ddddd! D-d-d-ddddddd!"

It's funny, now. It wasn't then. The camp commandant had a lot of explaining to do, and when the dignitaries departed, we had a lot of explaining to do to him. He insisted that the whole thing had been "framed," that it was an anti-Jap demonstration inspired by parents. Anti-Jap demonstrations are punishable by death. Then he found out that his own guards had organized the child army. This meant that, in addition to saving his own face, he had to save the faces of his guards, too. He finally decided that (1) the kid army was to be disbanded immediately; (2) all internees (that's us) were to keep away from the gate road.

If you're a woman, you do a lot of thinking when you know the Japs are approaching. You don't want to think, because thinking isn't going to help. But you do a lot of it and you sit at your hotel window and brood and watch the great ruddy fires sweep Manila, and you smile at your husband and pretend you're not worrying at all. Then he smiles and pretends that he's not worrying, and you both become very academic about the Japs and you both keep talking a little too boisterously until it becomes apparent that you're both lying in your teeth.

Then, maybe, tears come. But whether they come



Laundry was an endless task. Note women wearing shorts and bra tops, banned at Santo Tomas. At Chapei, only very short shorts were forbidden r not, you remember what the Japanese lid to the very old and the very young Chi- ese women of Nanking, and you can never orget what happened to the white women aught in North and Central China—and Hong Kong. Yes, Hong Kong.

When my husband Royal and I got nside Santo Tomas, we found that every- ody was nervous. There were some civil- an Japs there. They had been interned by he Filipino government. Now they were ree. They sneered at the white women. They pushed them around. They snatched heir purses. They slapped until the wom- n's faces spun, but there they stopped.

We spent time in two Jap prisons: Santo omas and Chapei, Shanghai. In both laces, the Japanese commandant asked the nternee Committee to please keep the vomen "covered." No very short skirts. No shorts. No bra tops. In both cases, e said he wanted to "keep the morals of ur troops high." The women felt relieved hen they heard this. Most of us did verything in our power to keep the Jap morals high."

Too Friendly with the Enemy

Some didn't. In the Philippine camp, a mall minority of women flirted outra- eously with Jap soldiers. In return, they xpected privileges or release. Most of ese women were Eurasians.

There were all kinds of women in Santo omas. There were missionaries, junior aguers, housewives, daughters of the very ich and of the very poor, and prostitutes. ne evening after roll call I was sitting in e hallway waiting for Royal. It was a ttle cooler there. The sun had gone down nd a small yellow light blinked far down e hall.

Suddenly a voice beside me said, "Do ou mind if I talk with you?"

"Of course not." I tried to see the wom- n's face, but it was too dark.

"It's all right. No one will see us."

I thought that was a peculiar remark. I id nothing.

Then the voice said, "It's lonely for me this place. No one will talk with me. thought perhaps you wouldn't mind, in e dark."

"But how about your friends? Everybody interned. Surely you have friends?"

"No. I guess you don't understand. omen of my profession don't have iends. At least, not women friends."

There was a long silence. "But your men iends must be interned, too," I said. They ought to help to make it a little less nely for you."

"No," she said. "No, I'm really in one ell of a spot. I can't do business here. f course, a lot of the girls do. But what oes it get them? Hatred of the men's ives, that's all. They're all in here, too, ou know. I simply won't lower my stand- ds."

"Your what?" I gasped.

"Sounds pretty funny, doesn't it?" she urmured. "But it makes a lot of differ- nce. If I lower my price here, when this ing is over, I won't be able to set a gher price. I want to start again in a dig- fied way. I don't like sordidness. In my siness, it's important to have the proper ckground. And I plan to get out of this siness before I look like an old dishrag."

"Perhaps now is the time."

She chuckled a little. "Oh, I'm not kid- ing myself. I really know that the time ill never come. I know that when this is ver, I'll have to earn a living. But what n I do? Nothing. That's why I refuse lower my standard now. I must think my future."

I didn't know what to say to that. The llow bulb at the end of the hall flickered.

"It sure does get lonesome," she said. I onder how long we're going to be in this amn' dump."

"Let's get together again," I said.

"Only in the dark, like this. It wouldn't do you any good. You don't know what these Manila society women are. You'd better keep away from me in daylight."

Royal came along. I never talked with the girl again. I wanted to, but I wasn't sure who she was. I had ideas.

At Santo Tomas, I slept in a schoolroom with thirty-one other women. Royal slept in the next room with thirty-one other men. Each room consisted of four walls, a whitewashed ceiling and a concrete floor. For relief from the monotony, there was a doorway. Each person was permitted bed space of six feet by two feet. For the first week, there was no bed. I slept on concrete.

Then came the bed. It was a thin mattress. That's all, and it looked like a relief map of the Cordilleras. Royal's bed was a cot. It had no stamina. It broke down almost every time he tried to turn over on it. There were 3,000 persons in Santo Tomas who slept no better, or worse, than we.

The men internees organized a sanitation and health department. Seven hundred were in it. Royal's assignment was to clean the second-floor women's washroom every day. It had five flush-bucket toilets. They served 500 women, and, once in a while, one of the five toilets would scare the daylights out of some woman by flushing itself!

For bathing, there were three showers and three basins. They had two kinds of water—running and not yet. If you wanted to take a shower, you stepped in with six or eight other women and hoped that some of the drops would reach you.

The big university building was filthy. Outside, the sun was merciless. The washed and the unwashed slept within a few inches of each other. Toilet paper was scarce, and the women took turns doling it out. At first, it was four tiny sheets per person. Before we were taken to China, it was two.

Shampoos were a problem. The Japs wouldn't let us use the basins because they said that falling hair clogged the drains. After a while, we got a rusty bathtub from somewhere and set it up behind the university building. It was used for hair washing and vegetable washing. It wasn't appetizing but there was no choice.

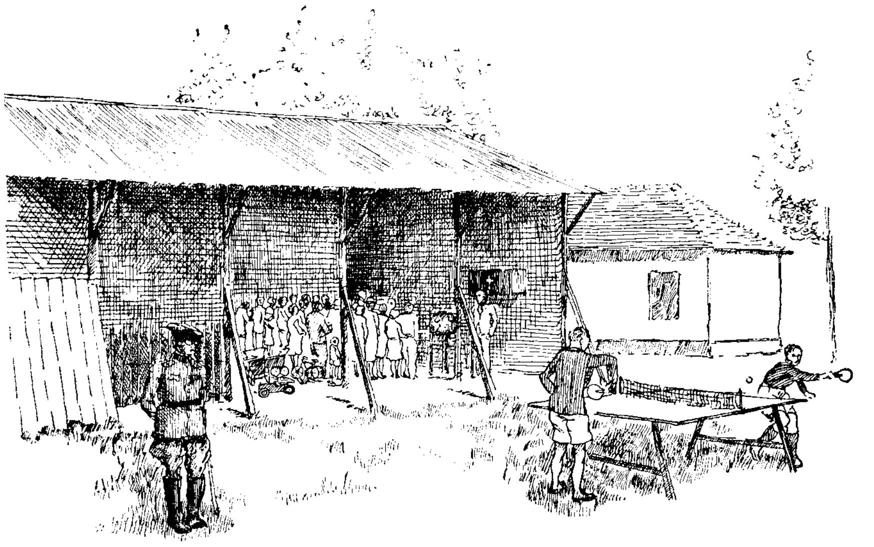
Royal and I were among the first to try to build a shack of our own on the grounds. We got a grass mat for a roof, and Jack Percival of the Sydney Morning Herald found four posts, and he and Royal set them up, so that it began to look like a building. Other internees saw it and liked it. Soon, others were built.

In the Lap of Luxury!

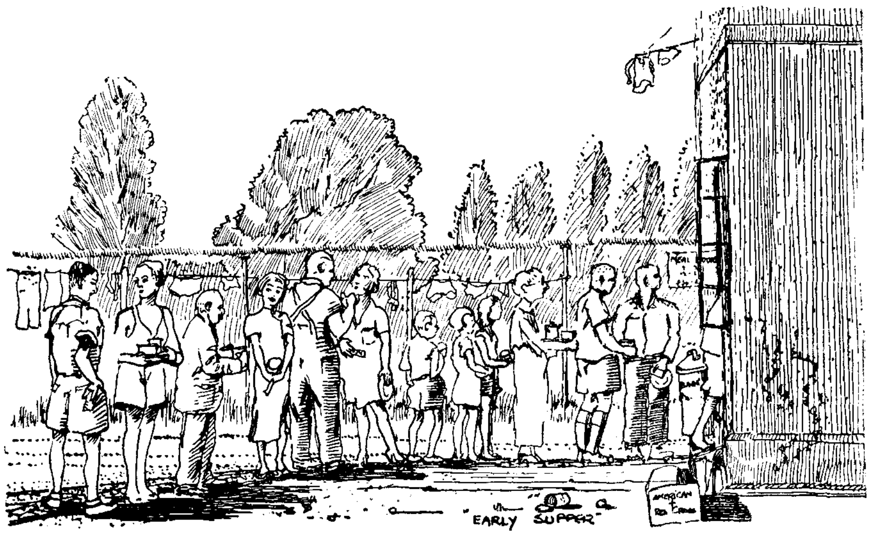
Before we left, there were 500 shacks, and our grass-mat roof had been replaced by boards and old tar paper. The dirt floor had become a board floor. A five-feet-by-ten-feet kitchen had been added as a wing. A long "sink drain" had been built and a carabao cart wheel and a square post became a table. Schoolroom chairs with cafeteria-style arms made our "country home" practically luxurious.

But the Japs wouldn't let us sleep there. They took a look and shook their heads. "Too comfortable." (After we left for China, they lifted the ban.) So we used ours as a daytime place to gather and eat and talk and play bridge. We got the lumber from the camp repair department. Our Filipino chauffeur sent us a native charcoal stove. Incidentally, he was employed by us only a month prior to the fall of Manila, and yet, for the eight months we were in Santo Tomas, he came to the gate every single day bearing food and toilet articles or whatever else he could find that the Japs hadn't requisitioned.

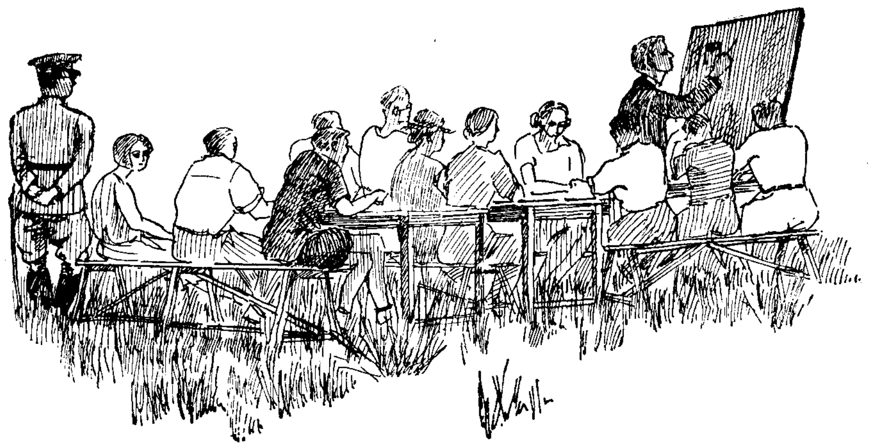
Royal found an old gasoline tin. He brought water to our shack every day, and I washed clothes there and made jam from the fruit our chauffeur Sanchos brought to us. Here I fried rice for lunch and, when



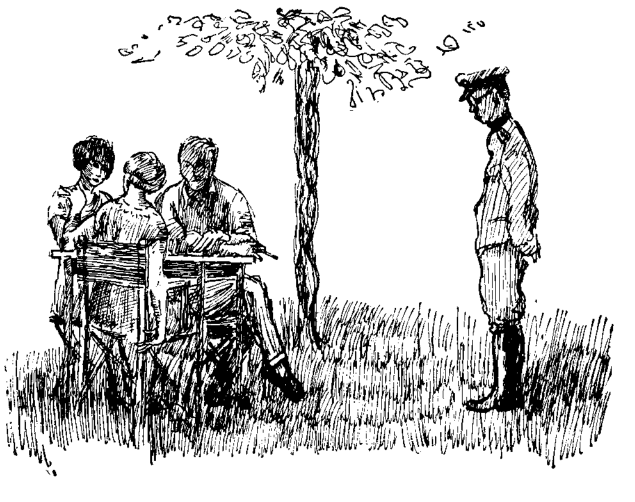
This church service was held to the tune of table tennis. Main building was called the East shed, and served as schoolhouse, church and recreation center



Mess line. Rations for prisoners consisted of greasy stew and boiled beans. This was difficult stuff to get down; even more difficult to keep down



An adult education class in session. Twice a week the author attended a Spanish class to help kill time. Below: Internees relaxing while a Jap officer kibitzes. There was no room to sit indoors and no privacy indoors or out



I could get one, added an onion to it.

We seldom ate camp rations. This consisted of greasy stew and boiled beans. It was fairly difficult to get this stuff down and an effort to keep it there. I had a bout with enteritis and spent some time in the camp hospital. After that, I never ate camp rations again and found that hunger has an attractive side. Now and then our faithful Sanchos sent eggs and bread. Even on this starchy diet, we lost weight.

The days dragged, but I found ways to kill time. I did the breakfast dishes, did our laundry, swept the floor of our shack, darned socks, put buttons and patches on the clothes belonging to Royal, a Sydney newspaperman, Jack Percival, and Harold Bayley, a test pilot for Brewster. Once a week, I made jam; twice a week I studied Spanish in class at 11, and then there were meals to cook and dreams to be dreamed.

The food that Sanchos sent us was served to my three men at noon. Camp rations were served twice a day, at 7:30 A.M. and at 4:30 P.M. Our lunch was usually bread, jam, peanut butter and fruit. If you ate enough of it, a meal might last you twenty-four hours. But even if it did, and you escaped the sickening stew and beans, your next meal would be bread, jam, peanut butter and fruit again.

The men left after lunch. Harold worked in the lumber yard, Jack attended to whatever chores the camp committee gave him, and Royal and I had two hours alone before his toilet-cleaning detail at three. Sometimes, the daily Jap newspaper (in English) was read at lunch. We got into the habit of adding a bit here to their war dispatches, subtracting some there, and arriving at a conclusion about the state of the conflict. In the late afternoon, we showered, and I changed to a fresh cotton dress. At 7 P.M., all hands had to be inside for Japanese roll call. Then a stroll around the "unrestricted" area of the camp grounds. At 9 P.M. all hands inside. Music was broadcast and, at eleven, lights out.

Memories of Two Prisons

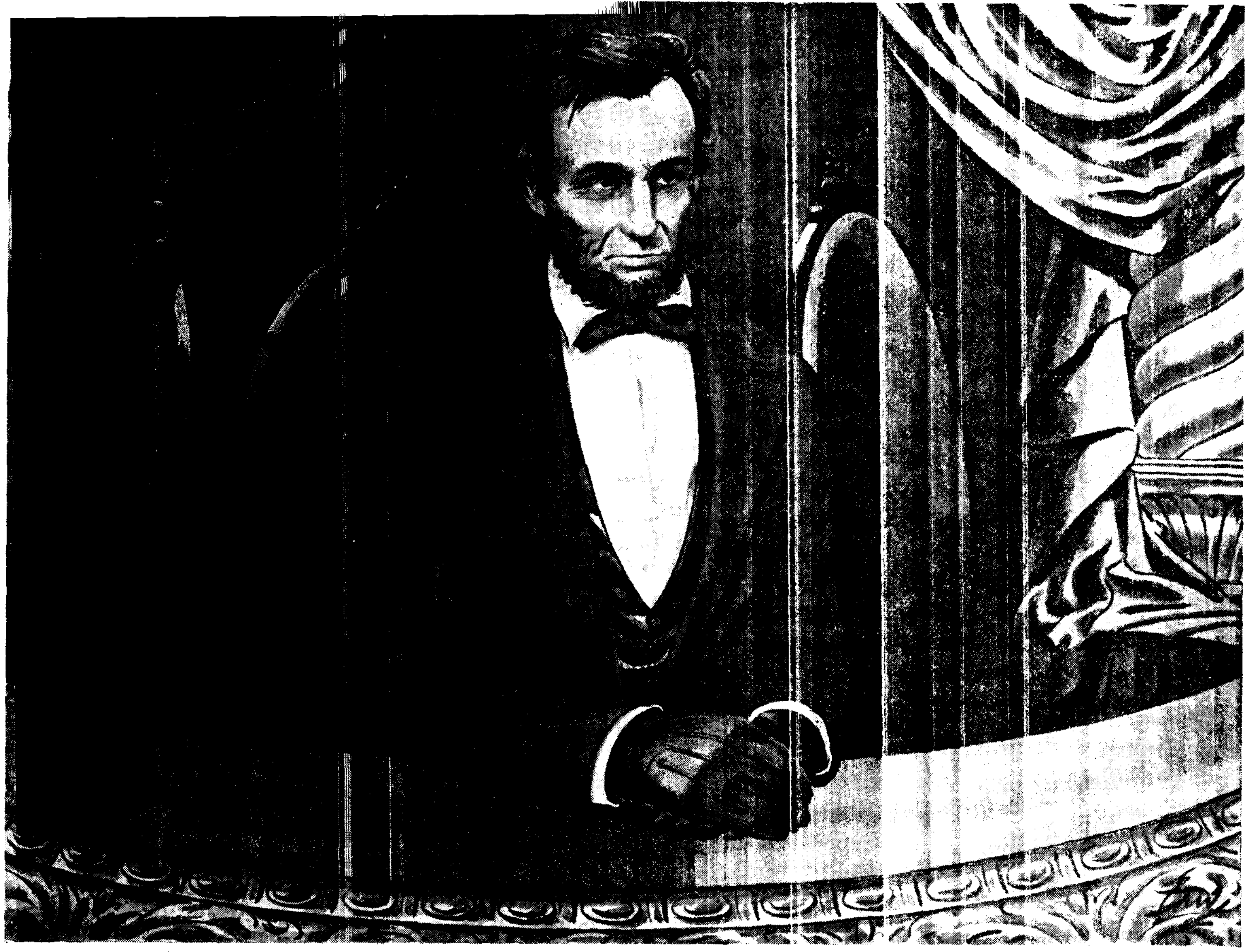
Now that Royal and I are home safe, I think of Santo Tomas and I think of concrete and the smell of sweat. But when I think of Chapei, I think of Dorothy Jantzen and a fence. We spent eight months in Santo Tomas and seven in Chapei. In both places, the Japs treated us pretty much the same, although we had a little freedom in China.

In September, 1942, we were transferred to Shanghai. We were aboard a Jap troop transport in a convoy. We lived with 500 Jap soldiers in a hold between decks. For 10 days, we groaned in stinking heat. Then we landed and got five months of "restricted freedom," and after that, we were sent behind the barbed wire of the Chapei Civil Assembly Center, which used to be the fine China University.

The one improvement over Santo Tomas was a great one: Dorothy Jantzen, of Chicago. Royal and I found ourselves assigned to a ten-by-seventeen room with Dorothy and her husband Jack. We were very lucky. Most rooms had four to six families in them.

Dorothy was the women's representative on the Camp Executive Committee. She and Jack had lived in Shanghai over four years and so they could not be considered as "Shanghailanders." But because she was honest and tireless and talented, she got the job of representing the women in the camp. She's slender, blue-eyed, brown-haired and thirty-one. Her job was to make women content to live with their families in a space about the size of a nine-by-twelve rug, to iron out quarrels, to be eternally cheerful, to listen to complaints and try to effect a remedy,

(Continued on page 41)



Mr. LINCOLN AND HIS GLOVES

ESPECIALLY WRITTEN FOR THE PROGRAM
OF MARIANNE OSWALD LORRAINE

BY CARL SANDBURG

Mr. Lincoln on his way to Washington
to be the President of the United States
stays in New York City two days
and one night goes to the opera;
sits in a box,
his lean, speaking hands on the red velvet railing;
and the audience notices something,
yes, notices
Mr. Lincoln is wearing gloves,
kid gloves,
black kid gloves.
The style, the vogue, the fashion is white kid gloves.

On the main floor,
in the balcony,
in the boxes,
the gloves are correct and white.
A gentleman in another box
tells his ladies:
"I think we ought to send some flowers over the way
to the undertaker of the Union."

Soon we see Mr. Lincoln in Washington,
kissing the Bible,
swearing to be true to the Constitution,
holding in his heart those words:
"I have not willingly planted a thorn
in any man's bosom;
I shall do nothing through malice;
what I deal with is too vast for malice."

Now we see Mr. Lincoln at a White House reception,
his fingers swollen,
his white gloves twisted
by a fury of handshakes.
His right hand at last
giving an extra-strong handshake
to an Illinois man he knew long ago.
Then it happens—
his right glove cracks
and goes to pieces.
He holds his hand up,
looks at the dangling glove:
"Well, my old friend,
this is a general bustification.
You and I were never meant to wear those things!"

Another time, Mr. Lincoln rides away in a White House carriage,
next to him an old Western friend
wearing brand-new white tight kid gloves.
Mr. Lincoln notices, can't help noticing
those brand-new white tight kid gloves.
Mr. Lincoln digs down in his pocket,
feels around,
and brings out his own new white tight kid gloves,
begins squeezing his fingers and thumbs in,
when the old friend cries:
"No, no, no, Mr. Lincoln";
and they ride along, talk and joke,
no more bother,
sitting pretty,
sitting easy,
as two old worn gloves.

Often Mr. Lincoln cannot find his gloves,
sometimes Mr. Lincoln forgets his gloves,
often Mrs. Lincoln gives him a new pair,
a nice correct fashionable pair of gloves,
and one day a California newspaperman
sees him hunting in his overcoat pocket for a pair of gloves;
bringing out one pair
he digs deeper; out comes another pair;
and then into another pocket, bringing out
three, four, five, six, seven more pairs of gloves.
That was one time if Mr. Lincoln had anything plenty
it was gloves.

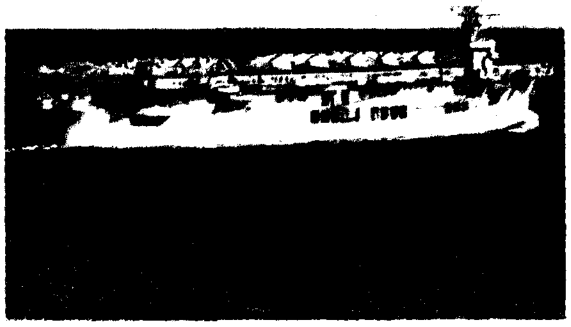
You and I may be sure Mr. Lincoln never in his life
felt sorry for himself about his gloves.
When he forgot his gloves,
maybe he was too deep with remembering;
remembering men fighting,
men dying on consecrated ground;
too deep with remembering his hope
"that Government of the people,
by the people, for the people,
shall not perish from the earth."

And there were common people pleased.
They never had to worry, worry, worry
about Mr. Lincoln and his gloves.

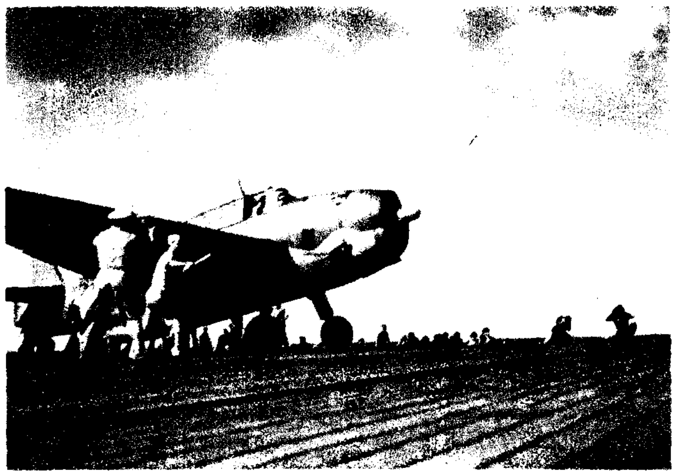
PAINTING BY EDWARD A. WILSON

THEY'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES!

"GET THAT SUB!"



THEY GUARD THE CONVOYS! *And when the fighting pilots of the Navy's new Escort Aircraft Carriers get the word "Sub sighted!"...*



...The flight deck of the "Baby Flat-Top" is cleared for action...and Grumman Avengers, hard-hitting torpedo bombers laden with depth bombs...

...Take off into the blue! Objective: to hunt down that lurking enemy submarine—and depth-bomb it out of action!

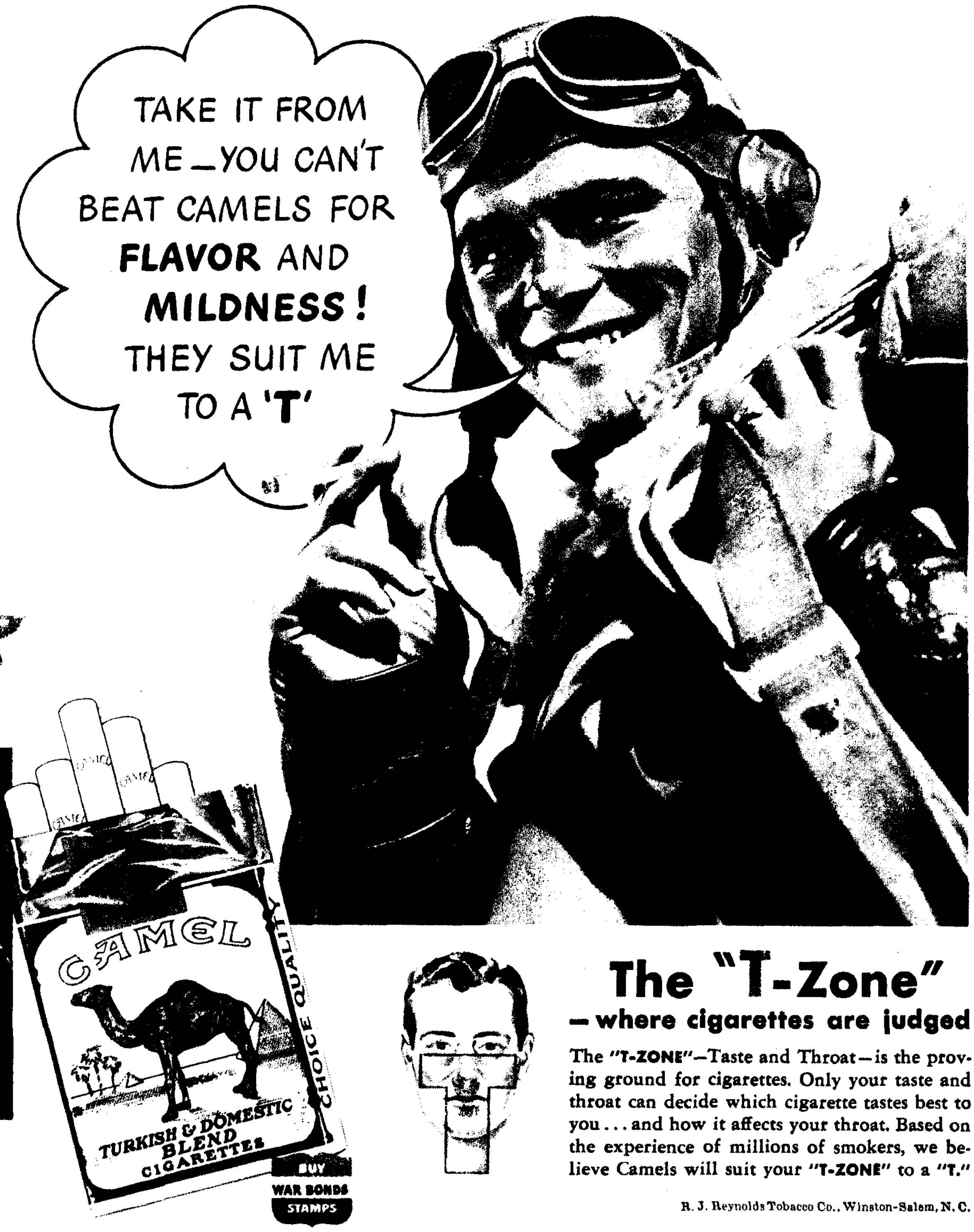
IN THE NAVY they call these new carriers "CVE's" (C for "carrier," V for "heavier-than-air," E for "escort"). And in the ship's store of a CVE, you'll find that Navy men have a word for their favorite cigarette, too—"Camel." For Camels are first with men in the Navy, as in all the services. Uncle Sam's fighting men have found that Camels *stay fresh*...for they are packed to go round the world, to seal in that famous Camel flavor and mildness *anywhere.* Notice that *your* Camels stay fresh, too—preserving for you all their full, round flavor and extra mildness.

FIRST IN THE SERVICE

With men in the Army, Navy, Marines, and Coast Guard, the favorite cigarette is Camel.

(BASED ON ACTUAL SALES RECORDS.)

Camels


TAKE IT FROM ME—YOU CAN'T BEAT CAMELS FOR **FLAVOR** AND **MILDNESS!** THEY SUIT ME TO A 'T'
CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY
BUY WAR BONDS STAMPS

CAMELS ARE ALWAYS A TREAT TO ME—THEY'RE SO EASY ON MY **THROAT**, AND THEY'RE TOPS IN **TASTE**

DRAFTSWOMAN for Navy ship designers...Beatrice Cole, whose war job is with the firm of George G. Sharp, naval architect, agrees with the men in the Navy who choose Camels: "That rich Camel flavor always has a fresh appeal."

The "T-Zone"

—where cigarettes are judged

The **"T-ZONE"**—Taste and Throat—is the proving ground for cigarettes. Only your taste and throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to you...and how it affects your throat. Based on the experience of millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your **"T-ZONE"** to a **"T."**

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Fun Comes First

BY MADELINE THOMPSON

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR GRIFFIN

Lovely Paula Kann is the owner of a spectacular talent for skiing that has made her America's outstanding amateur

Skiing, to Paula Kann, is just something she likes to do. Trophies come second. At 22, she's had her share of both

SHE doesn't even look athletic. She's about five feet four, with a pretty pixylike face, smiling, shining blue eyes, short, brushed-up blond hair that looks as if the wind had decided her hair-do, and a trim, thoroughly feminine figure that lacks the bunchy muscles you might be led to expect when you hear about her achievements.

For Paula Kann, at twenty-two, is big news in American amateur skiing. In three years since she came to live at North Conway, New Hampshire, driven from her native Austrian mountains by the Nazi terror, she has gathered a spectacular collection of trophies and championships in America's toughest skiing events.

Her skill and daring on the snow slopes have made her the darling of North Conway, New Hampshire. She strides along the trim streets, clumping through the snow in her heavy ski shoes, and every few yards she pulls her mittened hands out of her pockets to wave to someone.

"Hi," she calls.

"Hi, Paula," is the invariable answer. "Going skiing?"

"You see?" grins Paula happily. "They all know me. It is good. Here, they are all my friends."

When Paula and her father, Doctor Leo Kann, arrived in North Conway, by way of London and New York, Paula was in no shape for competitive skiing. She spent a year in training, getting back her legs, revising her technique and quietly Americanizing herself.

Then she flashed to the fore by winning the Eastern Slope Ski Club Giant Slalom, competing against such well-known skiers as Blanche Rybizka, Rachel Ball of Franconia, Anne Sturgis, Sue Sise and others. It was a spectacular achievement because of her age (19), her lack of formal coaching, and the complete composure and ease with which she slid away with the honors. Later, in February of '42, she won the Diamond Rattlesnake, making the Standard Run on the Eastern Slope in 3:6:2 and coming in 13th in a race of 27 men and women.

The following year, Paula won the Giant Slalom again and with the same ease. On February 13, 1943, she won the Downhill Race at Lake Placid, competing against the ten best girl skiers in Canada and the Eastern United States. Her time on that run was 1:37:2 and set a girls' record, which still stands and which, incidentally, is only one second over the male record for the same run. In March of the same year, she won the Wildcat Race at Pinkham Notch—and her time was 3:32:2.

The ease with which Paula picks up the trophies—and keeps them—is due, apparently, to her complete lack of nervousness before a race. Her own explanation is that she doesn't care particularly whether she wins or not. She loves to ski—loves the excitement of seeing how fast she can go and for how long, loves the wind in her face, the split-second reactions to hazards, the thrill of knowing she's doing something as well as it possibly can be done. She skis for fun, and it's fun to win, too.

The Regimen of an Athlete

She stays in training, more or less, all the time—all year round, every day. She doesn't drink or smoke, of course. To keep the perfect co-ordination and complete muscular control that's required by skiing—her kind, at least—she trains by walking, ice skating, lots of dancing and special exercises to develop the correct crouch and to stretch the proper leg tendons. In the summer, she climbs all over the White Mountains, rides horseback, swims, plays tennis, bicycles and does a lot more dancing. Since the summit of Mount Washington is covered with snow well on into June, she manages to combine mountain climbing and ski practice until then.

Paula also keeps house for her father in a two-room-bath-and-kitchen setup, helps him in his photographic studio, knits her own sweaters and gloves (and very fancy, too), carries on a full and healthy social life with the young folks in town, which includes movies, dances and parties where she entertains by playing the accordion and teaching young Americans to yodel. Besides all this, she does her stint regularly as a nurse's aide at the North Conway Memorial Hospital. In 1943, she put in over 500 hours there.

That Paula should have retained her faculty for squeezing every ounce of delight out of living is remarkable. She was born in Vienna on February 1, 1922. She's an only child. Her father was a corporation lawyer in Vienna and a doctor of philosophy lecturing at the university.

Paula spent the first eleven years of her life in Gloggnitz, a town nestled in the mountains in Lower Austria, about fifty miles from Vienna. When she was six, her father took her up into the snowy mountains for her first lessons on the waxed slats. In a few days, she was outstripping him, not only in speed, but in form, and he threw up his hands and turned her over to a professional instructor.

"Papa couldn't take it," Paula says, with a laugh. "That is our family joke. He was jealous."

At eleven, Paula began attracting attention in the interschool skiing competitions. That's when she started collecting trophies. In 1938, she was at Innsbruck

(Continued on page 74)

This machine gives metal a permanent wave

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

It's called the Roto Stretcher. You put a straight piece of metal in it and, the first thing you know, out comes a perfectly curved, intricate part for an airplane.

You'd think that the light metal would wrinkle or spring back when molded around a shaping form. It would — if it were not for the fact that this ingenious machine *stretches the metal at the very time it is being formed.*

The Roto Stretcher was designed and developed at Goodyear, another product of Goodyear Research. Today it is forming airplane parts which have the most intricate contours. No welding or hand work is necessary. All parts are formed with absolutely uniform accuracy — at a tremendous saving of man-minutes. In the operation pictured above, for example, the forming time was cut from forty-five to ten minutes.

It is this Roto Stretcher — and the thousand and more time-saving inventions like it — that explain the miracle of America's war production . . . men and women working with their hands — *and heads* — to save minutes in the factory so that lives may be saved at the front.

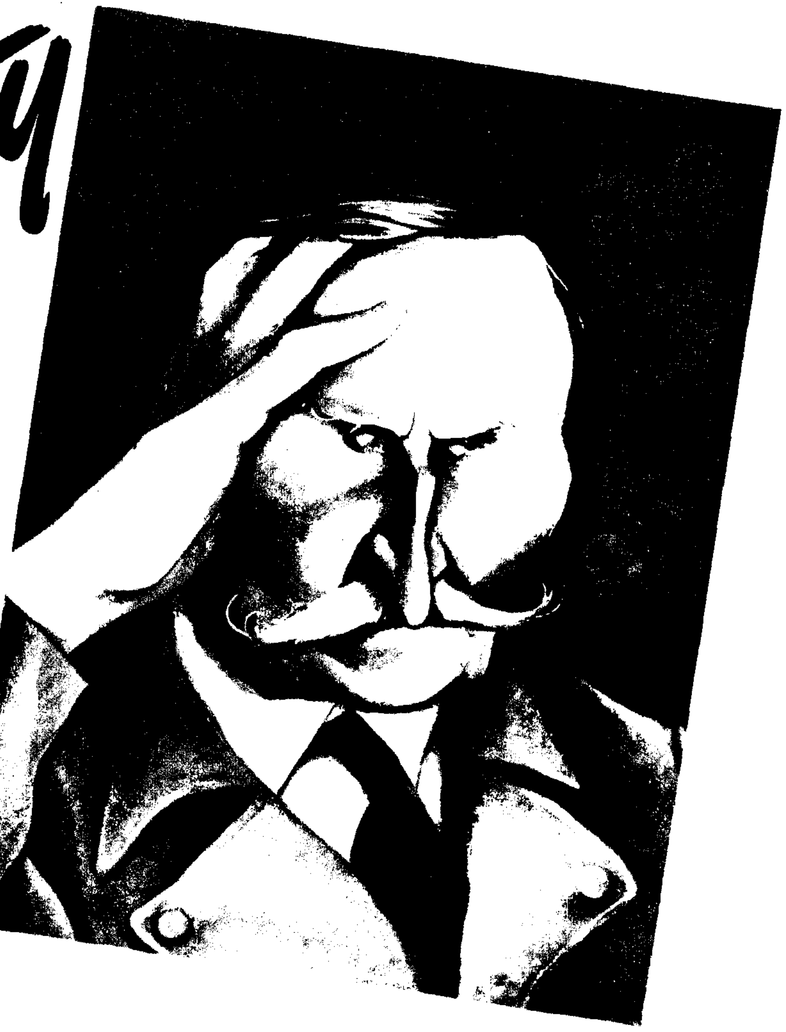
A pioneer in rubber, Goodyear has long worked with other vital materials — metals, fabrics, chemicals . . . and from the Goodyear Research Laboratory "the best is yet to come" — more new, useful products for you.

If you love your country — buy more War Bonds

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

THE *Guilty*



KARL HAUSHOFER

XXIX

THE civilized world can make no greater blunder than to put all blame for Germany's madness on militarists and psychopathic politicians. The scholar class, far more than fighting men and platform demagogues, is responsible for a nation's blood lust and megalomania.

From famous thinkers, not saber-rattling Junkers, came the monstrous conceptions of universal dominion and wholesale slaughter that poisoned the minds of a people, turning them away from peace and its decencies.

As long ago as 1807, Johann Gottlieb Fichte, a distinguished philosopher, laid down every tenet of the Nazi faith in a series of tribalistic addresses to the German people. *Mein Kampf* is nothing more than a vulgar rehash of Fichte's work, for Fichte first preached the Master Race, the beauty of war and conquest, the Fuehrer principle, the divinity of the state and the Will to Power.

Hegel, another great philosopher, endorsed Fichte's views and coined the phrase "Blood and Iron" in his support of violence as a German policy.

Treitschke, the historian, gave his whole life to chanting "the inevitableness, the idealism and the blessing of war," and spared no effort to breed hate in every German soul—not the mean emotion that excites antagonism, but a vast, consuming passion that would make a people look on all other peoples as enemies to be destroyed; hate of small nations, hate of the Jews, hate of democracy, hate of peace! Even the conservative Encyclopaedia Britannica admits that Treitschke "did more than anyone to mold the minds of the rising generation."

And who today occupies highest place in the Nazi pantheon? None other than Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche, insane glorifier of the Overman and the Blond Beast, laws to themselves and contemptuous of social control. "What has he to do with contracts who comes on the scene with violence in deed and demeanor? The highest evil is part of the highest goodness. Storekeepers, Christians, cows, women, Englishmen and other democrats belong together."

As it was, so is it now. Behind Hitler, hidden from sight but pulling the strings, stands Karl Haushofer of the University of Munich. A general in the first World War and of the true Junker breed, Haushofer shared the shock of his fellow militarists when Germany crashed down to defeat.

Ludendorff, completely unbalanced, took up the occult, and sought an explanation in the spirit world, but Haushofer turned to science. Why had Germany lost? And how could Germany win? Out of his brooding came the theory of Living Space *(Lebensraum)*, and a pseudoscience that he called Geopolitik. Rudolf Hess was one of his pupils, and through Hess, the professor reached Hitler and made him his instrument and his voice.

Frontiers, as Haushofer saw them, were not determined by geographers but by armies. *Lebensraum* must not be considered merely as space enough for a people to live in, but as a vast program of expansion that would take no account of boundary lines. The removal of all limits to the spread of *Kultur!* Germany's failure was not in having dreamed too greatly but too meanly. Looked at geopolitically, the earth is not just land and sea, but a battleground; the rivers and oceans are lines of communication, the islands air and naval bases, and the mountains natural fortresses. Natural resources were to be viewed as military supplies, and men as "cannon fodder" and producers of munitions; not as human beings.

A World Island was at the heart of Haushofer's concept. Europe and Africa were to be put together by great bridges or tunnels at Gibraltar and Messina. Germany, by reason of her position at the center of this land mass, would rule it as a matter of course, and all the rest of the world as well.

Even the Western Hemisphere would be compelled to submit to vassalage, for no real resistance could be offered by South or Central America, while the United States was not a true nation but a loblolly of mongrelized, loosely linked provinces.

Open war, according to Haushofer's plans, was to be avoided at first. Adjoining countries—Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria—were to be brought under German domination by economic penetration and political skulduggery; Italy and France were to be cajoled with offers of partnership as a prelude to eventual occupation, and all effort was to be concentrated on preparations for the inevitable war with England. After victory, and not until then, the conquest of Russia could be undertaken.

Only Hitler's "intuitions," born of his arrogance and conceit, prevented Haushofer's plans from being crowned with success. Drunk with power after the absorption of Austria and Czechoslovakia, the Fuehrer accepted Ribbentrop's assurance that Great Britain and France would not fight, and launched his drive against Poland. Greatest stupidity of all, he broke his pact of friendship with Russia, thus forcing Germany to fight a war on two fronts. Well might the professor have cursed his pupil for a *Dumkopf!*

Up to now, the United Nations have pledged themselves to punish only the criminals who have killed, burned and ravaged. To stop there is to continue the sources of infection that have rotted the German nation and the German people. Not until the Haushofers—the scholars, philosophers, scientists and teachers—have been dragged from their cloisters and put in the prisoners' dock, will Germany know health. . . . G. C.

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

War Wedding

Continued from page 16

rather sooner than she expected. He's not quite so much of a pig in a poke as he was on the day she married him."

"I never felt that way about Grant when we married."

"Why should you? When you and Grant were still on leashes your nurses used to take you out together at the beach. You'd have married him, war or peace—and a good thing, too."

"Kay would have married Jeremy too."

"How would she have seen him?" asked her mother practically. "If there hadn't been a war, he wouldn't have been Grant's best man. If there hadn't been a war, there wouldn't have been a hurry. And my last guess is that if there hadn't been a hurry, and everybody had taken plenty of time, Kay would have ended by marrying Ward Ingram."

Betsy looked mystic. Rather stubborn, too, thought her mother, as Betsy always was about a matter of principle.

"I think those things work out in the way they're meant to."

"You've always been determined to have life orderly," said Mrs. Totten with a little disbelieving laugh.

But she looked fondly and with admiration at her daughter, who had been home for a day now and already seemed to have her enforced separation from her husband as well as her pregnancy under control and running on schedule. The New York doctor had borne out the opinion of the one in Norfolk, that young Mrs. McClure was in excellent health. Her room at the hospital was engaged and so was her nurse, although Betsy had explained to the nurse, with her usual conscientiousness, that she would not hold her to any promise if some other patient needed her more, considering the shortage of nurses. Mrs. Totten was skeptical enough to believe that the nurse might prefer Betsy's case to others that would be surrounded by less luxury.

Betsy was working out a plan for her days, too, so that even during these last six weeks she could do some war work.

"You're doing war work in building up the population," said Mrs. Totten. "You're literally replacing some man."

Betsy shivered suddenly, though she was used to her mother's tart and tonic conversation and never seemed to mind it, any more than she let it flavor her own.

"Please don't talk like that! Having a baby is perfectly normal. I'd be having one if there wasn't a war. And, since there is, I ought to be able to do something extra. I'd like to give blood plasma," said Betsy and surprised her mother by the almost violent way she said that, "but they won't let me just now. There'll probably be some job in the Red Cross office that I can do sitting down."

BUT there was one thing she couldn't organize or schedule and Betsy knew it as well as her mother. She showed that now, as she said, "Look, Mother, since you've got the car out, let's drop Grant's letter at the branch post office. There's just a chance it might get to him sooner."

"You don't know where his ship is heading?"

"Not exactly. Nor why."

"Well, your father says that contracts are beginning to be canceled. The market's his communiqué. You may not have to worry too long. What do you want to do after you mail your letter?"

"I want to find a dark blue sweater for Grant. The thin kind that he can wear under his uniform. If I send it right off he'll get it somewhere."

"You can drop me off at Frick's," said Mrs. Totten, "and keep the car. I have to get some of these seaweed stockings they sell so contemptuously and then I'm going to the Institute and see an exhibit of pictures done by French refugees. They'll undoubtedly look as if they'd been done on a sidewalk. But I let myself in for it. I'll probably have to buy one, even if I slash it when I get home."

"Maybe I can get hold of Kay and Jeremy and have them come in for a drink later this afternoon."

"Do. I'd like to have a look at that pair."

But Betsy got a look at Kay first, and unexpectedly. Her mother had left her, according to plan, and Betsy told the chauffeur to take her to a men's clothing store. It seemed very odd to have a town car and a chauffeur at her disposal, after the way she and Grant had lived at Norfolk, and Betsy suspected that her mother had been saving what gas was available for this personal car of her own until now, when Betsy might need it.

She knew that Mrs. Totten was capable of doing

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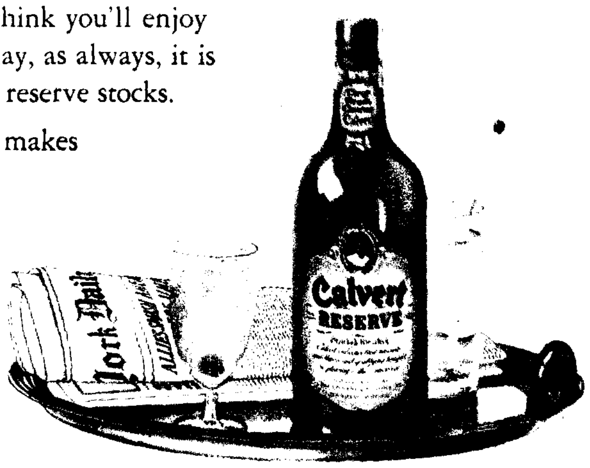

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gentle things, though she could not bring herself to say them. She had not discharged the chauffeur, though he had little to do except repolish the idle cars. Mrs. Totten made no apology for having a chauffeur and did not take the trouble to tell people who might be critical that he was over sixty and had a dependent wife and crippled daughter. Neither did she make any remarks about having no housemaids any more or getting along without butter.

The big establishment, built up by the needs of men, was full of customers and most of them were shopping for wartime. Middle-aged women with young ensigns were buying them outfits with the same look of preoccupation with which they had equipped the boys for preparatory school not so many years before. Officers who knew exactly what they wanted were heading toward the counters and cases which held their purchases. Women were, as always, buying bathrobes for men and sets of highball glasses with birds and hunting scenes etched on them. There was a life raft on display on one floor, and Betsy stopped to look at it, after she had found her sweater and sent it off. She thought instantly and only that Grant might some day cling to the side of a thing like that. Other people were pausing, probably with the same curiosity and anxiety, and suddenly Betsy saw a hurrying girl's figure halt beside it, as if brought up short. They recognized each other at the same instant.

"Betsy, I was coming to see you today or tomorrow! I was going to call you. Your mother told me you were coming. You look wonderful."

"I look pretty funny."

"Are you all right? Do you feel fine?"

"Wonderful. I've never been healthier. It's what I was made for, I guess—"

AS SHE caught Kay's hands and kissed her and rattled on in a kind of report of triumph and happiness, Betsy was seeing Kay too. Of course Kay had always been thin. She was as beautiful as ever, too. Marriage hadn't made her go off in looks at all. What was it that was different and that gave Betsy an involuntary and immediate sense of concern? Was it because Kay's face had changed when she recognized a friend and that, when Betsy had caught her first glimpse, Kay had looked troubled and almost driven? It's just the frenzy of shopping, thought Betsy. I'm imagining things. Mother put that stuff into my head.

"And Grant's gone?"

"Yes. He didn't come to New York, though he did have a few days' leave before he sailed. We just spent them there in Norfolk. If we'd come home, there would have been dinners and things and he didn't want them. But he wanted to know all about Jeremy and I promised to write him all the news about you both."

"There's nothing very exciting. Jeremy's here a good deal of the time. They've been using him to go around with some of the boys who've been sent back and sort of explaining what the war's about and why people should buy bonds and get busy in plants."

"I'll bet he's a wonderful inspiration, with all he's been through."

"Don't tell him that for heaven's sake! He might bite your head off. He doesn't cotton to being an inspiration."

"It's a break for you though."

"I should say it is." The words came out as if directed.

"Have you an apartment?"

Kay nodded. "I had it all set up when Jeremy came back. I wanted him to have a place to come to. And with the housekeeping, such as it is, and holding down my job, I manage to do everything pretty badly. Jeremy's going out to the Middle West to some big naval shebang tomorrow, so I took an hour off and came over to buy him some shirts and ties. He'll be seeing his family out there and will want to look like his pictures."

"Are you going along?"

"No. There's no sense in it. He'll only be gone a week. And I've got to stick on my job. I think it's a lot better for him to go alone anyway. His family hasn't seen him since he was married, except when we went out for those few days, and they'd probably like to have him to themselves. Anyway, it's not as if he were going on leave."

She was giving too many reasons. Betsy was conscious of that and suddenly Kay seemed to feel, too, that she was making too much of a point of it.

"This raft is a kind of grim number, isn't it?" she remarked, looking at it again. "I was thinking as I saw it of how familiar it would be to Jerry. Only in an ocean, not on a shop floor. He and a pal of his, called Buckner, had quite a ride on one of those ocean liners."

"Well, they came through anyway," said Betsy.

"Buckner didn't. He died in the naval hospital in Brooklyn. Jerry didn't tell me about that for a while. I mean, about the time they had on the raft, as well as his friend's death. This man was banged up before he ever got to the raft. So was Jerry, of course, but not as badly."

Kay stared down at the rubber float.

"It makes you understand a lot of things—that rubber object," she said, "but I don't know why I stand here talking like an adventure story when what I really want to know is whether it's going to be a boy or a girl."

"Boy."

"You would have that all worked out."

"I always do annoy you and mother that way," said Betsy, cheerfully.

"It's because you carry through. Because things actually come out the way you plan," said Kay, with a kind of wistful pressure in her voice. "What are you looking for?"

"A sweater for Grant. I found one. Won't you and Jeremy come in for a drink this afternoon?"

"I don't know when he'll get home. He may be late."

"Come as late as you like. There's hardly any help in the house so nothing's on schedule. Mother's dining out, but she said especially that she'd like to see you."

"All right, we'll come. I will anyway, and I'll attach Jerry if it's possible."

"Shall I ask anyone else? I've talked to a few people but I haven't seen anyone. I might call Brenda and tell her to drop in."

"No, not Brenda—I mean it will be more fun by ourselves. Ask her if you'd like to see her, though. Jerry always does. He's quite keen about her."

"I don't want her especially. She just came into my head because I was remembering our weddings and how she ran mine and ended up running yours too, quite surprisingly."

"She didn't run my wedding. We didn't need her."

BETSY felt she had said the wrong thing. She remembered that of course Brenda had been paid no fee for any arrangement for that second impulsive wedding, and she hoped that Kay didn't think she meant to insinuate that there was any criticism in her own mind about the way things had been done.

"Of course you didn't need her," she agreed.

"Not then or now," said Kay and laughed as if she were making a joke. "We'll be along, Betsy. I am so glad to see you!"

There was no exaggeration in that last exclamation. The sight of Betsy did Kay good. It brought back the beginning of her marriage, made the romance clear and true. For Betsy knew that Jeremy had insisted on that impetuous wedding, that he wouldn't be denied, how much he had wanted Kay. That was all Betsy knew and what she took for granted. She wasn't aware of any reason why Kay should fear anything or why she should doubt. Kay was reassured by her friend. It seemed so clear that there was no occasion to worry about herself and Jeremy: at least while Betsy was talking. Betsy was a kind of witness to their happiness and tied it in with her own serenity.

When Captain Lepp, still Jeremy's immediate superior officer, had instructed him to go to an inland port in Michigan to represent the Navy at a launching which was setting a record for speed and energy in shipbuilding, Kay had found herself welcoming the new assignment. It would be a change for Jeremy at least, something new to see. And she told him, though he laughed at the idea, that she was sure it meant special recognition of him.

"They've got to have some sucker out there in blues," he said, "but that's all right. I'd like to see those yards. From what the reports say, they really are doing a job. I might run across some job that would be up my street after the war. How about coming along? It wouldn't cost so much. I think I can fix it so you'd see the show."

"No. You don't want me tagging along."

SHE had been driven by her work at the Comment office lately. This absence of Jeremy's for a week would give her a chance to catch up on both office work and housekeeping, to achieve the poise and calmness that seemed just out of reach. It would be a kind of new beginning. She could do a better job in every way if she had time to catch her breath.

"It might not be a lot of fun for you."

"There are things I have to do next week," she explained, "things I've been putting off."

"Maybe it will feel good to get rid of me for a while."

Kay knew she should pick that statement up and toss it back at him with a laugh, agree with it and prove it couldn't be true. But she didn't quite know how he might take that.

"It could work both ways," she said.

"I'm kind of a mean fellow to live with, I guess."

"I deliberately chose you, didn't I?"

"Yes, but you thought it would be different," he answered. They were sitting at the table finishing their evening coffee and he loved her with a quick rush of emotion and came over to kiss her. "We've had fun, just the same," he said against her cheek.

Then he let her go, disappointingly. "You never figured on having me hanging around like this all the time," he told her.

"Don't be silly, Jerry. I knew the war was going to end, didn't I, and that we'd live together every day, sooner or later. We're just beginning on a sort of regular life sooner than a lot of people can, if the man's in the war."

"I guess there are going to be some awful shocks when some of these bozos take off the old uniform for good," said Jeremy.

"I shan't mind."

"I'll tell you one thing. I'm not going back to that racket I was working for in Chicago. Even if I got to be a big shot in the firm I wouldn't like it. The family muscled me in there. What I want when this war is over is to get into production. I want to know how things are made and to help make them. That's the way to feel solid, to know you're actually good for something. It was the way I used to feel when I was on the ship."

Kay said, to change that subject, "You'll probably be seeing your family on this trip, won't you? You go through Chicago anyway."

"I can probably fix that up. I ought to do that."

Then, though she had brought it up and suggested it, she didn't want him to see his family. They didn't like her. At least they hadn't liked his getting married without telling them in advance, and she had known, during their brief honeymoon visit to the big, shabby old house, that the Wings were enforcedly polite, courteous and kind to her because there was no use in acting otherwise now that she was Jeremy's legal wife.

She imagined them, against her will, regaining Jeremy on this trip, and every nerve in her refused to give him back, to be their son and not her husband. Kay remembered the reserve and dignity of Jeremy's father, the way he had looked her over as if wondering what trick she might have played on Jeremy, and as if she were a tramp. He knew better than that before she had left. He'd treated her like a lady, after that first inspection.

But Jeremy's mother hadn't forgiven her. There had been no scene, no reproaches of any sort, so far as Kay knew. Jeremy's mother had accepted the situation with the poise that a well-bred woman would always have when confronted with someone else's lack of taste. Her cool inquiries about Kay's family, her omission of any desire to meet them, her questions about how long Kay and Jeremy had known each other, had made Kay feel fly-by-night. She had a constant feeling during her stay with them that they had not really accepted Jeremy's marriage to her as part of the fabric of the family life. It was as if they thought she might disappear as suddenly as she had come into Jeremy's life and so the less said the better.

But Jeremy hadn't seen anything wrong in their reception by the elder Wings. He thought his family had taken it very well, and was grateful that there had been no reproaches or anger. How would they talk to Jeremy if he went out there by himself now, wondered Kay? Could they hurt his love for her or make it uncertain or ashamed?

Was it uncertain already? Was part of his discontent due not only to the frustration of not being in the combatant forces but to a sense of having tied himself down to one girl? Kay had driven that thought away more than once since the night when they had gone to Brenda's dinner party, and here it was again, buzzing around her head like an insect which she couldn't brush off so vigorously that it wouldn't return again.

SHE got rid of it once more now for the time being, and went back to the Comment office to do a few more hours' work. She would try to reach Jeremy by telephone and get him to meet her at the Tottens' house about half past five. She would tell him that she had bought his ties and four new shirts.

But it was not Jeremy whom she called first. On her desk lay a memorandum to call a number that she recognized as Ward Ingram's office. She did that at once. Ward wouldn't have left his number unless something was happening that was important. He must be leaving for his new assignment and want to say goodby.

"Yes, I am, as a matter of fact," he said when she asked him. "I'm going to Washington day after tomorrow but I may be held up there for a month and then go across. It's quite definite and when I see you I can tell you more about it. But I called you up about something else. I want to see you for about half an hour this afternoon, longer if you can make it."

"I don't see how I can. I'm sorry."

"It's important," he said. "I want you to meet someone who wants to know you. No fooling, Kay, this is something you can't afford to pass up."

"What's it about?"

"I can't go into it on the telephone. How about half past four at the French Bar? Not for drinking. This fellow

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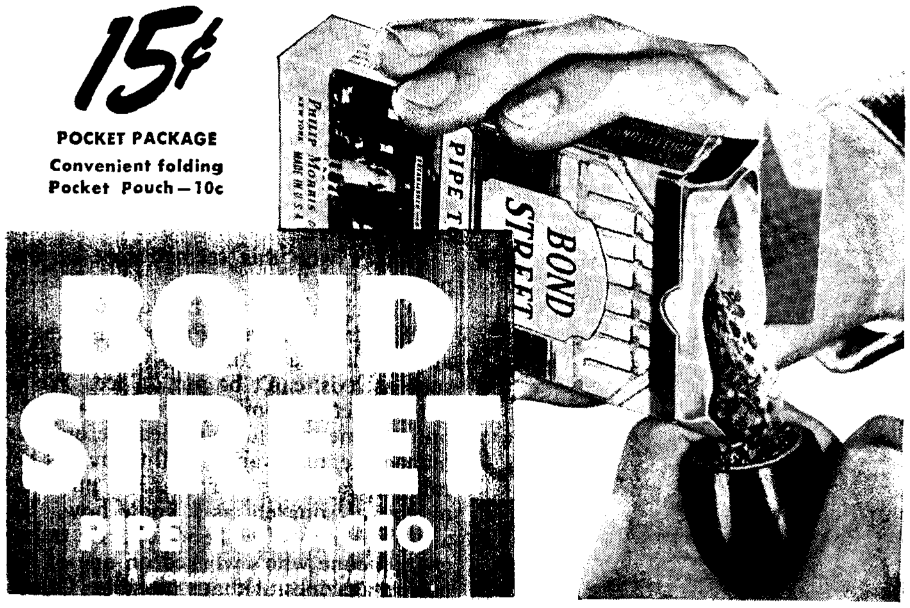

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doesn't drink at all. But the place is convenient."

"You're very insistent and mysterious."

"You'll know why."

"All right. I can't stand the suspense!"

It wouldn't take long and the meeting was on the way to the Tottens. She managed to reach Jeremy by telephone and told him about Betsy's invitation. He was pleased. He wanted to see Betsy. Jeremy sounded very cheerful and very affectionate this afternoon.

"Shall I pick you up at the Comment joint?"

"No, I have an errand. I'll meet you at the Tottens'."

"All right, my sweet."

"This is an office phone," she said, but not too reprovingly.

"I'm going to take you out of that office and set you up in a love nest," said Jerry. "I don't want you to have any boss but me."

This is becoming a very good day, thought Kay. She was a little sorry she had given in to Ingram's rather demanding invitation. What did he want, she wondered at intervals, until she went into the French Bar and saw him waiting there with Ray Frazer and then she knew instantly what it must be about, though she could hardly believe it at first.

IT WAS true. Frazer, who edited the magazine that was Comment's leading competitor, wanted to meet her very definitely. He was a quiet man, who talked almost absently, but finished every sentence so there was no doubt of what he meant. He told her that he needed a new editor on his magazine, someone to build up the reading public for the modern girl and woman. He seemed to have heard about Kay and, from what he said to her, he had even identified some of her unsigned work for Comment. She wondered whether Ward was responsible for that. Ingram didn't confine himself to an acquaintance with lawyers. He knew a good many editors and writers. It was a good idea, he had told Kay once, for a man who meant to go into politics some day, to know people who wrote and controlled publishing.

"But I couldn't run out on Flannery," said Kay.

The two men exchanged glances. She saw information spark between them.

"I think Kay might as well have the low-down on that," said Ward Ingram. "She isn't going to run around the Comment office spreading it before it should be told."

"Low-down on what?" Kay asked.

"Well, the chances are that Flannery isn't going to be with Comment any too long," answered Ingram.

"Extremely good chances," added Frazer with one of his sparse grins.

"What's happening?"

"Motion pictures. He's been offered a job as public relations man with one of the biggest firms. So it looks as if you might waste loyalty, staying with Comment because of him."

"Who will take over?" asked Kay.

"Anybody's guess. The management may change entirely and so may the magazine. Not right away. But in the visible future."

"That's why this seemed sort of important, Kay."

"You certainly are a friend."

"The thing is," said Frazer in his vague and definite way, "that this idea of mine, such as it is, can't be put on ice. We've got a meeting coming up and I want to put a name, not just an idea, before our management. I want to tell them that we can get Kay Wing. Or not. I've put it up to you as squarely as I know how. It's a big job and a free-hand job. I'd rather get someone who's worked on one of the news magazines, if that's possible. Otherwise I'll go into the other fields. But I would like to know how available you are."

"Taking on a job like that would be a lot of work," she said.

Frazer frowned because she'd even mentioned that.

"Absolutely," he said. "While it's being developed, at least, it's going to be a hell of a job. I wouldn't fool you on that. The salary isn't so important. We'd up what you're getting, of course. We pay well. But it would take all you've got to give it."

Kay sat there between the two men, thinking it over.

Ingram said, "There's one aspect of it you haven't mentioned to Kay, Frazer. The possibility of travel."

"Oh yes, I forgot that. The point that Ward mentions is something I suggested to him as a pretty attractive feature that might go with this particular spot. We're planning, during the first part of next year, to arrange some conferences in other countries if we can get government permission, and we think we can. We want the women of Italy and the women of China to be interpreted and that would have to be done by our own woman editor to some extent. I'm not offering that as a bribe. It could work out in any one of half a dozen ways, dependent, I expect, on the woman who was working with us, and what she wanted, and how well she could sell her ideas to the rest of us."

Kay said, "You are quite definitely offering me all the kingdoms of the world."

"Not that much. Just a good spot for the right kind of woman."

"I'd love to take you up on it. You can't imagine how much in one way. But I can't. You'll have to count me out," decided Kay, slowly.

Ward Ingram spoke as if to cut her decision off. "Look here, Kay, if loyalty to Flannery is what's bothering you, I'll talk to him. I'll take it up with him myself."

"It isn't that. Not if he's leaving anyhow. But I can't take on any more work." She turned to Frazer and said, "You see, my husband's a naval officer, but he's here in New York a good deal of the time and I couldn't promise the attention that kind of job would need."

"You'd have to decide that. I'm not kidding you on what it would mean in effort and time."

"I know—day and night—and then thinking of it in between. That's what would put it over."

"You've got the idea."

She shook her head. "I haven't got that much free time. I'm terribly sorry, Mr. Frazer. As far as I'm concerned, it's out."

He looked at her closely for half a minute and said, "I'm sorrier than I thought I would be if I couldn't get you. I think you've got the woman's point of view all right. Well, it's been very pleasant to meet you anyway. I think I'll be on my way, Ward."

They shook hands and he was gone. So was his offer.

"I think you made a big mistake, Kay."

Kay shook her head. "I've got Jeremy to consider."

"I don't see why you do it, at the expense of everything else. I didn't see it at the time when you married him. He seems to put it over though. He's got you eating out of his hand."

And suddenly there was anger in his eyes as well as in Kay's.

"No, you're wrong about that, Ward. It's not mastery or anything of the sort. I couldn't put up with anything I didn't want to take. You can be sure of that." Her voice softened. "I suppose you can't understand, as you say, because this kind of responsibility only exists when two people are in love, the way we are. He's the color and the motion of living for me now. I'm that for him."

SHE caught the skepticism in his glance and flashed back an answer to it.

"You're thinking of the way he acted with Brenda, I suppose. That was at a party, Ward. It didn't mean a thing."

"Well, Kay, I mustn't keep you. I've never been able to keep you, have I?"

"You believe what I just said, don't you?"

"The polite answer is yes. The truthful one is no. But get one thing straight, Kay: I'm not going to hang around and badger you. I'll be out of the picture almost immediately."

"Won't I see you again at all, Ward? Before you go abroad?"

"Not much point in it, is there? Not much point in this meeting today, as things have washed out."

"Not for you. I suppose I seem ungrateful, but I'm not. I won't forget it very soon. I do wish you luck, Ward, wherever you are. And happiness. If a God bless you didn't sound so matriarchal, I'd say that. I do say it, no matter how it sounds! It's the way I feel."

She wasn't sad, hurrying up Park Avenue, trying to beat the taxis and cheat the crossing lights. She felt more in love and more alive than she had for days, and she carried the look of that into the Totten house so that all of the people who were waiting for her were conscious of her beauty and her vigor, and of the mysterious emotion that tied the two together.

"Oh, Kay, you look like yourself tonight!" exclaimed Betsy. "When I saw you today I thought you might be working too hard."

"She stands up pretty well under my hard treatment," said Jeremy and went over to his wife. "Where have you been so long?"

He said it not captiously but as if he'd missed her and she answered, "I've been hurrying to get here and now I am here and I've forgotten every other place I've been today. Deliberately."

She's like a woman coming to a rendezvous with her lover, thought Mrs. Totten. The rest of us might just as well not be here as far as she's concerned. Kay made her feel old and rather withered emotionally this evening. Mrs. Totten was already dressed for dinner in a bronze lamé dress that was like a beautiful supple

Coming in two weeks
a riotous ribald
serial of Hollywood
and sudden death by

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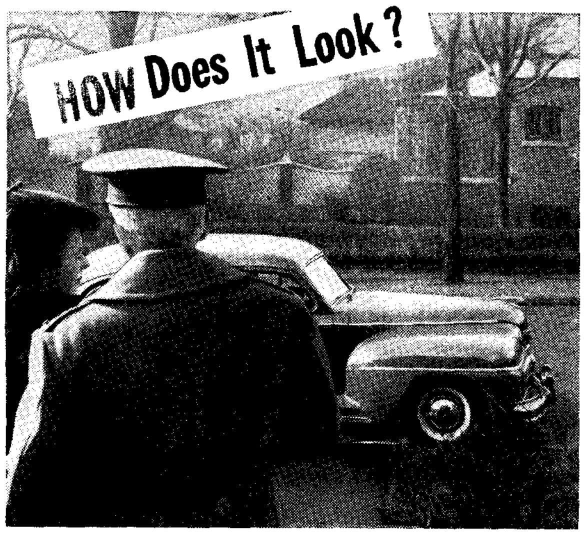
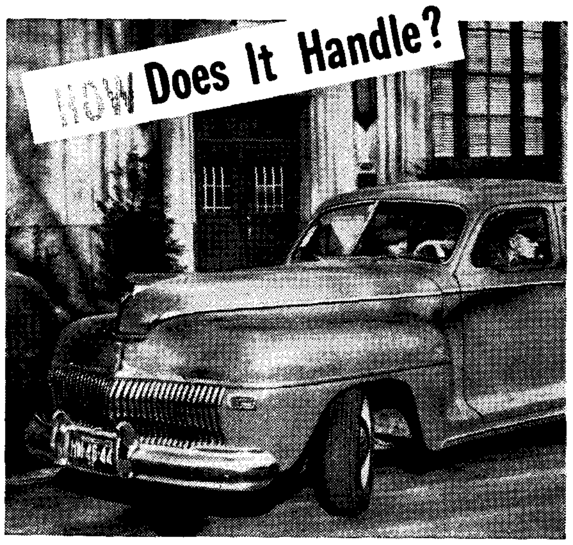
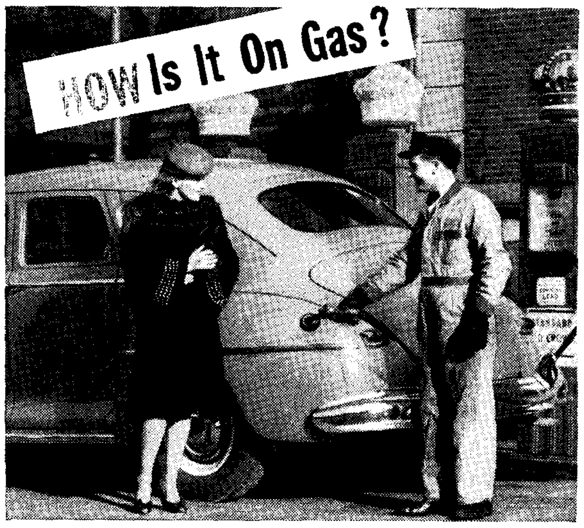
As THE WAR moves into its third year, your fine and faithful De Soto car fully deserves your practical attention. The state of its health, from day to day, is easy to determine . . . First, take a good, careful look at its outside finish for bumps, bruises and possible resulting spots of rust. Note the efficiency of your starter in all kinds of winter weather and temperatures. Listen carefully to your motor as it idles. When you get behind the wheel—is your steering action smooth and easy, especially on turns and parking maneuvers? How about your gasoline and oil consumption? De Soto cars are extremely easy on gas and oil and yours should be, too. Remember . . . a healthy car looks right, feels right, handles right. The rest is largely lubrication, water and minor adjustments. For your periodical greasing and the minor adjustments that keep your De Soto in tip-top condition, let your dealer take the full responsibility.


HOW Does It Look?

HOW Does It Sound?




HOW Is It On Gas?

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•

DE SOTO WAR PRODUCTION includes the precision building of airplane wing sections—bomber fuselage nose and center sections—vital assemblies for anti-aircraft guns and General Sherman Tanks — and a variety of special manufacturing services to American war industry.

DE SOTO DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

TUNE IN ON MAJOR BOWES, EVERY THURSDAY, 9:00 TO 9:30 P. M., EASTERN WAR TIME

LET'S ALL BACK THE ATTACK—BUY MORE WAR BONDS armor. She was going out and she would collect many compliments, and be well noticed, and Kay was telling her now that she looked perfectly stunning. And what good was that when a girl wearing a blouse crumpled by a day's wear could come in like this and set a room tingling? I used to do that, thought Mrs. Totten, against her will, because she knew that remembering was an aging business. But Betsy never did it. She loved too easily and calmly.

“No,” said Kay, after a drink or two, “we can't stay. Not this time. I have to pack for Jerry.”

“I won't urge you, if it's your last night together,” said Betsy.

“I won't urge you because you don't want to stay,” Anne Totten told them, laughing. “Besides, I'm going out myself.”

“I'll write Grant and tell him I saw you, Jerry. And all about you,” Betsy promised.

“There isn't anything to say about me except that right now I'm costing the government more than I'm worth. Tell him that I'd ship as an able-bodied seaman if I had the chance. Wish him luck for me. I'd certainly like to be in his shoes right now.”

“I only wish I knew where his shoes are,” said Betsy.

“He'll be all right. You take care of yourself, Betsy. That's what he's thinking about, you know. On a ship that's what you do. Figure out how things are going at home and how swell it will be when you get there again. And Grant's really got something to come home for now.”

He meant to be kind to Betsy and to praise her, not to hurt Kay. But Mrs. Totten saw the confidence go out of Kay's face, as if a light had been snapped off by a hasty hand. She remembered how that felt too. If you cared like that, you were always getting hurt. Or were afraid it wouldn't last.

THE evening was partially destroyed by the time they left the Totten house. Kay and Jeremy bought a hot sandwich on the way home and then decided to stop at the Newsreel theater. For an hour the pictures filled their minds with the great achievements that were going on constantly and made them both reflective, their thoughts scattering in different directions. The trip to Michigan which had seemed to Jeremy this morning to be quite interesting flattened out to a salesman's errand. And Kay, watching pictures of a conference held in Europe, was thinking of what could be done if one had the chance. If one could take the chance.

They carried home with them, because they could not help it, something that was almost like a sense of shame at being free to make love safely and comfortably while so much of the world was ravaged or fighting or working overtime. The sense of getting off too easily was in the mind of each of them, though Jeremy had no blame for Kay but only for himself. Her sense of not assuming all the duties she might do well was as sharp in her own mind. What troubled them both was not measuring up in the eyes of the other to full capacity, and to tasks that would make them deserve love and have a right to it. Kay didn't feel as confident of Jeremy now as she had claimed to be when she talked to Ward Ingram this afternoon. She did not seem so essential as she had said she was. But she told herself that she had been right and tried to get proof of it from him.

“Jerry,” she said, looking up from a suitcase she was packing for him while he tossed her the articles she might forget, “I've been hearing some rumors about changes that might happen at the Comment office. If there was a shake-up there—not that I've heard anything directly—I was wondering what attitude I ought to take. I suppose I shouldn't take on any more of a job than I've got now, should I?”

“Anybody making trouble for you?”

“No—absolutely not. It's just that I was trying to figure out how much I could do now that I'm married. In fairness to you and the way we ought to live and the time we want to spend together. You know what I mean. I think I've got just about all I can carry now and be a wife too, don't you?”

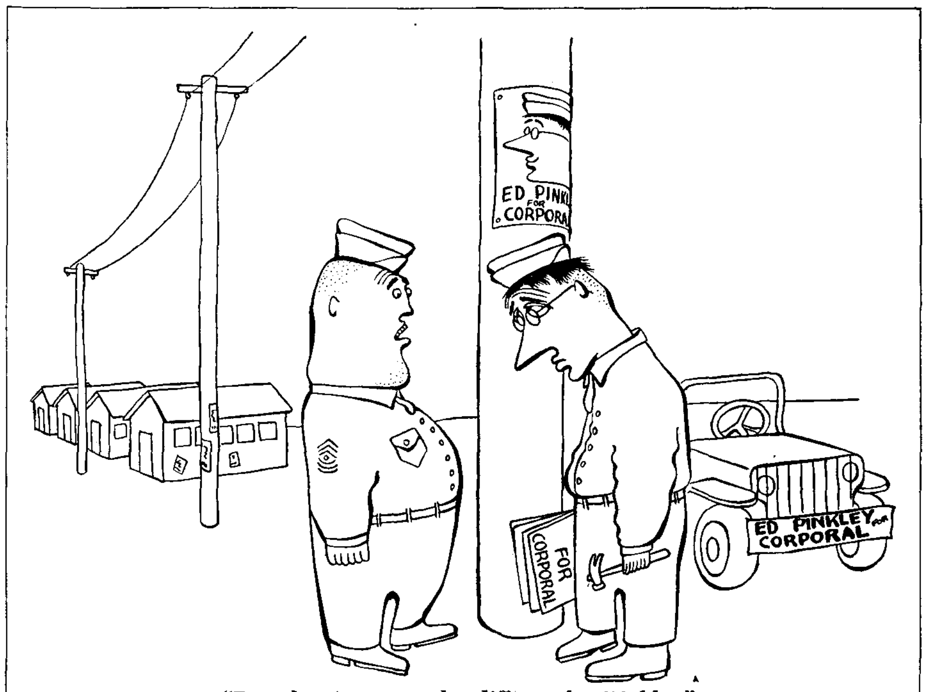
“That would depend,” he said, taking his pipe out of his mouth and putting it back without being more explicit.

“Depend on what?”

“On what you had a chance to do and how it stacked up against the routine in a little dump like this.”

“It's not a dump.”

“I didn't mean that the way you're taking it, darling. I'm not saying it isn't swell, that you haven't made it that way for me. You have. I know you try awfully hard to make me comfortable and make a home out of it. All I was suggesting was that if you did have a big thing come your way, I certainly wouldn't want to be an obstacle. Or to have you feel you had to take care of me when there was something better for you to do.”



COLLIER'S “But the Army works differently, Pinkley” VIRGIL PARTCH

“But I do have to take care of you. That's my main job.”

“Oh, I get along all right anywhere.”

“That wasn't the way you were talking this afternoon. You were saying you thought I ought to stop work and sit in a love nest.”

“WELL, I knew you wouldn't take me seriously.” Jeremy stretched out in a chair and looked philosophically at his feet. “No, you don't really understand the way I feel about lots of things, Kay. I think people—and this goes for everybody, I guess—have special things they're fit for and so they ought to get them done. And nobody else ought to throw monkey wrenches, or try to gum the works.”

“You agreed with Brenda that night that what women wanted was a man and a home mostly.”

“Of course. That's a fact. Sure it's what they want. Not a doubt in the world about it. You go down the street with a marriage license that has a blank in it and you could get almost any unmarried girl to fill in her name, unless she had some other fellow in mind. But I know there are exceptions like you, girls who maybe like what they're doing and couldn't settle down and concentrate on one man. That's all right too, if they're just honest about it. What you were speculating about was whether I'd think you ought to give up a big chance to do light housekeeping for me. And I wouldn't. Certainly not.”

Kay was sitting on the edge of the bed by the open suitcase, staring at her husband with a look of surprise and dismay.

“I thought you would.”

“You ought to know me better than that. I'm not that much of a hog, am I? Or is that the way I seem to you? Hell, I haven't got any right to stand in anyone's way! I'm a fine one to make demands on any smart girl's time and energy.”

KAY nearly told him then what had been offered to her that afternoon. The story was almost on her lips. She wanted to tell him so that he would see that she was ready to give up ambitions for him. But she was afraid that he might misunderstand. He might think she was boasting or rubbing it in. He might even tell her that she had done the wrong thing.

Perhaps Ward Ingram had been right and she had made a mistake in refusing the offer from Frazer. It was a closed issue now. She couldn't go to Ward and say that Jeremy had reacted very differently than she had expected. What would he say to that? Once more he'd think that she didn't know what Jeremy was like, that she had married him without knowing, and was now only finding out the kind of person her husband was.

She had gone back to her packing. Everything was in place now. She moved the socks so that the case would close neatly.

“Everything's in.”

“Thanks a lot. I feel like a duke, having all my stuff packed for me.”

“It's fun,” said Kay. “I like to do it.”

“That puts the edge on it,” he told her and kissed her.

“Have a good time if you can, Jeremy. Enjoy everything. Seeing your family and all the rest of it.”

“Sure I will. It's going to be a good trip.”

“Who's going with you?”

“Nobody as far as Chicago. I pick up some officers from the Great Lakes Training Station there and we all go up to Michigan in a party. But I'm playing in luck on this trip in not having to take along some hero.”

“You are a hero yourself,” said Kay, “and don't forget it.”

“Silly girl.”

“I'll come and see you off tomorrow. Did you say two o'clock at the Grand Central?”

“No, don't bother. You'd have to come across town and what's the use?”

“But I'd like to.”

“You're just making that supreme effort to be a good wife.”

“Well, why not?”

“You needn't work at it so hard. You've been buttering me up all evening. I think Betsy must be the influence.”

“No, she's not. I don't need any influence. It's horrid of you to make fun of me,” she said, suddenly conscious of hurt and misunderstanding. “I am a good wife. Much better than you realize. And it's not my fault that I'm not having a baby.”

“I know. But all things considered, it's probably just as well. What would you do then if you had one of those big jobs offered you that you're dreaming about?”

Kay did not answer. There didn't seem to be any answer.

She was discovering things about marriage. You could be miserably hurt and defeated and then the routine of living together calmed you and restored you and smoothed you all out again. The kiss for good night that was an apology or an invitation, the sight of the morning paper, crisp and impersonal, the energetic smell of fresh coffee, the sounds in the apartment above that were so queer, the fight for your favorite commentator or your husband's at eight fifteen—those were the sort of things that eased off misunderstanding or made you lay it away until you had time for it. There was something indecent about overpersonal discussions or emotional ones in the morning, and then in the usual rush that you always vowed to avoid, you went off to work and three hours later you wanted to see your husband again.

THE next day all these things happened and at one o'clock Kay remembered with a pang that Jeremy wouldn't be home tonight, nor tomorrow night, nor for a week to come.

She had told him she would meet him on the upper level by the newsstand, and the great central clock below her in the rotunda told her that she was a little early. The train wouldn't leave for fifteen minutes yet. Travelers and redcaps pushed by her and she began to have that feeling of being left behind that comes to those who watch other people start on a journey.

Then she saw a familiar face. It was Brenda Brown, looking very much like the cover of a fashion magazine in her short fur coat, a plain and splendid topaz gleaming on its shoulder, and a yellow wool dress and hat reminding every eye that her hair was even paler in tone.

“Hello,” said Brenda, “where are you off to?”

“I'm not going anywhere. You look as if you were, though.”

“Yes, a little trip to Chicago. Frick's have been wanting me to go out and have a look at the department like mine they're setting up out there. Everyone, from fifteen to sixty, seems to be wanting to get married!”

“Except you evidently.”

“I was always a great one to shop around and see what there is to be had before I decide. Who are you seeing off?”

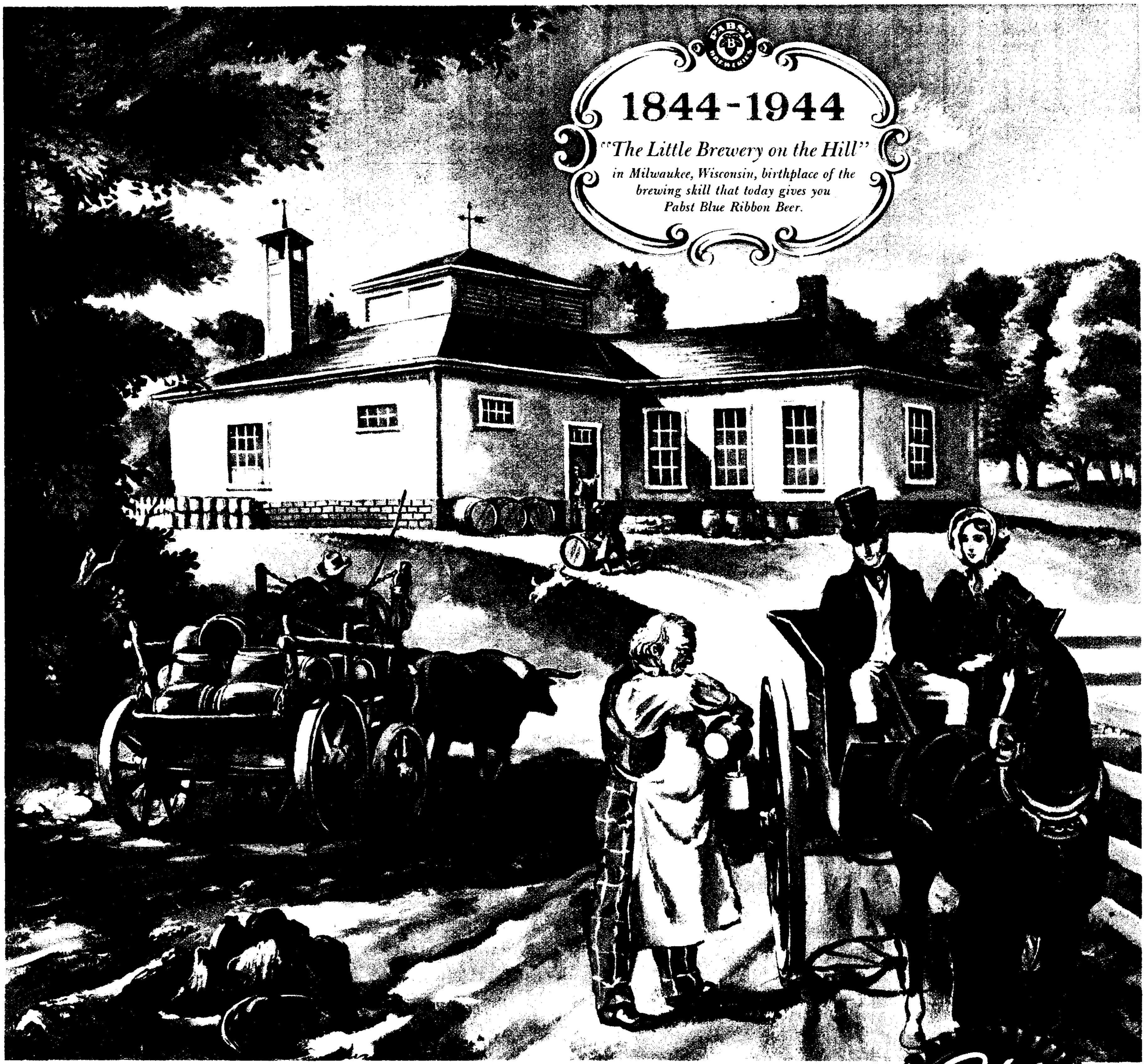
Kay looked at her squarely. She was convinced that Brenda knew what she asked.

“Jerry's leaving for Chicago too. On the Imperial.”

“Is he really? So am I. What fun! He did tell me he was going out there some time soon but I didn't know it was today. I've been struggling to get a reservation for days! I suppose he has priorities.”

“I suppose so,” said Kay, not very sure what she was talking about. Brenda looked so pretty and so sure of herself. She was so gay. There was nothing wrong in her taking the same train on which Jeremy was traveling. And yet Kay had

(Continued on page 36)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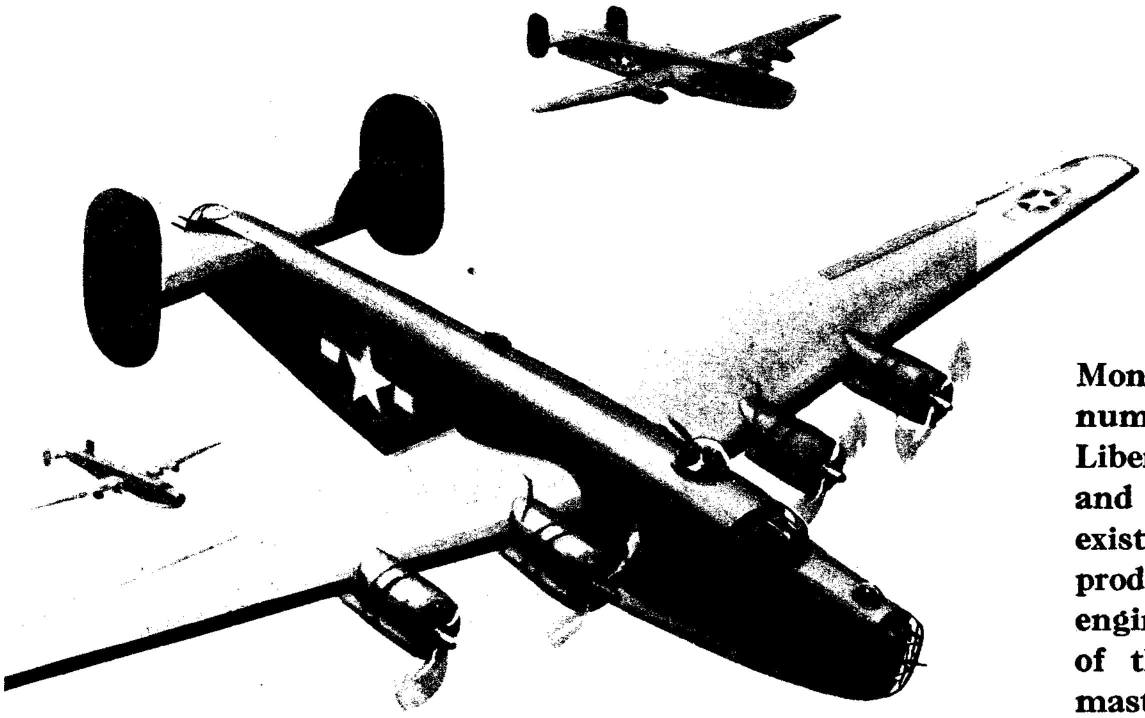

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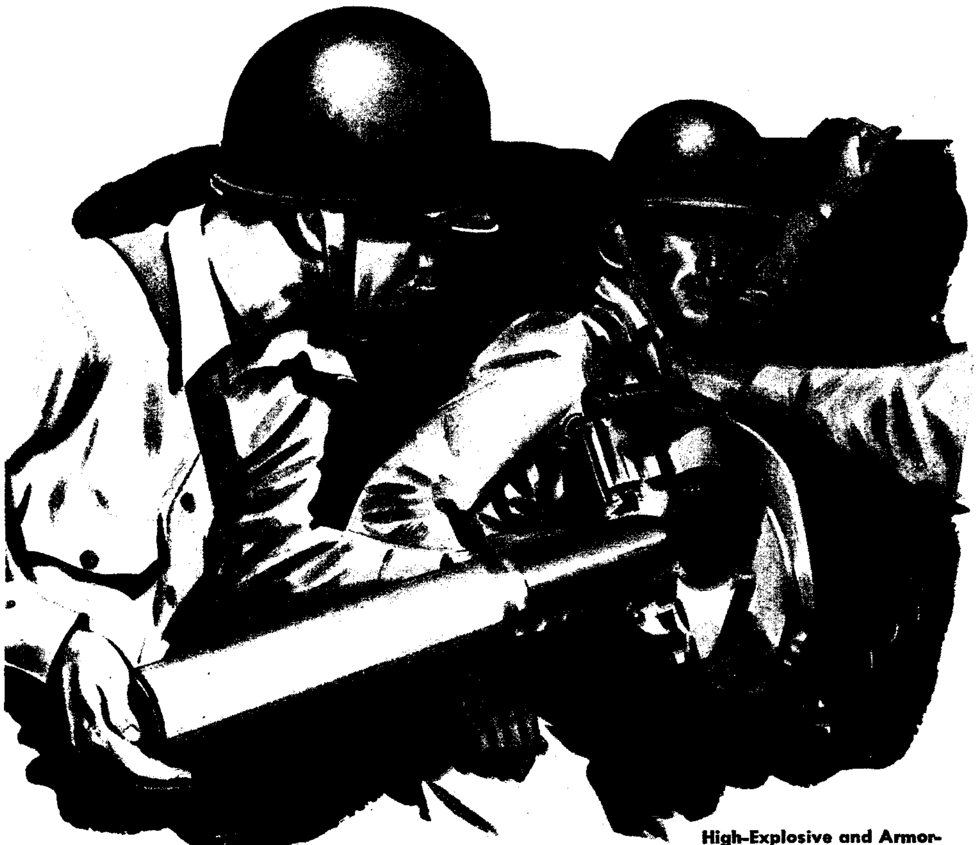

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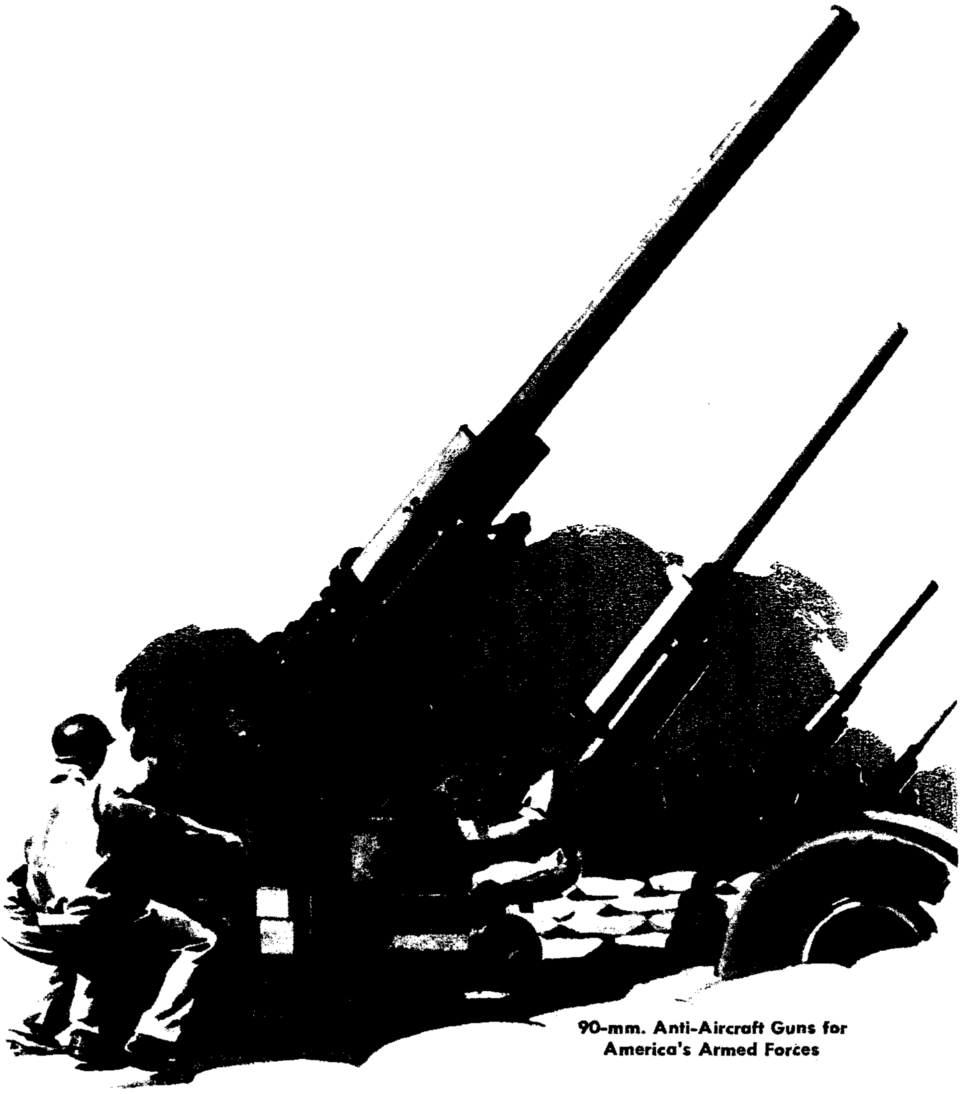

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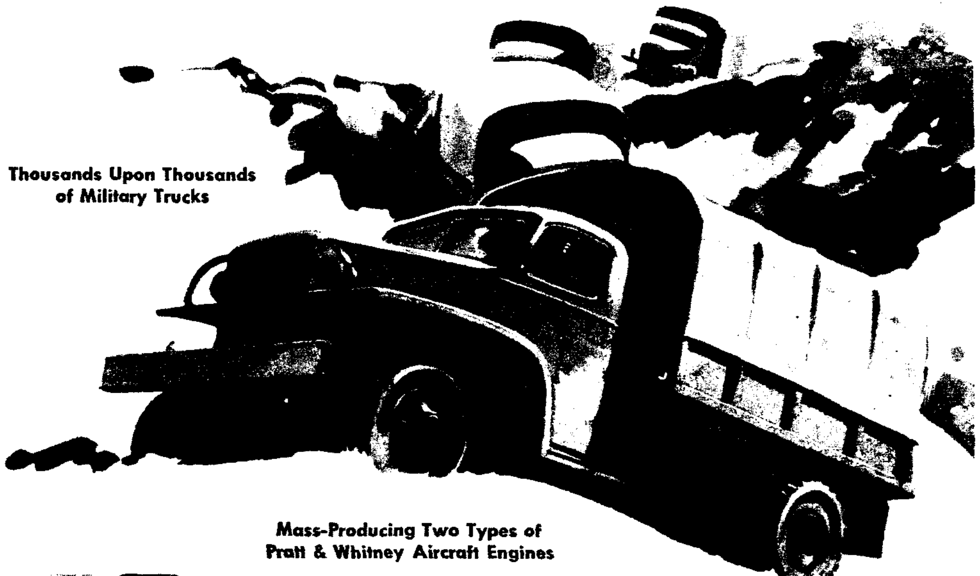

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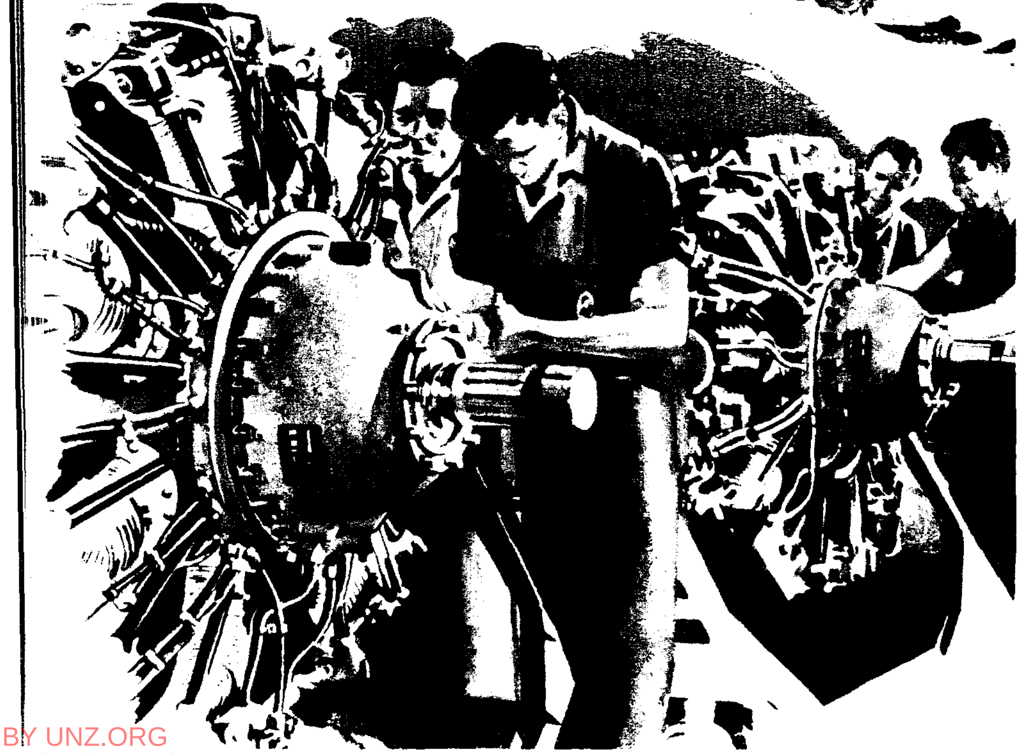

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"EXTON" BRAND BRISTLING—for *longer life*, more efficient tooth cleansing.

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SEALED IN GLASS FOR EXTRA PROTECTION—This famous toothbrush also comes in the 2-Row "Professional" shape as well as the 2-Row "Oro" design, a shape many dentists recommend.

DR. WEST'S Miracle-Tuft
Dr. West's
Miracle-Tuft

(Continued from page 32*)* a feeling that Brenda was actually flaunting the coincidence in her face. It was a long train. Jeremy might have no idea of this. Or did he know? He had told Kay that she needn't bother to come to the train.

"My porter looks vicious," said Brenda hurriedly, "I'll have to go along after him before he hurls those bags over the railing. They're so terribly independent these days. Well, tell Jerry to be sure to look me up on the train and we'll have some fun. Too bad you're not coming, Kay. Goodby."

Kay said goodby. She didn't turn to watch Brenda. She wouldn't. But as Jeremy came up to her a few minutes later she felt her tongue moisten her lips for they were dry, as if she were excited or frightened. And now there was no time to talk to him, or to find out what was the truth.

"I got held up. The traffic is fierce. You shouldn't have bothered to come over, Kay. I don't believe they'll let you come any farther than the gates."

"That's all right. I'll just go that far."

"You look as if you'd had a hard morning," he said as they hustled along to the train entrance.

"No, it was all right."

"Well, you'll have a little more peace and quiet with me gone. Get some rest. Have a good time."

She said, "Do you know what day you'll be back?"

"Not exactly. They've allowed me a full week. I'll wire. Probably Tuesday. I'll spend the week end with the family."

"Yes. Of course." She should mention that she had seen Brenda and that Brenda was taking this train with him. He probably knew it anyhow. But if he didn't, if it was pure chance, it was better that he didn't know. Kay didn't want him to know. He might never see Brenda or discover she was on the train.

She looked up at the bulletinboard with its long list of Pullmans.

"It's an enormous train."

"Yes—and packed to the smokers. Well, Kay, I'll have to go through, I guess. I can't afford to miss it, since I'm traveling under orders. Take care of yourself."

That was all, except his strong, hurried kiss. Kay stared through the gates and he turned once and waved.

A friendly woman beside her said, "It's always hard to say goodby to the men in uniform but I guess we have to do it."

"Yes—we do," said Kay.

"He'll come back all right. That's what you want to hope for."

"That's what I am hoping for," answered Kay.

SHE could see the train moving out as if drawing away from her. The woman's sympathetic interest became unbearable. Kay turned and walked up the stairs toward the taxi entrance. She should hurry back to the office. She had some copy to get out.

There were too many people waiting there. She came back into the station after a couple of minutes, her mind still issuing orders as to what must be done next and not controlling her thoughts. The sight of all the people hurrying down below so that they almost seemed to whirl, suddenly awed her. There were so many men, so many women, and they must be carrying every kind of thoughts and feelings with them on their journeys. It seemed to her that it was astounding that they didn't cry out, that she couldn't hear sobs or laughing. In that crowd there were people going to scenes of death, and to meet their brides. There were strange adventures in their minds, and fears and worries. And each one alone or few together were intent on some personal fragment of duty, or responsibility, or joy, or wickedness, and didn't care what happened to the others. I don't care about them, thought Kay unhappily. I wish I could care, that what happens to other people could matter more to me. But it doesn't. All I care about is Jeremy and he's gone.

I should have told him that I knew Brenda was on that train. She'll tell him that she saw me, of course.

But Brenda had already decided not to do that. She was sitting in her very luxurious quarters on the train, with the door of the compartment closed, thinking it out carefully. For she did not intend to make any mistakes. She had been quite deliberate in speaking to Kay. She wanted Kay to know that she was on this train. It had been lucky that Jeremy wasn't there, for now they could begin without strain or embarrassment and men hated those things and sometimes shook them off with difficulty. Jeremy didn't know for a fact that she was on this train. She had told him she might be, that was all. And then dropped the subject and if he had forgotten, as she didn't believe he had, he would be pleasantly surprised.

IT WAS a long ride to Chicago but not any too long. Brenda got up and moved the extra chair so it faced the window. He would only have a berth of course. They'd sit in here but go in to dinner together quite frankly.

She intended to be frank all the way along. She might as well be direct when she could be. Kay had stolen Jeremy from her in the first place. That was what it really got down to. Kay had married him to make a sensation of herself and the naked eye could see that they were on each other's nerves already.

Brenda thought ahead with definiteness and ruthlessness and lack of pity for Kay or shame for herself. She thought forward, and back, remembering that night not so long ago when the Wings had dined with her and Jeremy had forgotten everyone else in the party except herself. Including his wife, until she dragged him away.

Brenda had gone through a bad time herself that night. She had discovered how much she still wanted to marry Jeremy Wing, how his touch and his voice cracked the shell of her composure and made her feel young and beautiful and passionate. She had no intention of letting a man go when he could make her feel that way. That would keep her young and beautiful.

There was a ring at the door, the one she had been waiting for. It was the train secretary asking for her name, "in case of telegrams."

"Miss Brown. Brenda Brown," she said, and then a little shyly, "I wonder if you could tell me if Lieutenant Jeremy Wing is on the train. A naval officer."

"I could find him for you, if he's on the train. There's no lieutenant in the compartment cars but he might be in one of the Pullman sections."

"Well, don't trouble. I don't want to be a nuisance and I'm not even sure he's on the train. But if you do come across a Lieutenant Wing—he's rather tall and dark and he'll be wearing campaign ribbons—just tell him that I'm on the train. If he isn't with a lot of people. Thanks so much."

It wasn't long before Jeremy knocked and her greeting was sheer delight.

"Isn't this luck! I know you said you were going to Chicago some time this week but I wasn't absolutely sure of the day."

"You're certainly traveling in privacy and style."

"All I could get."

"I've only got an upper berth back there."

"Well, I'll be hospitable."

"You always are. Hospitable and very beautiful."

"Jerry, you're just what I needed to make this trip a success! I was feeling a little low and I needed someone to say something nice to me. I was feeling just plain lonely, if you want to know."

"That doesn't have to go on."

"Sit down and tell me all about yourself, Jerry. And where you're going and why."

"Let's talk about you. It's more fun."

"Let's talk about everything," she challenged him, "all the things we'd never talk about if we hadn't happened to get on the same train."

"I had a sneaking suspicion from what you said the other day that you might possibly be going today."

"Well, I didn't really know. You can't plan anything with space so hard to get. I wasn't perfectly sure until this morning or I'd have called you up and made you promise to take me to dinner tonight. Besides I knew your own plans were always uncertain and you might be ordered anywhere."

"I know a couple of places I'd like to be ordered right now. But you count on that dinner. And on pretty steady company for this trip, if you can put up with it."

"You're a funny fellow, Jerry. Sometimes I think you put on an act and sometimes I wonder if you really don't know how attractive you are. Doesn't Kay tell you?"

"She tells me a lot of things," said Jerry, "and they're all true. Even when I don't like them."

"Kay's brilliant. It's that mind of hers," sighed Brenda. "I think she's got a wonderful future. I don't think anyone can stop her."

"Nobody wants to."

"I mean even circumstances would never keep Kay from her career. She's one of the few women I know who can be impersonal with men. I saw her yesterday afternoon at the French Bar with Ward Ingram and Ray Frazer and they were all so deep in some plan that they didn't even know what was going on around them."

"Where was this? Who is Frazer?"

He didn't know about that, thought Brenda. So Kay doesn't tell him everything.

"You know. The editor of the News-Digest. I'm not sure he was with them. I think maybe not," she rambled on idly, "because he left before they did."

SHE let that sink in for a minute. She gave him time to get the picture of Kay and Ingram talking together. It was part of the necessary preparation, to make him feel that Kay wasn't so loyal that Jeremy himself need be scrupulous. But Brenda didn't know how successful she was. For yesterday evening Jeremy had been waiting for his wife at the Tottens' and she had come in late, without a word about having seen Ingram. She had come in—Jeremy remembered how happy she had looked, how glowing, as if she'd been having an especially good time. He recalled another occasion when she'd mentioned having been in that joint with Ingram. Did she make a habit of it? Maybe she'd head for there this afternoon.

His face was so unconsciously dark that Brenda knew he was brooding over what she had said. She didn't want that mood to hold. The thing to do now was to take Jeremy's mind off Kay and put it on herself, to give him a good time.

"I love to ride on trains," she said. "I like to look out the windows, don't you?"

"You're a great girl. You get a lot of fun out of life."

"Isn't that all right?"

"If you can work it."

She leaned toward him. She had tossed off the fur coat and the bright wool dress was very gay against the ribbed gray upholstery. It was a provocative dress. Brenda knew how to have her dresses fitted so no man could forget that she was underneath the cloth.

"Of course you can. And you should. I may be a little crazy but I think that in wartime men have a right to all the gaiety they can get. It's not a time for fussing about a lot of little things. That's what I tell some of these brides who come dithering about their weddings and this and that. I say, 'Conventions are built up in times of peace because people have nothing else to do, but in wartime forget all of them and just remember that you're in love with a man and should be as beautiful and gay as possible for him.' I really believe that, Jerry."

"You're a sweet thing. I'll bet you do a whole lot of good."

"Well, wars always make people freer and more natural."

"I suppose they do." He pushed one mental image away from him and concentrated on the figure of the girl with him. Fun, she said.

"I think it's about time for a drink," he suggested.

"High time."

THE train rushed along and the afternoon fled before it into the twilight. Most of the time Jeremy stayed with Brenda. He didn't want to go back to his own seat and face the fat woman who had the lower berth, and who had already asked him, when he briefly paused there, what his campaign ribbons indicated and where he had seen service. He didn't want to go into the club car and watch fellows getting themselves tight. Most of all he didn't want to think of Kay, and this girl he was with didn't let him think of his wife. She kept his mind where his eyes were, most of the time.

Only once, when Brenda may have figured there was need for it, did she again bring Kay up deliberately. The conversation was personal and Brenda was doing most of the talking. But by that time it wasn't all talking. There were pauses between sentences when they understood each other better than they could through words.

"I have never really understood how Kay could be in love with both you and Ward Ingram. You're so different."

Jeremy stiffened abruptly. "Kay's not in love with Ingram. She never was."

"I'm sorry, Jeremy. I didn't mean to hurt you. I have a sort of genius for saying the wrong thing!"

"I'm not hurt. I'm stating a fact."

"Of course you know," Brenda said encouragingly. "No matter what people say, no one can really understand a situation like that without being involved in it."

He scowled. "Are you being pretty subtle?"

"Not consciously. I'm probably just talking my fool head off. I've admired Kay from the first day I saw her. She wasn't in love with Ingram, I suppose. And you're quite right. Or she wouldn't have married you the way she did without thinking twice about it. But of course there was no doubt that he was utterly mad about her. He never made any bones about it. Kay could have had him any day she wanted before you came into the picture. She could now, I suppose. Or why—no, I won't say that. I'll just get my foot in it again and you'll yell at me."

"Say it."

She shook her head. He was immediately more curious.

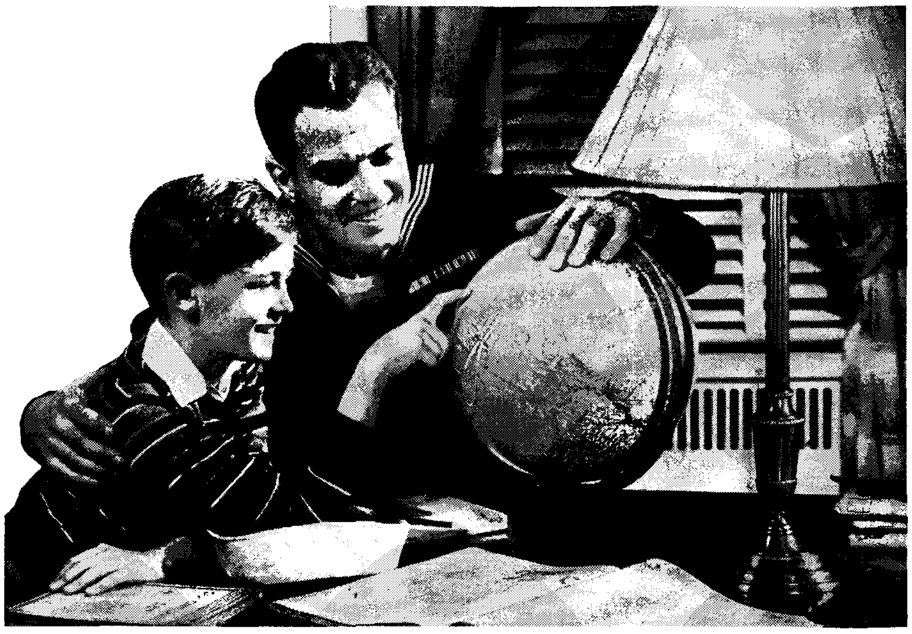
"Say it and get it over with. I won't get mad."

"Is that a promise?"

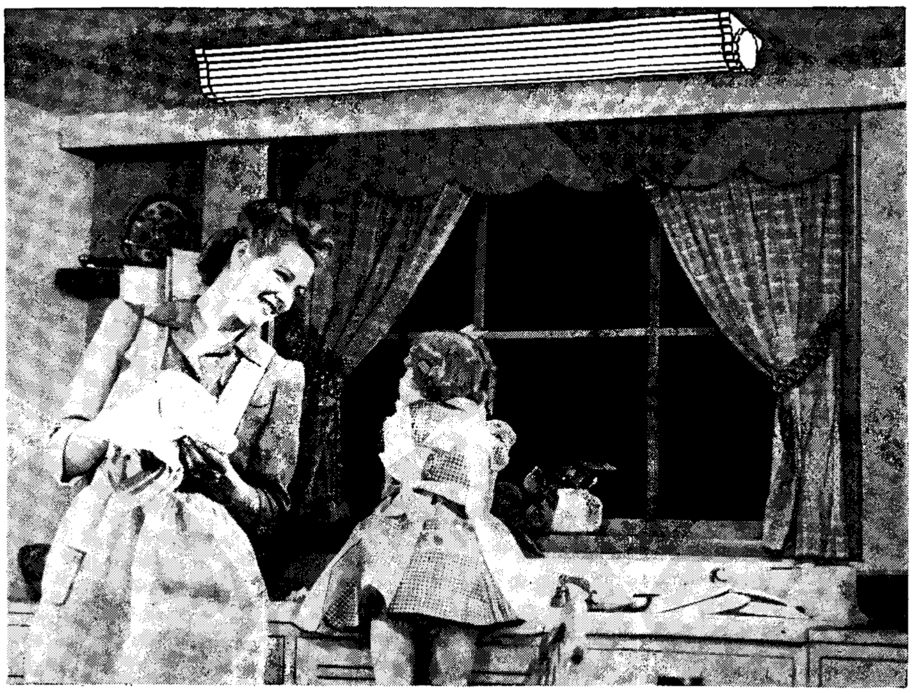
"Yes. I want to know what's on your mind."

"But, Jeremy, it's nothing at all really. I was just going to say that I can't understand a man's hanging around a girl, the way Ward does with Kay, unless he thinks he's got a chance. Of course Ward is modern and pretty ruthless, I suppose, and he's used to getting what he goes after. He probably just doesn't realize when he's licked. But you know the way he acted that night at my house when you and Kay

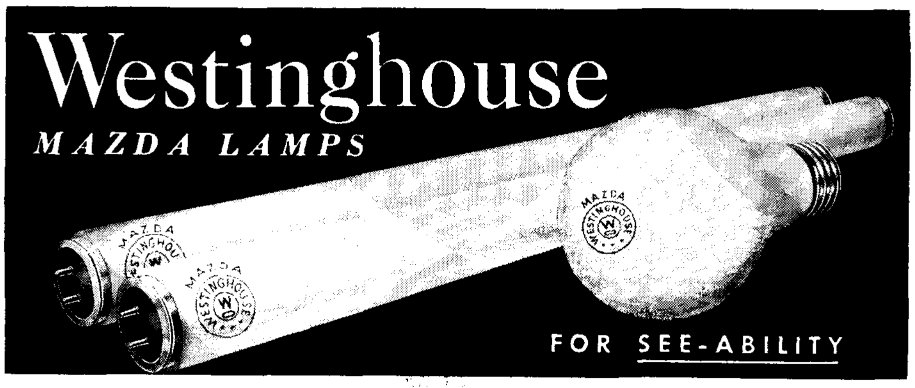
HE FINDS THEM FASTER ...WITH SEE-ABILITY



SEARCHING for place names on the map—or any close reading—calls for See-ability. Wherever your children read or study, be sure they have adequate light, free from shadow and glare. You'll find the right light for See-ability in Westinghouse Mazda Lamps, brighter and longer-lasting today than ever before.



TOMORROW, benefiting from today's lighting advances, you'll prove that See-ability means better living. You'll have extra light to help you in your kitchen, light for dark closets, light for the cellar stairs. To bring that tomorrow nearer, let's all back the attack . . . buy more War Bonds! Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, Bloomfield, New Jersey.



were there for dinner. He was at her elbow all the time and just didn't know anyone else was around. The way he looked yesterday afternoon in the French Bar when they were so absorbed. I can't see why he doesn't give up. Because Ward could get married if he wanted to. He's considered quite a catch, as a prospective husband."

She paused, looked puzzled and even innocent. "That's all I was going to say."

"And now you've said it," remarked Jeremy, who had been listening in a taut way. "Well, as far as I'm concerned, I don't know the answer. You'll have to ask him what his idea is. I don't want to talk about it. Come here."

When the porter jerked at the gray blanket that covered Jeremy next morning, he woke abruptly to the cramped space of his upper berth, which was too short for him, to chilled feet and an aching head and an almost immediate sense of having disgraced himself. The progress of it came back to him as he got into his clothes and became, in spite of the turmoil and shame in his mind, the image of a fit, handsome and well-controlled officer.

The thought of Brenda was distasteful and the idea of seeing her this morning became a dread. But he knew he couldn't run out on the situation completely now. He would have to look for her when the train got into the Chicago station, to see what he could do for her and to stand up to any mood of reproachfulness or blame that she might show him. It was his fault, all right. Whenever any excuse came into his thoughts, he ripped it to bits. He was old enough to know what he was doing and not have anything put over on him. From what she'd said, she was pretty unsophisticated in spite of having been about a lot. He recalled how she had explained that to him and that, at the time, it had made him feel sorry for her.

"Yes, in the Pacific," he answered a question of a man beside him in the washroom. "No, I've been detached from that kind of duty temporarily."

HOW they asked questions. Did they think he was a storybook? He said that he thought it might be quite a war yet, even with Germany likely to give up under the pounding she was taking. Yes, the morale of the Navy was excellent. No, he thought it was just as good in all the Armed Forces. Yes, he'd been torpedoed.

He escaped the other travelers and stood in the narrow corridor finishing his cigarette and watching the suburbs slide by and grow into the city. He thought, of course she was exaggerating. She just said that to make me feel good. She doesn't really care for me. She just thought she did at the time and then the rest of it was probably an attempt to justify herself, poor kid. She made herself believe that she had been in love with me for a long while because that made everything seem all right.

Brenda had told him that from the first time they'd met in Chicago, that time the Tyson twins were married, she'd fallen for him completely. He remembered how gravely she had said it, but he hoped—he was quite sure—that it wasn't true. He had taken her out a few times. She was a beautiful dancer and always did a man credit. Of course he'd kissed her. Girls expected that. But not with any seriousness.

The more he went back over the events of the night before, the more they bothered him. Brenda was different from what she had seemed when he had met her before. There was more to her. He must make her feel that she hadn't anything to blame herself for. She was pretty sensitive. It was all his fault, acting like a bum. A man with a wife—his mind tried to hurdle the thought of Kay because he didn't want to bring her into this right now—ought to behave himself.

He'd never been good enough for Kay. She deserved a better man. What was it Brenda had said about Ingram? That he was still after Kay and that he could give her everything. This morning that thought, which had maddened him last night, now only made him desolate and grim. The train was in the station now. The porter had begun to hand out luggage and the line of passengers in the aisle was restive. Brenda was four cars ahead. Jeremy knew that well. He squared his shoulders for the encounter.

There was none. It was only a greeting, a friendly, rather happy good morning. There was nothing more disturbed and upset about Brenda's manner than there was anything disheveled about her appearance.

"Hello. How are you this morning? What did you do for sleep that you look so fine?"

"You look like a sunrise yourself."

"I'm in trouble. I put my gloves in my dressing case and the redcap has gone off with it."

"Take mine."

"No—that's not regulation. I can manage all right with the muff. Look, Jerry. I do hope I'll see you over the week end."

COLLIER'S "Be careful, sir—that plate's pretty hot" VIRGIL PARTCH

He was very grateful for her casualness. It was in his voice when he said he too hoped so.

"Well, we'll see what can be fixed up if you get back," said Brenda comfortably. "I'm going to have to rush around in these next two or three days, but Saturday and Sunday will be free."

They were walking together toward the exit, easily talking, companionable, friendly. She's a girl in a million, he thought.

"I'm going to get you into a taxi," he said efficiently.

"No—no, please. It takes ages and I know that if you were alone, you wouldn't bother with one. Your station is only a block away and I'm going out north."

"I want to take a little care of you just the same."

She smiled up at him.

"You have. It's been a wonderful trip, Jerry."

"For me, too," he said. What else could he say? Not that he had regrets, if she didn't. And apparently she felt all right about it.

Just for a second she slipped into a confidential tone.

"You're not worried, Jerry? Not sorry?"

"Not on my own account—"

"Nor on anyone else's. Just go ahead and put your mind on the war. Things work out all right, I'm sure of that. They will. No, this is as far as I'll let you come. There's your way out."

He felt amazingly relieved, that he had escaped the aftermath he deserved and somehow swerved past disaster.

"You're a wonderful girl, Brenda. I'm just beginning to know how wonderful."

"Oh, it takes time," she said teasingly. "Goodby, darling." And darling was a fair enough word under the circumstances. He welcomed its lightness. She had the whole thing in perspective, he told himself walking across to the other station and finding that he had plenty of time to read a paper and get some coffee before looking around for the other men who were taking the train to Michigan. Brenda had made everything easy. She wasn't the sort of girl who wouldn't keep her mouth shut. He'd always treat her with dignity, always with respect. She deserved it too. He and Kay wouldn't see very much of her, probably.

But the thought of Kay made him uncomfortable again. He finished his coffee in a hurry and called up his mother, who lived out where the suburbs ran into country estates.

"No, it would have been wicked to drag you into town. I've less than an hour here. But I thought maybe if you wanted me for Saturday and Sunday. Yes, I'm alone. Kay didn't want to come. Her job keeps her pretty busy. I want to see you too. You bet, that's right, it will be like old times."

THE trip to Michigan was better than he had hoped or expected. He understood ships now, how they were built and their machinery and it was a pleasure to talk to the men at work on them. He had no hesitation or embarrassment in telling them all he had experienced at sea, and what was useful in time of crisis and how you could improvise if you had to. He told them why a good job was important and they listened to him with a respect for his experience and his uniform which he quite understood. They felt about him, many of them, as he felt about the men who were in combat now. They'd like to be in the middle of it. Sensing that, he tried to make it clear to them that their own job was basic and essential and that working in zero weather in a shipyard with the icy wind from a great lake swooping around them was heroism too.

For the first time in a long while he had a feeling that he was useful. The money-raising crowds at banquets had stultified him, as work in the offices of Simmons Brothers used to do, in that year they had been breaking him in as an executive. But this job was different. He could see the production, deal with something besides words. And, when he stood at stiff attention, as the graceful ship slid into the water and the band played and the workers stopped work long enough to cheer, Jeremy thought that he wanted to come back to something like this too when the war was over. It wouldn't be building fighting ships but there were things that would be needed all over the world that could be made best in places like this.

Irrelevantly he wondered whether Kay could live in a small town. Or whether she would. There were a lot of things he didn't know about Kay yet. But he didn't have time to pursue that thought. He must talk to some of these men.

Everyone was sorry to see him go and he carried the warmth of his reception back to Chicago with him where the welcome he got at home intensified it. He had not written Kay a letter but he constantly laid things aside in his mind to tell her. There wasn't much time to put them on paper while he was up in Michigan and when he had tried to get something off to her during a free hour, his fountain pen had been out of ink so he sent her one of the cards advertising the hotel, which were right there on the desk, with "Great show here" written across it and initialed underneath.

THE hotel pen was a thin, scratchy thing and he couldn't write decently with it. He could call her up, of course, but he didn't feel he quite had the right yet, after that train episode. There would be plenty of chance to write her from his mother's house and all the equipment would be handy, he told himself as he dropped that card into a mailbox. But he was wrong about the time. There was a great deal planned for the week end by the time he got there and his mother had his time pretty well filled up.

The thing that took him aback was to find that Brenda Brown was coming to dinner that first night. He realized that he must have looked queer when his mother said she had invited a few people to dine and mentioned Brenda's name.

Mrs. Wing said, "She's quite a friend of yours, isn't she?"

"Oh, yes. Brenda's a great girl."

"It makes the table balance," said Mrs. Wing. "I asked Mildred Tyson—I always forget to call her Mildred Bullard now—and she said that Brenda Brown was here and that she'd spoken of you. Of course I knew Brenda's mother. She was a Callender girl. They were a wonderful family. Of course they lost their money but so many did. I mean people who always had it. So did your father."

"Brenda does all right for herself now."

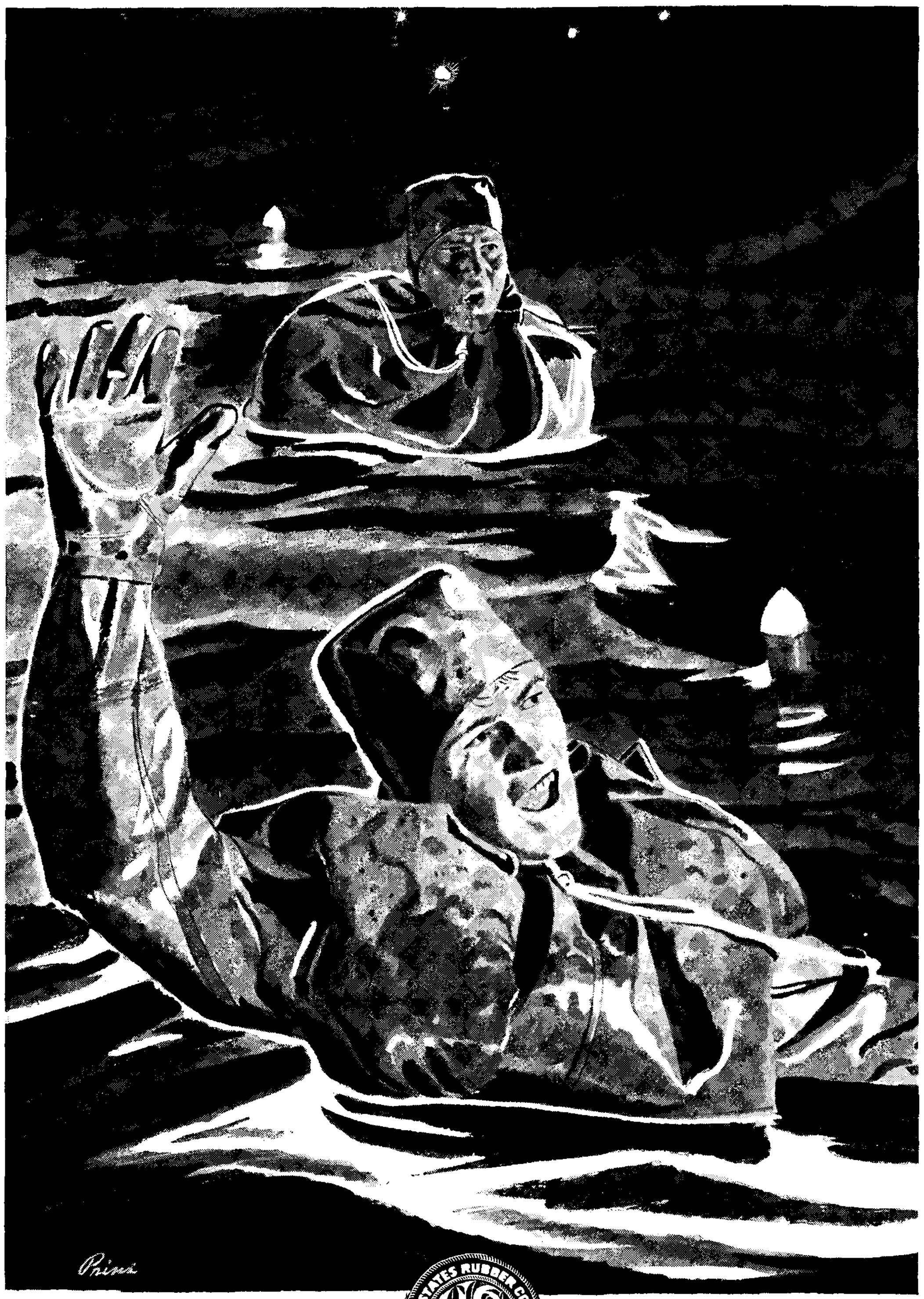
"She's been very brave."

"I guess so."

"And she's so sweet and pretty that I like to see her," added Mrs. Wing. She named the other dinner guests. "All old friends, you see."

Jeremy knew them all. He knew their houses or their parents' houses and would have been able to find his way in some of them blindfold. It was a homecoming for him and an event, as he could tell because his mother had allowed her priceless goblets with the pale coral stems to be used, and the table had the extra look of wealth and delicacy that he remembered often staring at from the pantry door when he was a very small boy, long before he was allowed to sit at the table for a party, unless it was his birthday. Of course, he said to himself, there was no chance to do anything like this for Kay when she was here. There wasn't time enough and we hadn't given them any warning. And it was summer. It wouldn't mean anything to her anyhow. Most of the people here would bore her.

They weren't interesting him very much



This is one more example of the way the leaders of our War Program watch every detail that contributes to the protection and health of fighting men.

that men may LIVE to build a better world

Sometimes nothing happens in a convoy.

Men stand watch on machinery-crowded decks, eyes seeing over the horizon and high up into the black sky, ears tuned to the comfort of the ship working in the water.

Nothing else but that sound.

And the sea and air most innocent.

Then, like a change of wind, comes the feeling. Fear sneaks into every face. Nerves come out on top of the skin.

The men know enemy eyes are watching beneath the water.

They hope it won't happen. Maybe the enemy will miss, or an ash-can will do its work first.

But it happens.

Not one of them knows how—but there is a scream, a flash of hot red light, a shaking all over, and the air sick with the smell of explosion.

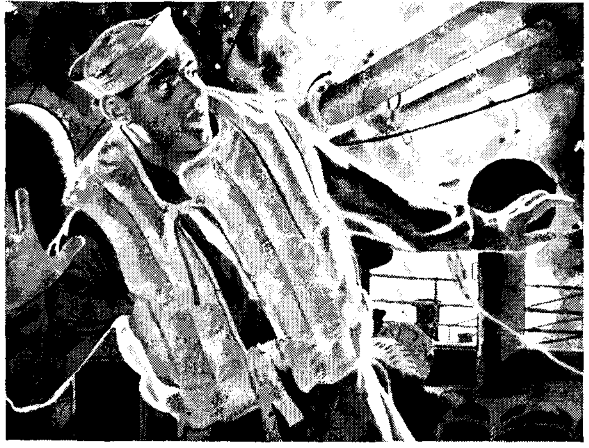
They don't hear it, but they know the order comes, "Abandon Ship!," and they are in the water in their life-saving suits.

Their shoulder lights extend a crooked glowing line in the black oil that covers the walls of waves.

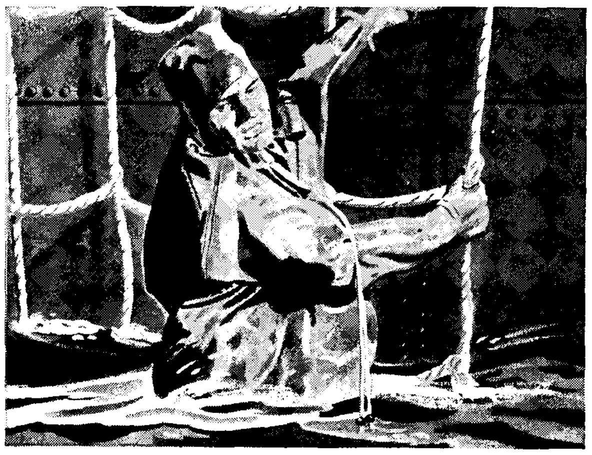
Their suits keep them up until the beam of the rescue craft finds them. Then there will be coffee—and warmth and light again.

Later, a new ship. A new job to be done. A war to be won for Peace, so that all men may sail the seas in freedom. So that all men may live in Peace to build a better world.

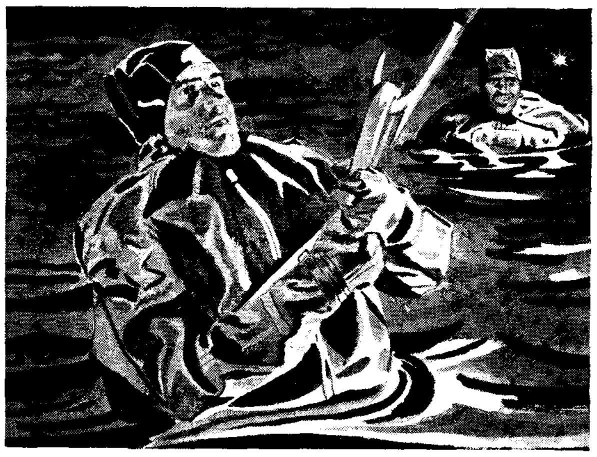
SERVING THROUGH SCIENCE



The Maritime Commission wanted greater protection for its merchant seamen—a suit to keep them afloat, warm and dry. They came to us because of our long experience in manufacturing rubber clothing. We are making suits for them of synthetic rubber. Under these suits this life-saving vest is always worn.



The life-saving suits are made in one piece with gloves attached to sleeves and shoes attached to legs, to enable seamen to jump into them quickly. A draw-string makes the suit watertight. A shoulder light glows red when floating in water so that rescue parties can locate them easily, even in darkest night.



Because seamen swimming in oil could not always be lifted, a harness was built into the suit, ending in a big loop. Now a boat hook can lift a man without his slipping back into the water. Today this is the only type of suit that can be manufactured for use by seamen of the American Merchant Marine.

Listen to the Philharmonic Symphony program over the CBS network Sunday afternoon, 3:00 to 4:30 E.W.T. Carl Van Doren and a guest star present an interlude of historical significance.

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WHEN YOU TAKE COLD

Go after it these *basic* ways advised by physicians in addition to temporary relief measures. These 5 steps *help your system throw off the infection.* And lemons help with all 5.

5 BASIC STEPS advised by physicians	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1. Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Fresh lemon juice is one of the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue.* It is also a primary *anti-infection* vitamin.
2. Keep elimination regular.	Lemon and soda (lemon juice with water and baking soda) is mildly laxative for most people. Gives gentle, natural aid.
3. Alkalinize your system.	Lemon and soda forms sodium citrate, excellent to offset acid condition which often accompanies a cold.
4. Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Lemon drinks are favorites.
5. Keep warm; avoid further chill.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

If cold does not respond, see your doctor.

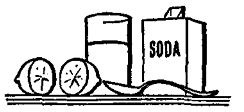
USE LEMONS THIS EFFECTIVE WAY

Make Lemon and Soda

First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 to 3 hours. If away from home, have nearest fountain mix one for you.

To induce perspiration . . . take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Then — continue with lemon and soda 3 to 4 times a day while cold lasts.



To make lemon & soda *pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.*

Lemon and Soda forms natural sodium citrate. Gives vitamins and all benefits of fresh lemon juice plus increased alkalinizing and laxative effects. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Lemons provide anti-infection vitamin C; they alkalinize; they aid elimination—3 factors that help you keep up to par. Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily for health. Juice of 1 lemon, in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

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WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California Sunkist Lemons

BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

either, except that it was a warming kind of company, knowing everyone so well and matching remembrances. Some of the young women were without their own husbands, who were in the service, but others were stationed here in Chicago and there were other youngish men who for good reasons were not in uniform, and a number of his parents' friends. The talk was not much of war tonight. Everyone took the war and its victories for granted. They took its separations without making a fuss about them and made jokes about lack of servants and having to go without gasoline and meat.

What put a flame under the conversation was the talk of peace and politics and who was going to run the show. The older men were troubled and suspicious, the younger ones wondering what and who were going to be safe bets.

"I suppose you're all set, Jerry. Simmons will take back his men. At least the ones he wants to take back."

"I don't know what I'm going to do yet," said Jerry.

HIS eyes met Brenda's as he spoke and again he felt a little uncomfortable. She was certainly the most beautiful person in the house tonight and there was some competition. Jerry had tried to make her feel that he was glad to see her, for he owed her that much, but he had been careful not to be very attentive or to get off in a corner with her.

He had an odd feeling that he was being watched, or at least closely observed. His mother was being rather especially pleasant to Brenda, and Mildred Dixon had been praising Brenda to him very extravagantly at dinner. It had been Jeremy who had brought up mention of Kay every now and then, speaking of "my wife," or "Kay and I." Whenever he did it, it seemed to him that he met restraint. He couldn't put his finger on anything, but he wondered if Brenda had been giving anyone ideas that he and Kay weren't getting along all right.

In spite of the fact that he hadn't meant to have it happen, he and Brenda finally were alone. He had been avoiding Brenda and yet there they were in the dining room by themselves. He'd offered to mix a drink for someone and gone out to the big, now dim room where the table shone and the decanters stood as usual on the centuries-old hunting board. Well, he'd known she would come. He wished he could choose the things he wanted to remember, instead of some that entered his mind as he looked at her.

He said something conventional and quick about the impression she had made.

"Do you mind my being here?"

"Of course not. What a crazy question."

"You're not ashamed of me?"

"I'm always proud to know you."

She said, "It's so strange. I would feel ashamed and guilty if I didn't care so much, I suppose."

"You just imagine that. But I'm the one who ought to be ashamed of himself. I'm the one who's married."

"You mustn't blame yourself. It isn't as if things couldn't be set right. I don't see why we can't be realistic about all this."

"I don't get you, Brenda."

"Oh, face facts, darling. Weren't you happy?"

"Why—" he began.

"Don't worry about Kay. She can always have Ward Ingram, can't she? He'll give her everything she really wants."

"Look here," said Jerry almost savagely, "you're all wrong. Kay and I aren't busting up."

"Oh, Jerry—you're so blind—" she said.

He couldn't stop her then. She left the room swiftly and he didn't know what she meant, what he was unable to see for himself. If she meant that he didn't realize that she was ready to go along, that was one thing and too bad. But if she meant something about Kay's not caring for him, it was different. It wasn't true. Unless—what did Kay talk over with Ward Ingram so much? Was she really sorry for the bargain she'd made when she married him?

Brenda avoided him for the rest of the evening. When he talked to her there were other people around. He wanted to make a date with her to have this out. But he didn't want to make a date with her.

After all the guests were gone he was still trying to figure it out when his mother came up to say good night. He whipped out a smile for her.

"Jerry, dear," she said, "I think I'll say one thing to you. We—your father and I—want you to be happy. I've never talked to you about your marriage. You didn't let me know about it, or let me meet Kay beforehand. But I want to say now that if it can make you happy, we would always accept it. If it doesn't, dear, we'll go right along with you in whatever you want to do."

"But what makes you think I'm not happy? What gives you that notion? Has Brenda been saying anything?"

"Brenda couldn't be more loyal," said his mother. "She hasn't said a word against Kay. In fact, she defends her."

"Kay doesn't need any defense. This is all some sort of build-up."

"You mustn't talk like that, Jerry. No one is building anything up or interfering in the slightest with you and Kay. We haven't, have we?"

"No."

"Well, then," said his mother triumphantly and sweetly and kissed him good night.

JEREMY didn't go to bed. There was no use in that. He said he thought he'd just stay downstairs for a while and after his mother followed his father upstairs he shut the door of the library and picked up the telephone. It was two o'clock, three in the morning in New York, but just the same he had to talk to Kay.

"Hold the line, please," said the operator and there was hardly two minutes pause before he heard her voice.

"Hello, Kay."

"Hello. This is queer. I was just wondering if I should call you."

"I should have done it before. But it was hard up there in Michigan and I just got in here this morning. And tonight the family had a party."

"Party for you?"

"Yes, they had some people for dinner."

"Was it fun?"

"Not much. It was all right. What were you going to call me about?"

"Because I couldn't help it. I wanted to ask you something. I can't seem to get it off my mind."

"Well, do—"

"All right, it's this: Did you see Brenda on the train?"

"Brenda?" He knew his voice sounded different, but he couldn't help it. "Why, yes, I saw her. We had a talk. A few drinks. We had dinner together."

"And what else?" asked Kay. "Was there more to it? Because I want to know. I'm in kind of a blur until I do know. So many things make a pattern. Her going on that train, your not wanting me at the station. I'm just asking you to say yes or no, Jerry, and you won't lie to me. You couldn't lie to me about that."

"I've got lots of things to explain to you—"

"You mean yes, then."

"Kay, darling, listen to me. It's not anything of the importance you think. Not to you. When I come back—"

"You won't come back to me," she said. "I won't be here."

(To be concluded next week)

Women Behind Barbed Wire

Continued from page 22

to apologize for the tiny morsels of food served, and to try to better sanitary facilities.

The job was doubly difficult because the Japs have an amused contempt for women, at home as well as abroad. The women asked her to get a fence, so that their children could not wander off and get into trouble. She talked to the Jap commandant. Dorothy knew how to approach the "Oriental superior," and won her point.

Dorothy got more than a fence. She got a nursery school and a kindergarten. Two subjects were forbidden to be taught: politics and any history of the Orient after 1914.

The first fence that went up was made of rope. It was easy to crawl under. So old pieces of canvas were strung from the rope. Then a gate was made by internee carpenters, and bamboo rods were stuck in the ground. When it finally began to look like a fence, everyone knew it was Dorothy Jantzen's determination that built it.

She established a sewing department where men without women could take their mending and patching, where aprons were made, and where the unending taking in of waistbands was done. She battled for a kitchen and better food for children, worked from 8 A.M. until midnight, but, for all her wonderful work, she and Jack Jantzen were left behind when the rest of us were sent home to the U. S. on the Teia Maru and the Gripsholm. Dorothy was brokenhearted when she learned about it, but the decision was made because Jack, due to his position as a Westinghouse businessman, was not being repatriated. The State Department order of priorities for repatriation puts businessmen near the bottom of the list.

On the day we left, she was running all over, serving meals to people who were going home, running back to the main building to get forgotten belongings, helping mothers through baggage inspection, and taking care of crying children.

"Tell my mother," she said, and then the words died in her throat and she studied the ground for a moment. "Tell my mother Jack and I are all right, that I want to see her more than anything in the world, and not to forget that we'll be home on the next boat."

She held back the tears. But some of us couldn't.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

the facts of life," says Doctor J. J. Waire of Minneapolis, Minnesota. "We roar with applause when told pretty lies about ourselves and we leave the hall when we hear the truth." And that's part of it. From our correspondence on the subject, we learn from Mr. George W. Culprett of Miami, Florida, that "The worst thing about holding elective office is that you can't defy the law as easily as the private individual can—not with the same impunity." Well, that's the best we can do on that subject at present. If you have any ideas on what the American Way of Life is let us know.

INTO the home of Mr. Richard English in Hollywood, California, came a Navy lieutenant who has been spending this war on mine sweepers. Also in Mr. English's home were a number of young women who regarded the lieutenant with awe and admiration. The lieutenant's first sweeper was blown up by a mine. The second was blown up by another mine. The third caught fire and blew up all on its own. The fourth just blew up. The lieutenant was telling the assemblage about it and was doing nicely until one of the young ladies asked, "Yes, but isn't such a life very dangerous?" Then the lieutenant blew up. This information comes direct, by air mail from Mr. English.

OUR military item for the week is taken from a letter written by a Tennessee lad to his pa. It's authentic V-mail, too. "Dear Pa: I'm out here in the ocean and neither you nor me never saw nothing like it. I'm all cooped up here on this ship without even knowing where I'm going. There's guns and ammunition, submarines and dive bombers and Yankees all around me and I never been in such a tight spot. Tell Ma not to worry."

AND a group of Camp Fire Girls were discussing Mrs. Roosevelt in the home of a citizen of Holyoke, Massachusetts. Present, too, was the citizen's uncle. The girls spoke very highly of Mrs. Roosevelt, which is, of course, completely understandable. It was generally agreed that Mrs. Roosevelt can do just about everything worth while doing. But we gather that Uncle James is not always a sweet character. He listened for a long while, then spoke: "Yep," said he, "she can do about everything includin' lightin' a fire by rubbin' two dry old Ickes against each other."

MOREOVER, Corporal Sam D. Melson of the Overseas Stars and Stripes has sent us a copy of the Cairo edition wherein our Frank Gervasi is not only interviewed but photographed in his undershirt. The interview is chiefly about the authorship of a limerick:

"There was an old hag in Benghazi,
Who was loved by a Wop and a Nazi,
A wog and a frog
And a razorback hog,
But she drew the line at Gervasi."

Mr. Gervasi contends that he himself wrote it. The interviewer had thought it was the work of Mr. Chester Morrison. Otherwise, it is a nice interview, although, at times, it reminds us somehow of the technique of Colonel Dudley (Silent) Haddock of Tampa, Florida. Whenever a newspaper tries to interview Colonel Haddock, he draws himself up, looks sternly at the journalist and says: "Step aside, young man. I shall proceed at once to your offices and there interview myself. We shall all be assured thereby that any mistakes that creep in will be entertaining."

THIS superior magazine recently published a vigorous article about our country's abortion racket. Our art department commissioned the justly famous Dan Fitzpatrick of St. Louis, Missouri, to do a vigorous cartoon to illustrate the article. A preliminary sketch arrived. The art department wired Mr.. Fitzpatrick: "Thanks for abortion cartoon. Okay. Would appreciate delivery Friday." Fitz received the telegram thus: "Dr. Fitzpatrick. Thanks for abortion. Cartoon okay. Would appreciate delivery Friday." And Fitz wired back: "Make up your mind or you want maybe I should get pinched. . . .

W. D.

MONGOL
EBERHARD FABER
WILLARD DOWNES

Again and again
. . . on the tip of my
Stationer's tongue
. . . EBERHARD FABER

★ To be sure! That Stationer of yours is an expert. Logically, you seek his advice on pencils, and on all other office supplies, too. He serves you well; deserves your trust. ★ Of course he's an EBERHARD FABER enthusiast. He's grown up with us — for ninety years — he knows pencils from experience. When he recommends that you standardize on the No. 2 degree Mongol for general use, he gives scientific reasons . . . a smoother-gliding Complastic lead, longer wear and fewer trips to the pencil sharpener. He may also point out the other degrees (No. 1 Soft, 2-⅜-F Firm, 3 Hard and 4 Very Hard), each one of which is most efficient for certain specified work. ★ For true economy, let an expert . . . your Stationer . . . counsel you on choosing pencils and erasers. Chances are you will "pin your faith" to EBERHARD FABER, a name that insures a plus value for every product on which it appears.

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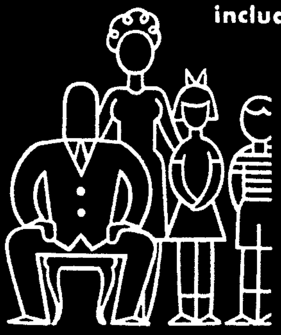
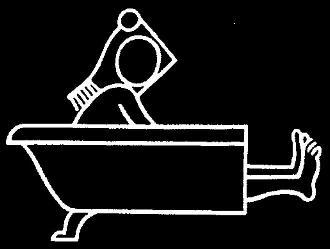
Leadership IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849

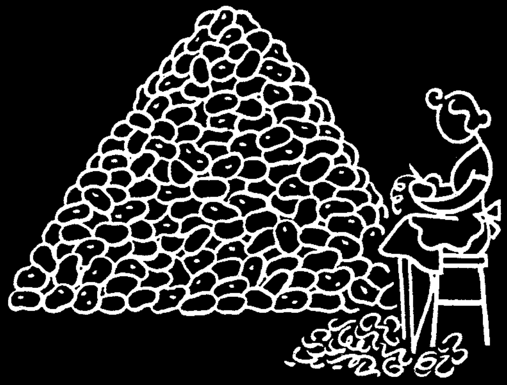
THE AVERAGE AMERICAN FAMILY

includes $3\frac{4}{5}$ persons

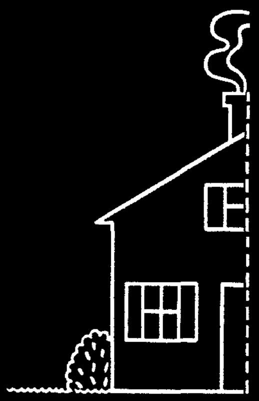




uses $\frac{3}{5}$ of a bathtub



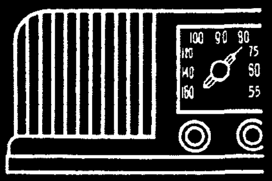
eats $11\frac{2}{5}$ bushels of potatoes per year

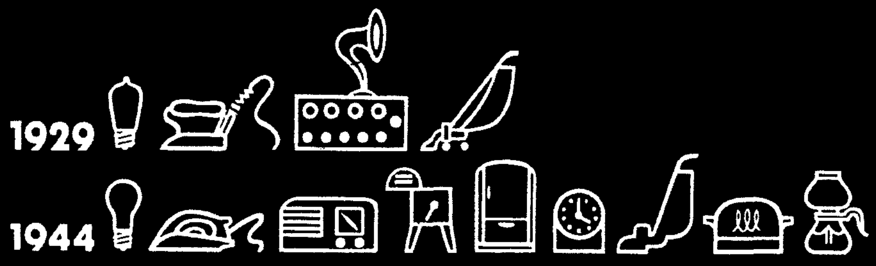


owns $\frac{1}{2}$ of a house

wears out $11\frac{9}{10}$ pairs of shoes per year

listens to $\frac{9}{10}$ of a radio





AND gets about twice as much electricity for its money as it did 15 years ago!

STATISTICS are tricky things to toss around.

Obviously, 3/5 of a bathtub wouldn't hold water very well! That figure means merely that some 3 out of 5 American homes *have* bathtubs.

Obviously, also, the electric figure applies only to homes that *have* electric service (about 4 out of 5). But as a nation-wide average of all those homes, it is a *fact* — and perhaps surprising to many people.

Most families own more electric appliances now than they did in 1929. Over the years, as they used more electricity, they earned lower rates — and the rates, too, were steadily reduced.

So — though your bill today may be as much as it was in 1929—or even more—*you're probably getting twice as much for what you pay.* And remember that the price of electricity has *stayed down* while most other prices are *going up.*

That makes it just about the biggest bargain in your wartime budget!

For this you can credit the electric companies, manned and managed by practical *business* people under public regulation. Their hard work has made electric service *dependable* and *cheap.*

• *Hear* "Report to the Nation," *outstanding news program of the week, every Tuesday evening, 9:30, E. W. T., C. B. S.*

DON'T WASTE ELECTRICITY JUST BECAUSE IT ISN'T RATIONED!

148 ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES★

SELF-SUPPORTING, TAX-PAYING BUSINESSES

★Names on request from this magazine.

Vindication

Continued from page 17

now jogging along the winding road through the more open country of the foothills they passed occasional riders who stared curiously, saw an ox-drawn caravan of wagons, and to the right and left widely scattered farmhouses began to appear. Robin turned the goat from the highway and approached each house, but none of the farmers had need of a boy and a goat.

In the late afternoon the road dropped abruptly from the hills and stretched out before them, running into the red ball of the setting sun. Robin checked Blue and stood wearily looking down into the valley. A few miles below lay the clustering houses of a village. To the right of them a lane led to a farmhouse and red barn, nestling between two hills whose brown surface was broken by irregular bands of startlingly green grass.

A TALL man with a shock of red hair leaned on the farm gate and watched the approach of the strange conveyance. Robin got out and stood at Blue's head.

"Howdy," the farmer said. "Come far?"

"Through the mountains."

"Mighty big goat you got. I never see a white one with horns that blue."

"Yes, sir, that's his name. Blue."

From the kitchen wafted on the evening air the compelling fragrance of meat cooking mingled with the popcorn smell of hoe-cake frying. The boy swallowed on a dry throat, eyes lifting to the man's.

"We're looking for work. We can do light hauling."

The farmer surveyed goat and wagon dubiously and shook his head. "I doubt you'll find any hereabout. We use teams."

"Would you need a hand? I can do chores—milk, tend stock, cut wood."

"You'd be about twelve, wouldn't you?"

"I'm going on thirteen and I'm good and trong."

"Where'd you say your people live?"

Robin's lips tightened. "I haven't any. I'm my own man."

Plummer Lacey brushed a hand across his lips and swung the gate open.

"It's coming on suppertime. I reckon you better spend the night and we can talk business later. Drive in and unhitch. I'm not much on having goats around but you can put him in the sheep corral by the barn."

Martha Lacey's brown eyes followed Robin as he climbed the ladder to the loft that night. "He was near starved," she said in a soft undertone, "but he wouldn't eat until he'd fed his goat. And helping me with the dishes—he's been nice brought up. Plummer, you're going to let him stay on, aren't you?"

"See how he works out."

"Did he mention anything about his folks?"

Lacey's leathery face broke into a smile. "Hasn't got any. He says he's his own man."

"Poor little thing. You expect he's run away, Plummer?"

"I expect."

During the night Robin slipped from the unfamiliar cot and went silently from the house to the corral. For long he stood with a hand on Blue's neck gently scratching him behind the ears and looking out on the starlit night.

"He may let us stay," he said slowly after a time, "but they don't like goats in this country. I'll have to keep you penned up for a while. You stay here and be good."

But the next day Blue was banished in disgrace to the sheep range. The five-foot corral, an effective enclosure for sheep, had proved no barrier to the big billy goat. When Robin had gone early to milk, Blue had taken a short run, leaped lightly over the top bar and with a toss of his horns trotted after him; then spying the geraniums on Martha Lacey's porch, he made for them. Before the angry farmer drove him away he ate several—flowers, leaves and stalks.

To strike out with Blue on the open road again held no lure for the boy, but there seemed now no alternative.

"He's a good goat," he said stoutly, facing Lacey. "He just didn't know he was doing wrong. I'm sorry for the trouble he's caused. We'll be leaving. I thank you for putting us up."

Martha touched him lightly on the shoulder. "We don't want you to go, Robin." Her eyes sent an urgent appeal to her husband.

Shortly before noon Lacey, with a sack of rock salt over his shoulder, struck out on a narrow sheep trail through the sage. Robin led Blue and followed. Below them a small herd of cattle ranged Lacey's bluegrass meadowland through which ran a brook. On the up slopes of the twin hills he ran a hundred head of sheep. They had gone half a mile up the hillside before they heard the first faint tinkling of bells. They found the sheep on the far slope, grazing on a broad stretch of bluegrass. Above them were outcroppings of brown rock, surmounted ten feet up by one large, flat-topped boulder. The sheep looked up at the man and boy and stared at the billy goat.

"Sheep where you come from?" Lacey asked.

Robin shook his head. "Why do they have bells?"

"Hear them a long way at night if there's trouble. I bell twenty ewes."

"Are there wolves around?"

"Nope. Dogs."

"I thought dogs took care of sheep."

"Sheep dogs with the big herds. But there are other dogs that kill them." He began scattering the salt. "Loose your goat and we'll see how he takes to the sheep."

Robin removed the halter and leaned down. "I've got to leave you out here," he whispered. "It's the only thing I can do." He patted Blue's shoulder and watched him trot down toward the sheep and begin grazing. As they were leaving the goat raised his head and turned toward them.

"Go back, Blue. Go back," Robin called, motioning with his hands.

Before the hillside cut them from view the boy looked back again. Blue had jumped to the top of the ten-foot boulder and stood on its broad surface looking down over the flock of sheep.

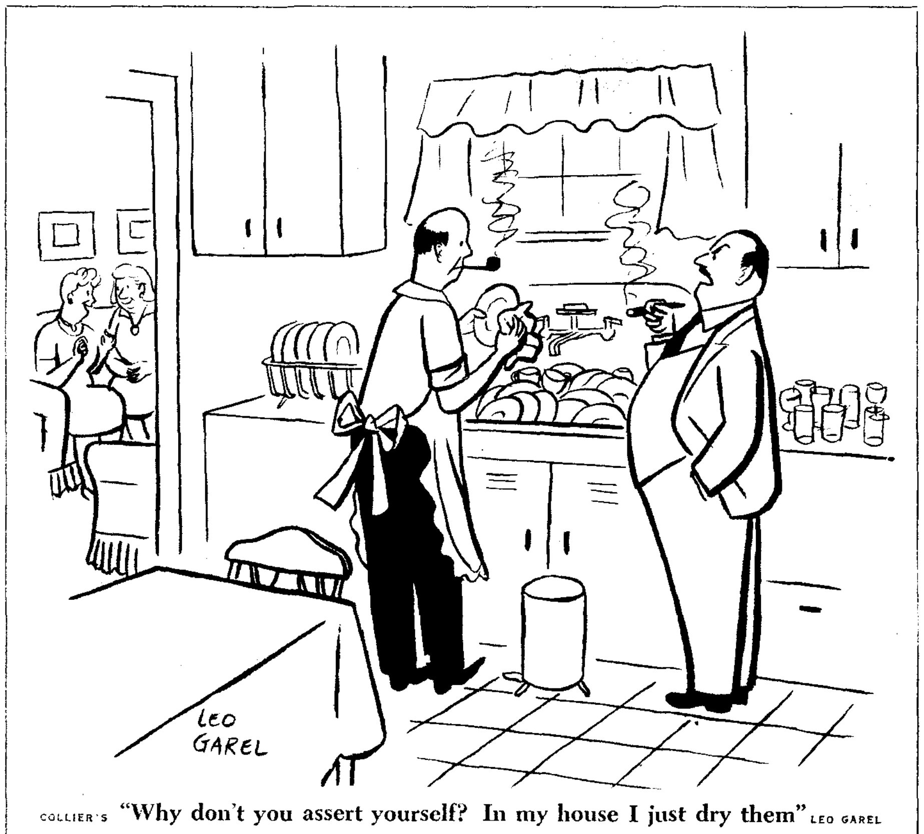
The bluegrass was sweet and tender. There were patches of it above the boulder. Blue explored to the top of the hill, varying his feeding with buds and young leaves. In the afternoon he came down again, this time joining the sheep. The ewes paid him scant attention, but Milo, the old, vicious ram, stopped feeding and glared out of wicked eyes at the intruder.

Expectantly, the ewes raised their heads and just in time, for with the headlong velocity of an express train, the ram charged. It seemed that his granite head would take Blue full in the ribs, but the supersharp eyes of the goat missed nothing. He had seen, and with a miracle of agility leaped aside and before the ram could check his rush, caught him, slashed twice with his horns and jumped away.

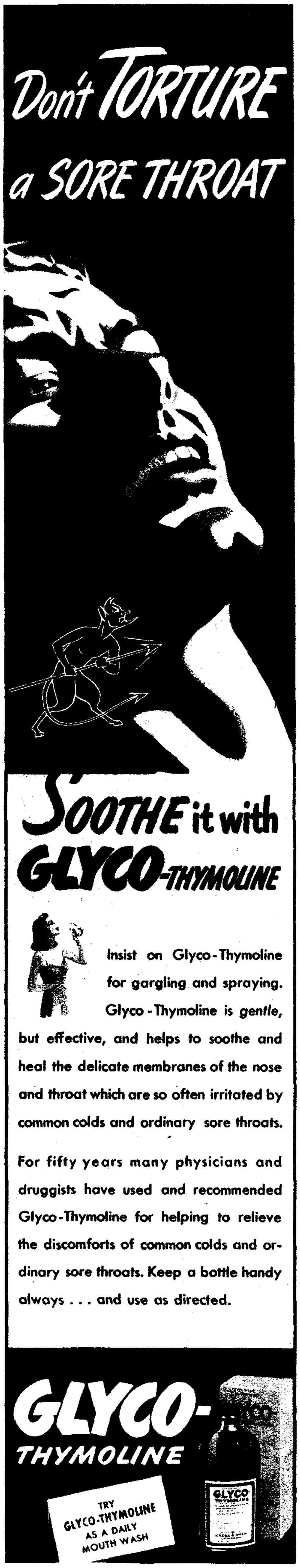
Instantly Milo charged again. Blue had no intention of meeting head on the rushing onslaught of the much heavier animal nor was that his preferred way of fighting. He fought best by sideswiping with his horns and striking with the sharp, pointed hooves of his front feet.

THE whole flock now stood frozen, staring at the enraged ram's relentless charging and the breath-taking escapes of the white goat; for time after time Blue, with the sang-froid of a skilled boxer, eluded the rushes, and each time before the ram could turn, he felt the raking horns of the goat on his flanks. At last, however, Blue stood with his back to the outcropping boulder. Flanked by rocks on either side, there was no way now for him to dodge and Milo, giving him no chance to change position, tore at him like a gray thunderbolt.

It was over in the space of one deep breath. As the ram was almost on him, the fascinated ewes saw Blue suddenly leap high in the air, up and over him. In the next split second, Milo's heavily horned head crashed like a bullet into the brown



COLLIER'S "Why don't you assert yourself? In my house I just dry them" LEO GAREL


Don't TORTURE a SORE THROAT
SOOTHE it with GLYCO-THYMOLINE
GLYCO-THYMOLINE
TRY GLYCO-THYMOLINE AS A DAILY MOUTH WASH

Insist on Glyco-Thymoline for gargling and spraying. Glyco-Thymoline is *gentle*, but effective, and helps to soothe and heal the delicate membranes of the nose and throat which are so often irritated by common colds and ordinary sore throats.

For fifty years many physicians and druggists have used and recommended Glyco-Thymoline for helping to relieve the discomforts of common colds and ordinary sore throats. Keep a bottle handy always . . . and use as directed.

How science measures

HOW THE ENERGY METER WORKS

The device Carol Lynne holds in her mouth allows her to breathe in outside air—but her exhaled breath passes into a large bag on her back. Measurement is then made of the amount of carbon dioxide collected in the bag. This indicates the quantity of body "fuel" consumed during the test.

DEXTROSE is a scientific name. It is *not* a trade mark. It describes a vital, natural sugar—just as the names *lactose*, *maltose*, *sucrose*, *etc.* define other types of sugar.

---

the "Breath of Life"

IN ACTION or at rest, the body uses energy continuously. Strenuous exercise demands tremendous energy; in sleep very little is required. Actual expenditures of energy can be measured scientifically with the "Dextrose Energy Meter". This device determines the amount of dextrose sugar needed to replenish body "fuel" oxidized during any form of activity. Science considers dextrose the basic unit of body energy—the sugar the body uses directly for energy. One evening a scientist took his Dextrose Energy Meter to "Stars on Ice", the popular skating revue at the Center Theatre, Radio City in New York. There he measured the energy expended by some of the skating stars. He found, for example, that Carol Lynne used the equivalent of 4¾ ounces of dextrose per hour in fast skating.

LIKE ANY HARD WORK, ballet skating quickly reduces the body's fuel reserve, causing craving for quick-energy foods. During intermission, the girls enjoy replenishing their body energy with such "pick-ups" as ice cream, fruit juices, soft drinks, candy bars—rich in dextrose sugar.

DOING HER HOUSEWORK, Carol used up energy at the rate of 2½ ounces of dextrose sugar per hour. Although housework took less than half as much energy as skating, it still indicated moderately heavy work.

HAVE YOU EVER tasted dextrose? It is a pure, white sugar, sweet and refreshing. Many brands of popular foods contain dextrose—bread, candy, ice cream, soft drinks, cereals, canned fruits and juices, jams, jellies, prepared desserts. Look for mention of "dextrose" on the labels of the foods you buy . . . it is your assurance of genuine food energy . . . at no extra cost.

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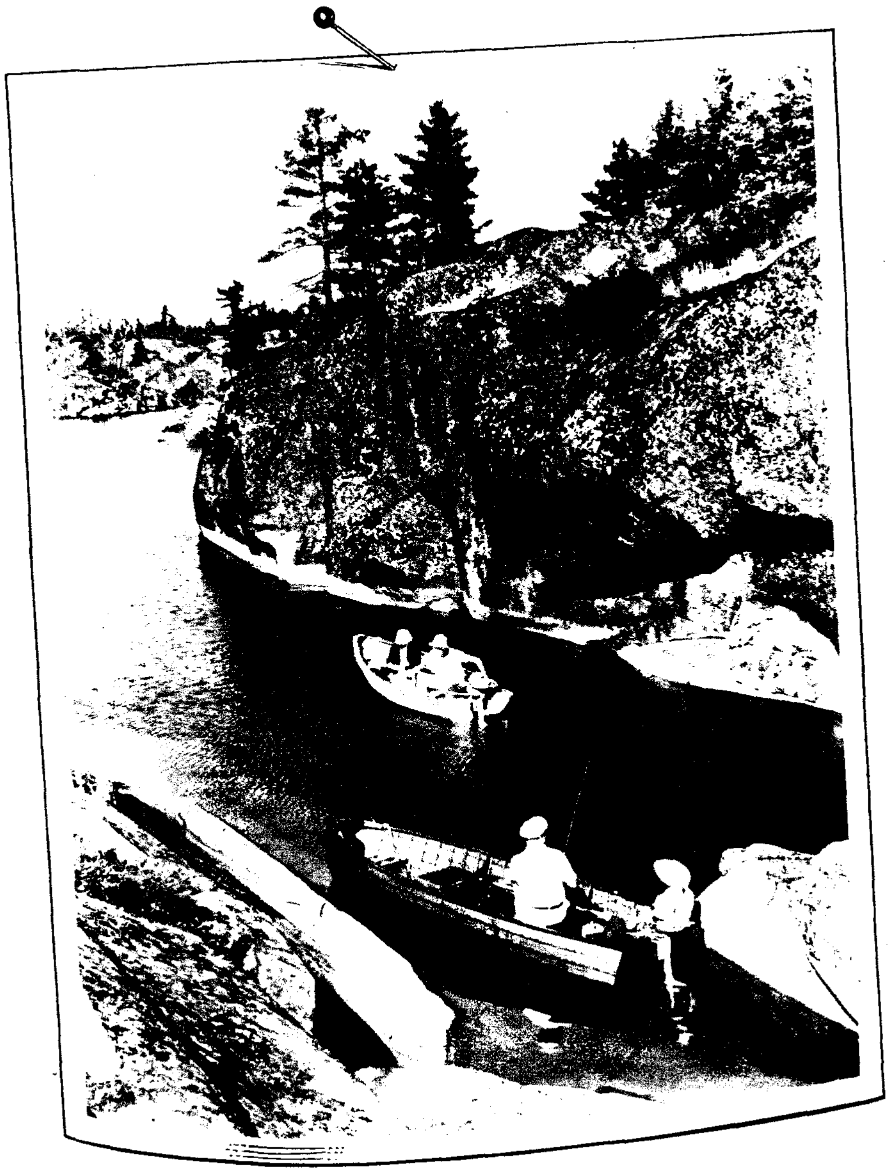
dextrose *is the* sugar *your body uses directly for energy*



"Pin-ups"

. . . we all have them!

LOVELY pin-up girls a-plenty . . . but barrack walls can't begin to hold all the pictures a soldier sees. Beyond are other scenes — perhaps of that winding inlet, blue and silent . . . the great grey rocks topped with pines against the sky . . . the bass that smashed and fought like fury . . . *"Man, oh man . . . just wait 'til I get back!"*

In foxhole or gun turret . . . or at bench, machine or desk . . . we all have our "pin-ups". Things we've enjoyed before and that we're going to enjoy again. Mental pictures that to each of us satisfyingly symbolize the freedom that America is fighting and working for.

The fine motors that now go, and which for more than two years have been flowing from the Evinrude plant to all branches of our fighting forces, are designed to speed the day of Victory — when *pin-ups* can become *realities.*

EVINRUDE MOTORS, *Milwaukee, Wisconsin*

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boulder. There was a crack at the impact and the great sheep dropped to the ground, kicked convulsively a few times and lay still. After moments, Blue approached slowly, sniffed at the motionless figure, then joined the sheep and began grazing as though nothing had happened. Alertly he watched, however, the other ram, younger and almost as large as the fallen Milo. But the young ram made it plain that he would offer no opposition, on that day, at any rate.

Hours later, the iron-headed Milo stirred and after several attempts got shakily to his feet. Blue saw him, but paid no attention to him.

Lacey, with Robin, coming up the next day, immediately noticed the leader of his flock, wobble-legged and at an unusual distance from the rest of the sheep. He went over to investigate. The ram, usually dangerous to approach on foot, stood meekly while Lacey looked him over, noting battered head and scored flanks.

"He's been in a fight and all but got himself killed."

Blue had been grazing alone far up the hillside but now he came trotting down. A shade passed over the boy's face.

"Do you think . . . do you think it was Blue?"

Lacey grunted derisively. "That goat? If Milo had taken a notion to fight him, he'd 'a' killed him in one rush. No, it was the young ram, but," he scratched his head perplexedly, "I never thought he had it in him. Milo's killed two other rams."

WHEN Blue was within fifty yards of them, Milo lurched away from Lacey and fled as fast as his weak legs would carry him. Lacey scrutinized the big goat as he nosed against Robin. Blue carried no marks of combat but the ram's action had been too plain to doubt.

"I'm not going to have your danged goat fighting my sheep," Lacey growled. "If he does it again, he's got to go."

One evening when the two wood boxes were full and he had finished milking, Robin sat watching Martha Lacey get supper. He had found his jacket washed and ironed and the two missing buttons replaced. His eyes thanked her and she smiled.

"It's a nice jacket."

"My sister made it," Robin said.

"Did you live with her?"

"Yes, ma'am. Until she died."

"You've had schooling. I can tell."

"She was a schoolteacher before she married. She taught me."

Gradually then, responding to the woman's questions and the warm, motherly air of her, Robin told of Gormley and of his escape.

"Are you fearing that Gormley will come after you?"

"No, ma'am. Except sometimes at night—and that's just in dreams."

"He won't come, Robin. And if he should," her eyes flashed, "I'll never let him bother you."

Supper waited, for Lacey had been down to the village and was late in returning. When he came in his face was serious and his eyes troubled. Martha put the food on the table.

"What is it?" she asked.

"That dog's running again," he said shortly. "Killed at Bradshaw's up Mountain Creek way a week ago. Nineteen ewes. And fourteen down the valley at Letot's last night."

The woman's face blanched. "The Cliff Killer? Was he seen?"

Lacey shook his head. "Found a few tracks. Enough to know it was him." He ate his meal hurriedly.

"You're going out to the sheep tonight, Plummer?"

"Want to get there before dark. Never know when or where he'll strike."

From the deer horns over the fireplace he took down a heavy, long-barreled rifle. Martha went quickly into the bedroom to reappear with a blanket roll. Robin had listened and watched, wide-eyed. He touched Lacey's arm.

"Let me go, too."

Lacey slung the roll of blankets over his shoulder and shook his head.

"I'm used to being out at night," the boy pleaded. "I'll keep Blue with us. If there's a dog anywhere near, he'll know and warn us."

The farmer and his wife exchanged looks. He nodded and she got more blankets. Lacey put his hand on Robin's shoulder and smiled. "Come on, then, young'un."

In the dusk they found the sheep bedded down on the bluegrass slope, and above them, on the flat boulder top, they found Blue. There with the goat the man and the boy spread blankets and took up their station. When the moon rose, the boulder would command the position, giving a view of the hillside from all directions.

Except for the occasional faint tinkling of the belled ewes, the night was hushed and silent. Robin spoke in a whisper.

"Is he a wild dog?"

"Town dog, likely. Somebody's pet they'd never suspicion was a sheep killer. But once a dog kills sheep there's no cure for him but a bullet."

"Why does he want to kill them?"

"Blood lust. He's gone bad like some men. Kills just to be killing. Slashes one ewe's throat after another till he's got his fill of slaughter. Never eats a sheep he kills."

Robin moved close to where Blue lay on folded legs and put a hand on the goat's shoulder. He sat there straining his eyes in the darkness while the man continued talking in a low undertone.

"Sometimes dogs run together behind a leader, but we haven't been bothered by a pack in a long time. It's this one dog—a big black one—and he always runs alone. Year before last he tore out the throats of twelve of my ewes, and last year, about this time, I found nine dead one morning."

"Do you think he'll come tonight?"

"Not apt to while we're here, but still he might. Traps have been set for him and men have laid out and watched and waited, but he's always circled wide; and if a man's anyways near a flock, he'll pick up his scent and slink on somewhere else. After he's killed sheep, he'll go to a stream to wash off the blood, and then chew grass and brush to get the wool out of his teeth before he goes home, and that'll always be a distance of ten to twenty miles from where he kills. He's too smart to go after a flock near home."

THE moon had risen, bathing the slope in soft silver and shadows. Robin's hand closed on Lacey's arm. "I've seen him!"

The man caught the rifle to his shoulder and swung it in one swift movement out over the gray blur of the bunched sheep.

"Quick!" he whispered. "Where?"

"No, no! Not here. Not tonight!" And as Lacey turned, lowering the rifle, Robin described the huge black dog he'd seen washing in the creek at dawn on the day he'd come.

"That would be Mountain Creek and the morning after the night killing at Bradshaw's," Lacey muttered speculatively. "You say he had a collar and a tag?"

"Yes, but he was big and fierce and his eyes looked wild as he snarled at Blue."

Later the man rolled in his blankets and slept, the goat dozed, but Robin sat watching in the bright moonlight. As the night grew, strange sounds came to him and lurking shadows caught his eyes, riveting his attention and stopping the breath in his throat as they seemed to take the shape of a black dog; but as quickly as they came they were gone, fading into the silver mystery of the night.

Lacey woke with the first morning light, glanced with relief at his grazing flock, then down at the small figure of the sleeping boy. A slow smile parted his lips, "Spunky little feller," he said softly.

A MONTH passed and late spring's riot of greens painted the hills and the valley. Since the killing at Letot's there had come no more sinister reports of the phantom Cliff Killer. And the small sheep owners of the bluegrass country sighed with relief. Lacey and Robin had spent four uneventful nights out with the sheep.

"He's home laying low," Lacey said as they came in the last morning. "I doubt he'll strike till after the lambs come. We'll wait and go out again in a couple or three weeks."

And such, from past experience of the dog's attacks, was the opinion of the other farmers over the country.

Another full moon had rolled around to watch over the twin hills. Late one night it searched out Robin, sending soft rays through the loft window to touch his face, and the boy stirred restlessly in his sleep. On the range a mile away it looked down on the quiet sheep, saw the white goat resting on the boulder top, and picked up, as from time to time it emerged from the shadows, the dark shape of a large dog running, pausing to sniff the air and then running on again in a narrowing circle around them.

When the circle was completed the dog crawled on his belly through the sage, straight for the sheep, stalking them. As he crawled beyond the boulder, the wind brought his scent to the goat. Blue stood, keen eyes catching the almost imperceptible moving of the sage tops down the slope.

Suddenly, without a sound, the dog sprang from the sage, running into the center of the bunched sheep. His teeth met in a ewe's throat before she could get to her feet. On the night air there sounded a frenzied tinkling of bells amid terrified bleating as the sheep in a panic of fright scattered in every direction. Without pausing to drink the blood of his kill, the dog sprang after and swiftly overtook one ewe after another, bringing swift, savage death in the moonlight.

Milo and the young ram had fled at first sight of him, but the ewes, heavy with lambs, were slow and easy prey. One, bleating her terror, ran in a lumbering gallop toward the rocks as if to hide behind them. Nearing them, the black killer caught her. With a lunge his bloody jaws closed on her throat, stifling her cries, and his back and legs braced straining to pull her down.

It was then, from the boulder top above them, that the 160-pound billy goat jumped; jumped ten feet out and down, his front legs braced before him.

Sheep, dog and goat went down in a tumbling heap. The ewe did not rise. Quick as Blue was in leaping to his feet, he was not fast enough to escape the fierce dog's tearing teeth, laying open his shoulder to the bone. The great black killer turned, at bay, fangs bared snarling, but now only his front legs held him up. For the driving blow from the goat's hoofs had struck home and broken his back. Instantly the bleeding goat charged and charged again, slashing savagely with his horns.

The moon hung pale and white in the west and the first light of dawn was streaking the sky when Robin sat up on his cot. Some sound had wakened him. He went to the loft window listening. It came again—not far away—sheep bells. Swiftly he dressed and called Lacey. They found Milo and several ewes huddled before the barn gate. With one look Lacey hurried for his rifle.

"He's come!" he cried. "We're too late!"

With the white-faced boy beside him he ran for the range. As they topped the hillside the far slope stretched before them dotted with the gray, motionless bodies of the dead sheep.

"Five," Lacey called, and then his arm swung out, pointing, and he increased his stride. "Look! Look by the boulder! It's the dog! He's down!"

But as Robin ran, his eyes were only for Blue. Resting in a pool of his own blood and still facing his grim adversary he found him. With a cry he knelt and drew the goat's head into his lap.

"Blue, oh, Blue!"

LACEY'S eyes swung slowly from the body of the dead dog and in wonder looked down on Blue. "I reckon," he said in awed tones, "he's the fightin'est goat in all the world."

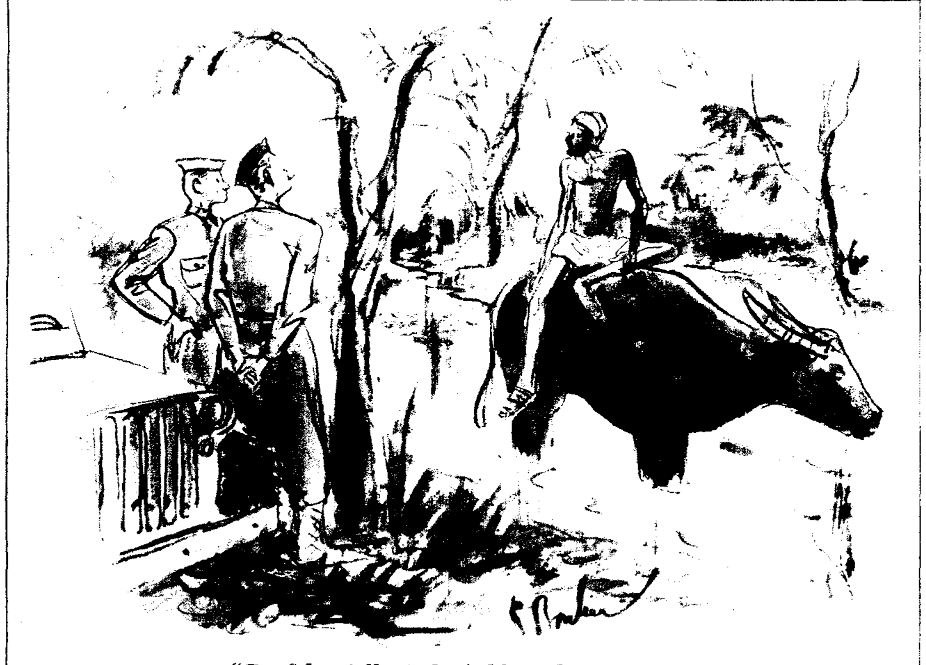
He took off his shirt and tenderly bandaged the wounded shoulder.

"Live?" he answered the question in Robin's eyes. "He's got to live. He's just weak from loss of blood. We'll get him home in the wagon and I'll have the horse doctor up from the village."

So it was that the boy and his goat found a home in the bluegrass hills with Martha and Plummer Lacey.

Sheepmen came in from fifty miles around to see the warrior goat that had rid them of the scourge of the sheep country. And 'round the firesides they still tell of the night fight on the hill slope and the slaying of the Killer by Battling Blue.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Confidentially, I don't like it here myself" PERRY BARLOW

WITH Social Security AT 65 —WILL YOUR LIFE BE

WORK, WORRY and WEARINESS?

"Jim, can't you stop working for a while? Maybe we can live on Social Security."

"But we can't pay taxes on our home and eat besides on what Social Security would pay us. No, $60 a month isn't enough for us."

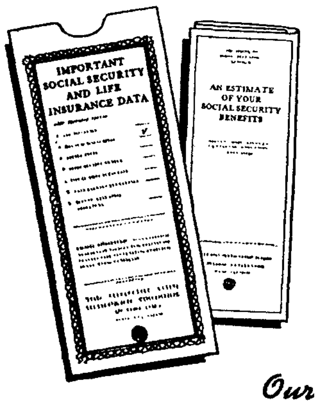
OR... HOME, HEALTH, and HAPPINESS?

"We've so much to look forward to, John, now that you've retired."

"Yes, dear. We'll take our comforts, with two regular checks to rely on—one from Social Security and one from our life insurance."

MAKE your choice now of the kind of life you and your wife want after 65. Just a few minutes with the Mutual Life man in your community will demonstrate how easily Social Security and your insurance policies can work together to assure a comfortable retirement. He'll gladly chart your family's Social Security future.

Maybe your present policies will meet the need, for even moderate amounts of life insurance can perform miracles when wisely coordinated with your Social Security benefits.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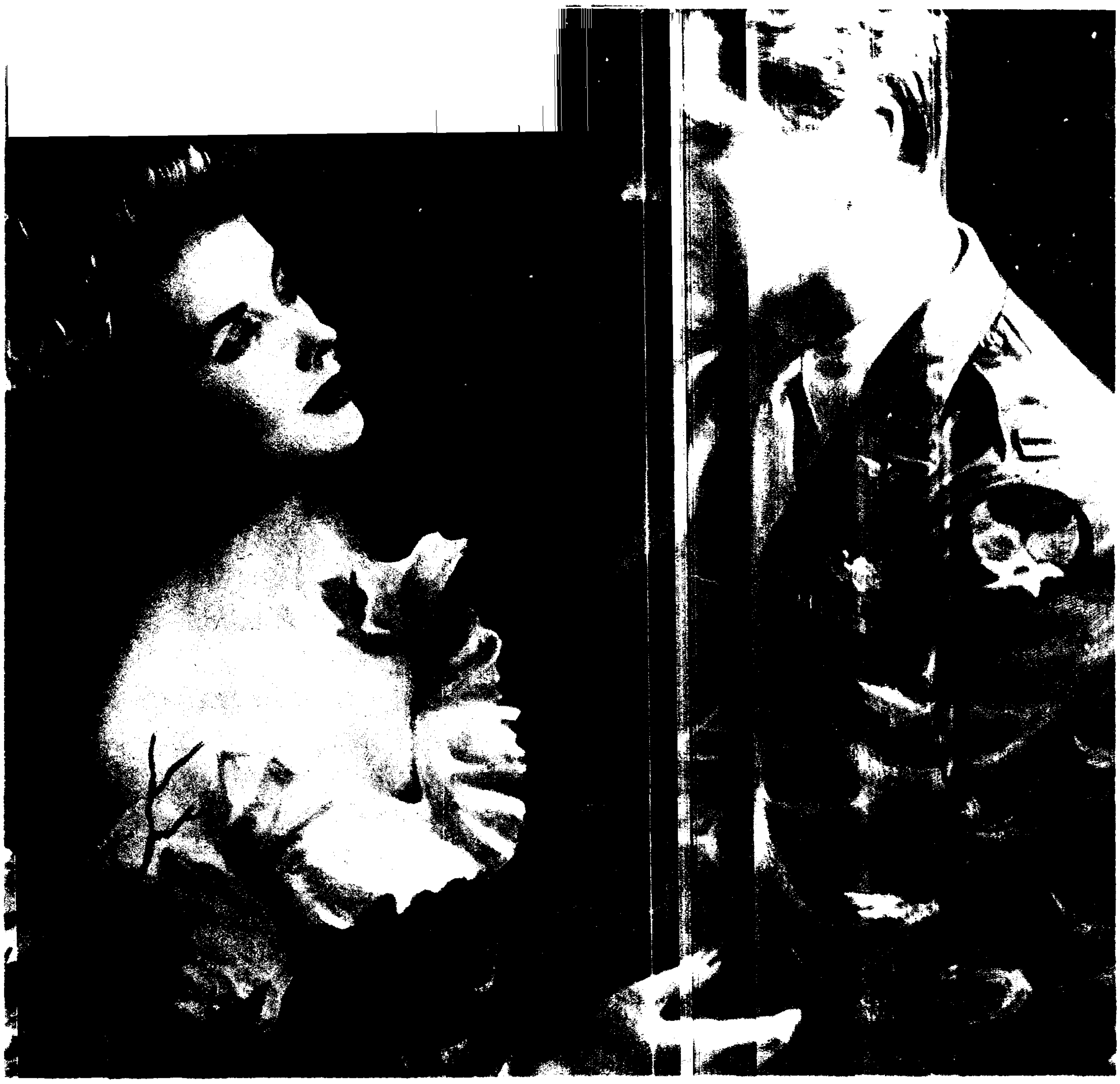


Bill held Linda away from him, his indolent manner changing. "Say," he said softly, "maybe I've found something"

STUFF OF HEROES

BY NORMA BICKNELL MANSFIELD

ILLUSTRATED BY SLAYTON UNDERHILL

Linda was fed up on all the brave young men sent back to stimulate production on the home front. Then Capt. Bill Brown zoomed into action

LINDA was dead tired. The day had been as involved as a day can be to a secretary in an airplane factory, and Linda was a secretary. Her father owned the factory and she was in his office, which meant she worked hard to prove she deserved her pay.

She wanted a swim, a shower, and a long, cold drink, in that order. What she got was heroes. She saw them as she moved wearily up the bricked path. Slim and beautiful in their uniforms they were bending an elbow in the drawing room. Nannette had brought them home, delectable proof that she was doing her duty as a hostess for Victory Square speakers. Besides, she loved them. She loved all heroes with dedicated rapture, being eighteen. Linda was twenty-four and she didn't love heroes; she was tired of them.

She opened the door quietly and closed it cautiously, hoping to escape Nannette. There was a letter for her from Johnnie. She saw it across the width of the hall, his rakish script distinguishable. He had been away now six months, an ensign, and Linda missed her brother with fierce longing. She had worried him through two years of high school, his last two, and through college, since her mother's death. She had sustained her father's belief in him while Johnnie tried to reorganize the factory before he steadied down and admitted maybe he still had things to learn. Two years older than Linda, he had astonished her sometimes with his perspicacity, but mostly he had been a beloved terror.

"Hi," Nannette said from down the hall. "We saved a drink for you."

"I need a shower," Linda said, but she could not resist Nannette's confidence that this time she had brought home something special. Nannette's beauty was silky as a petal; she was her mother's image.

Linda knew her long dark hair was in a state of disorder. She knew her nose was shiny. She wanted to say, "Oh, go drown your heroes," but she followed rebelliously, clutching Johnnie's letter. "Let up a little," Johnnie had often said to her. "You were born too sober, Linda."

But her back stiffened in spite of her as the three men stood up in one groomed and graceful gesture. They were too perfect. When Linda met them she saw behind them the little men, not groomed, perhaps not even modest, who had nevertheless died in mud and jungle preparing the pinnacles from which heroes were launched. She thought of her father, gray and stooped at fifty, turning out the wings of glory these boys rode to fame. She thought of the weary women working at the factory with no overtime pay for the hours they spent at home, beyond their daily stint at the plant, cleaning, mending, cooking, succoring their children. And she thought of Johnnie, young, too, and brave, one of the millions who would do his job the best he could, sometimes beyond the call of duty, who would come home, perhaps, without a decoration.

It doesn't matter, Linda told herself fiercely, he wouldn't want a medal. But she resented the undiscriminating devotion Nannette paid all heroes. And she was tired of having them always here, always underfoot, and yet she understood their wish to touch again, even briefly, the fringes of a gracious way of life.

So she smiled when Nannette introduced her. "My lovely sister, Linda," Nannette said. "This is Dick Joy, this is Lance Haley, and this is Bill Brown. From the South Pacific theater," she added, with relish.

Linda accepted a cocktail and looked again at Bill Brown. The name seemed scarcely sleek enough to fit a hero, but she saw at once that he was the handsomest of the three, and there was an expensive watch on his wrist and his uniform was tailored. Bill Brown was older than most of Nannette's heroes. Twenty-six, Linda judged, and he wore a Captain's silver bars.

"I was telling Nannette about this *Dutch girl from Java. We met her in Australia,"* Dick Joy said, including Linda graciously. "Java is Yava to the Dutch out there, you know, and this youngster—well, she was eighteen, maybe—was having the dickens of a time learning American and Australian slang at the same time." His face was eager, smooth. He could have been a college boy, say a third-year man, ready with quips and answers, using up an hour or two before he picked up his date. Linda's attention drifted away. A hero should have substance, she thought stubbornly.

THE cocktail was good. It took the sharp edge off exasperation. Bill Brown stood up in the midst of Joy's recital and came over to sit beside her on the love-seat, but she said nothing. Stretching his legs comfortably, he gave his gaze again to Joy. This, too, was usual; one of the heroes always turned to her. She was deft and experienced with them; they were not her ilk, praise be, and she could parry their leads with less than half her mind.

"Why don't you cut your hair?" Bill Brown said.

She looked at him in sharp surprise. His attention was focused still on Dick Joy. Linda might have imagined the question.

"Don't get me wrong," he went on lazily. "I like it the way it is."

"So do I," Linda said tartly.

He laughed, a rumbling chuckle. "Glory be," he said, "what would the world do without American girls?" He got up indolently and went back to join the group. "I feel like singing," he said abruptly. "Anybody here can carry a tune? I've got a hot boom-boom."

Linda played for them. Nannette had studied the harp and the violin, and once—horrible interval—the cornet, but she couldn't play any of them.

"Oh, Susanna," Bill commanded, and he sat down beside her on the piano bench, and boom-boomed in perfect rhythm in a creditable bass.

"You heroes," Linda said abruptly, "you have all the graces, all of you. You can sing, you can dance, you have a fast line and a neat cast."

"Some of us are honest, too," Bill said, grinning, "but we're picked for this job on neat ankles. Try Love's Old Sweet Song."

"But you like it, swanking on a platform before crowds?"

"Sure, sure," Bill said blandly. "Parade of a wooden soldier. Let's try a quintet on Tipperary."

JEFFREY WAITE didn't come home for dinner. The talk at table was chaff and nonsense. Linda threw off her antipathies and led the nonsense, and she met Bill's eyes when they swept over her with candid admiration. Give the boy his moment's dalliance, she told herself, he's going off to war again too soon.

Later they danced to the radio, Lance and Dick Joy rushing both girls while Bill Brown stood by, smoking, watching.

But finally he cut in and rumbaed

The Toughest Timing Jobs of the War

No. 1 of a series selected by the Armed Services

as selected by

The United States Army Air Forces

SCHWEINFURT WASN'T A RAID—it was a major battle.

The biggest American bomber army ever assembled—some 700 Boeing Flying Fortresses and 7000 men—battered its way 500 miles through the Nazis' heaviest fighter defenses—and back again.

60 Forts went down. But so did 125 Focke-Wulfs and Messerschmitts. And the plants producing 50% of Germany's ball bearings, without which war machines can't move, were wiped out!

It's hard for civilians to realize the complex planning required for this kind of aerial invasion.

Every step must be precisely timed—not to the hour or minute—*but to the nearest second!* All times are taken from ZERO—the instant when the big parade of bombers passes over a picked point on the coast.

ZERO is carefully computed for each new attack—according to wind, weather, altitude, route, distance, load, number of planes and other factors. What happens after the coast-crossing is recorded as *plus* ZERO. And all that precedes is measured as *minus* ZERO.

From ZERO, it is necessary to figure accurately backward—through the time required for formation assembly in the air—to Take Off Time—to Taxi Time (in line, ready to go)—to Stations Time (checking planes, warming engines)—to Briefing Time (detailed instructions)—to Breakfast—*clear back to the exact time when pilots and crews must be wakened!*

Suppose you're commanding a squadron of B-17's bound for Schweinfurt. It's nearly Take Off Time in the gray mist of an English morning. You've rehearsed your instructions, reviewed the time-table with your navigator. You're ready and waiting.

At the last minute, a jeep may come bouncing out with a time-table revised by weather reports. Then, with one eye on your watch, you call the control tower.

"Hello, Control. This is Lipstick, T for Tommy. May I scramble?"

That's code, of course—for safety's sake. American slang produces a lot of radio code names that must bewilder German listeners—names like Baby Doll, Bad Boy, Dogface, Sourpuss.

When the control tower answers, "Lipstick, okay to scramble," you swing around and roar down the runway. Your wheels leave the ground right at Take Off Time. The other planes of your squadron follow in prescribed order, exactly 30 seconds apart.

All over England, other squadrons are hurtling up from other fields, guided by the same time-table you carry. It looks something like this (for obvious military reasons, no actual times or places can be given):

Windham	0–87	Oxbridge	0–20
Ormsby	0–73	Mansford	0–11
Colwich	0–46	Saxton-on-Sea	0

Saxton is the coast town chosen as ZERO. The numerals are minutes and the other names represent towns along the assembly course.

It takes time to hoist a huge bomber, heavy with bombs, gas, and ammunition, five miles into the air. It takes time to assemble 700 such planes from all points of the compass into compact formations. But with an accurate course and time-table, planes find their places and the group grows bigger all along the line.

Smashing the Schweinfurt ball bearing works—key to German war production

As you pass the ZERO point and sweep out over the Channel, the rest of your time-table reads:

Saxton	0	Initial Point	0+117
Escort Rendezvous	0+12	TARGET	0+123
The Hague	0+15	Rally Point	0+129
Aachen	0+43	Coblenz	0+167
Coblenz	0+82	Aachen	0+188
Frankfurt	0+110	Escort Rendezvous	0+200

The most critical time on that list is the rendezvous with fighter escort. The Thunderbolts take off from different fields, of course. If they arrive ahead of time, they waste precious gasoline cruising around, and cut down their useful range. If they're late, the Forts must plough ahead without 'em.

Today, the Thunderbolts are right there at 0+12. Soon after, the first flak appears, and the Germans climb to attack. From there, it's a running dogfight, until weather and waning gas turn your escort back.

Then your gang goes on alone. You're tense and sweating, with your own guns racketing around you. Nazis are diving in from all directions. Parachutes and blazing planes slide by the corner of your eye. You fight to hold the big Fort steady.

At 0+117 you reach the I.P. and split up for the target run.

The first wave races in and bomb bursts blossom in the heart of the sprawling plant. (See photo above. A.P. means Aiming Point.)

The second wave follows, in a matter of seconds. More tons of explosives pour down and the clouds of smoke and dust and debris climb higher.

Then the third wave—and, finally, tons of incendiaries. As you head on to the Rally Point, you leave twisted ruins and pulverized machinery behind.

From here, it's pure hell. You had helping tail winds coming in. You're bucking head winds now—and savage swarms of fighters that Hermann Goering has had time to collect from all over Western Europe.

Your guys are knocking Nazis down like flies. But others keep buzzing in. You're slowed somewhat by crippled planes—for the formation must stick together or be shot down separately. You hang on grimly—hoping, praying, perspiring.

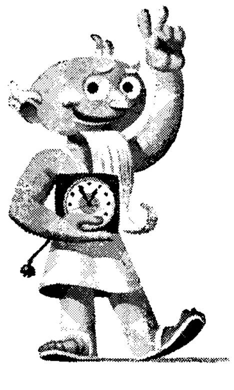
And then, at 0+200 on the nose—*the cowboys routing the redskins*—THERE COME THE THUNDERBOLTS! You yell like a kid as they roar down to your rescue.

The Germans quickly cut and run. They've had their fill. But they waggle their wings as if to say, "So long. We'll be waiting for you tomorrow."

The fresh escorts pick out the hurt, smoking bombers and wrap them in a tight package of protection—while the rest streak back to base. There, at last, you and your grimy crew climb wearily down and head for the intelligence office.

No alibis. No ifs or buts. Just the simple report: "As briefed."

That means a tough job well done ON TIME!



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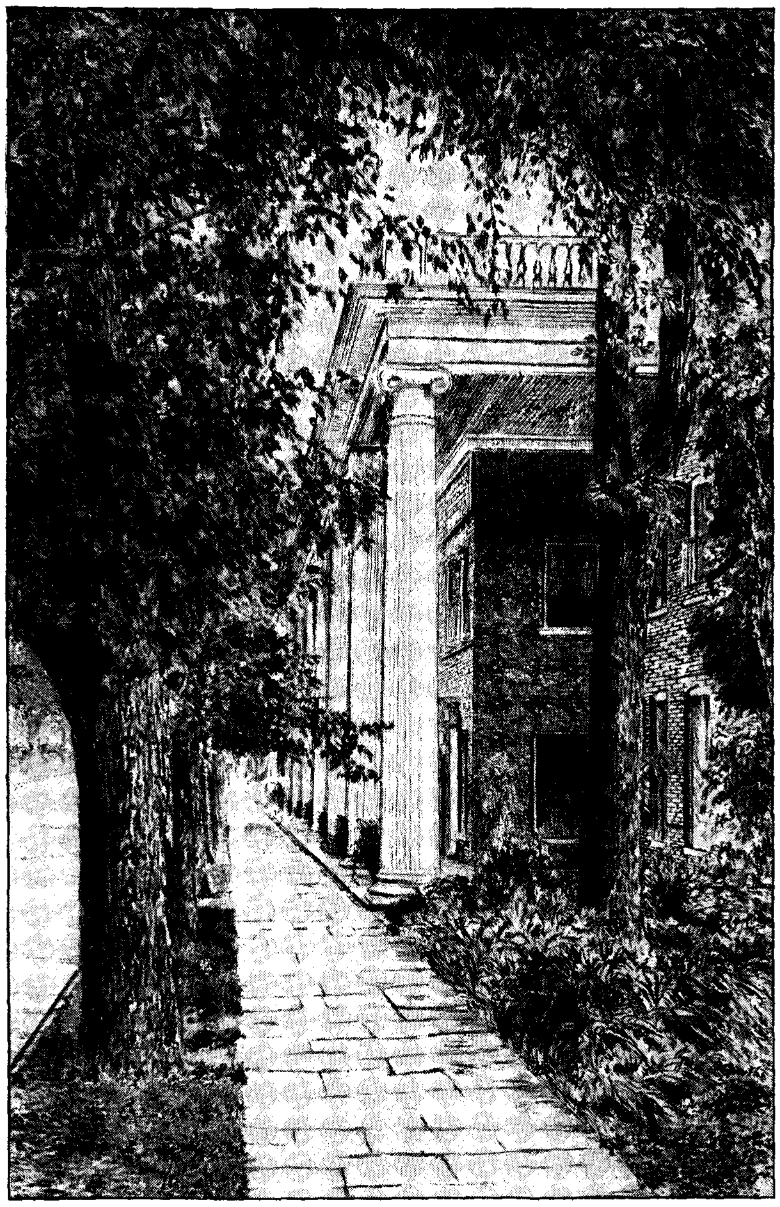
are not being built now. But millions of them are still delivering dependable time to America. And thousands of Telechron synchronous motors are doing tough timing and control jobs in industry. Guard them well until the war is won. When we've finished making precise equipment for Uncle Sam, we'll be back with superb new electric clocks — ready for the toughest timing jobs of peace. *Warren Telechron Co., Ashland, Mass.*

Historic Draper Hall

Draper Hall, Oconomowoc, Wis., still retains its hospitable traditions... and the happiness, charm and gayety of days of old. In the glittering nineties, it was the scene for many gala and impressive occasions. It was here the famous ballad, "After the Ball", was composed by C.K.Harris.

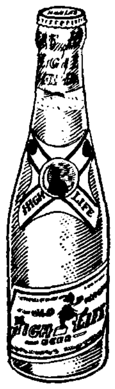


Years of Preference

Miller

HIGH LIFE

MILLER BREWING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN



with her toward the open French windows. He took her arm and urged her ahead of him to the patio. The night was sweet with the odor of fresh-cut grass and the stars were out in casual patterns. Bill's hand held to her arm and she allowed it. Out here, in the soft darkness, she could think of him as a boy who had been away from girls a long, long time.

"How much of a tour are you making?"

"About six weeks," he said. "Four of them are behind me."

"Are you bored?" They were always bored, or scared, or impatient, or casual.

"Bored?" he said. "Hell, no! This is likely my only chance to be a hero." He hummed. "Any reason why we can't take the launch and spin around a while?"

The boat rode at anchor at the Waite dock, trim and small against the black swell of the Sound.

"You can't handle a launch and pitch woo at the same time," Linda said, "if that's in your mind."

He laughed again, the odd and rumbling chuckle. "Let's pitch *it* here, funny child," he said. But his kiss was light and tentative, and there was only one. He held her away from him, looking down at her upturned face, his indolent manner slowly changing. "Say," he said softly, "maybe I've found something."

THEY left early. They were speaking the next day. They needed sleep, they said, they had to think of their public.

"No bags under the eyes," Lance Haley said. "C. O.'s orders."

"We wear our mud-packs gallantly," Dick Joy put in.

Linda waited up for her father Nannette was sleepy, her purple eyes half-closed as she kissed Linda good night. "Aren't they sweet?" she said drowsily. "And to think there'll be more next week."

Jeff Waite came in at twelve, his hat crammed awkwardly on his gray head. His eyes were baffled, and Linda led him unprotesting to the kitchen where she warmed milk for him and set crackers at his elbow.

"We had sandwiches sent up," he said. "The conference lasted from five till now. We've got to figure out an answer on this absenteeism, Linda, or tap a new source of war-labor." He doubled his fist and pounded the table with restrained violence. "We can't wage full-time war on part-time help," he said.

"Send them all to Victory Square tomorrow," Linda said dryly. "Heroes will be speaking."

To her astonishment Jeff's tired face brightened. "That's good," he said. "That's good Everybody loves a hero."

"What is a hero," she said argumentatively, "except the guy who got a chance some other fellow missed? What has he got that Mrs. Susek hasn't? Her husband gets drunk every payday. She has six children and a paralyzed old mother, and yet she gets to the factory at six o'clock every morning six days a week. She put two boys through college and she's buying War Bonds, but nobody's pinned a medal on her. Why?"

Jeff reached out and patted her hand. "You know what's wrong with you?" he said. "You think a medal makes a hero."

BILL called her next morning at the plant. She was taking dictation from Jeff, taking his swift and concise phrases automatically. He handed the phone across to her, finishing a sentence with the gesture.

Bill's voice was warmer than she had remembered. "Are you coming to hear me at Victory Square?"

"Are you going to stand on your head, or show your bomb fragments?" Linda countered.

"I'm a fighter pilot," he said, miffed.

"Sorry." After a moment she said flatly, "I don't enjoy heroes."

"What a nasty gal you are," Bill Brown said. "You need your point of view sharpened. It's dull."

"I'll look to its teeth," Linda said, and hung up. So he wasn't something special, heart-size. He recruited for an audience.

"Linda," Jeff said, "you're getting a fixation. Where was I? 'If you cannot supply the machine tools specified above, wire our supply department. We have other sources for the same material, but—' "

I'll go to hear Bill, Linda thought. Jeff's right. I'm being petty. I'm a dog in the manger. Besides, her heart thought, picking up a beat, I want to see him.

SHE had no chance to back down in her resolution. Jeff joined her at her desk and shared her sandwiches.

"Care to go to Victory Square with your boss?" he said, and he waited for her to apply fresh lipstick. "With your stern principles," he teased her, "you shouldn't wear that stuff, or rouge."

"If my looks matched my principles," she answered pertly, but her mood changed in mid-stride and she turned to him, appealing. "Jeff, don't laugh at me. I may have found him."

He understood the simple statement.

"In that case," he said, "maybe I should meet him."

They stood with the crowd, with the shop-clerks and the mechanics, with the harried office-workers who had no eagerness left to greet a hero, only somber respect. They munched their sandwiches, the listeners, their weary faces pointed toward the platform. Linda looked them over curiously and with a fierce affection. The square was choked with upturned faces and there in front of them sat Dick and Lance and Bill, debonair, immaculate.

Dick was the first to speak and he told them where he'd won his medal, and why he thought they should all have one, too. His ebullience carried to the crowd. They loved him. Lance with his young, cherubic face stammered occasionally and flushed; it was apparent he was new to heroism. Through him Linda perceived Jeff's meaning; this, too, was duty. Her heart warmed toward Bill when he stood up. The platform that dwarfed some men enhanced him. His voice, the voice of the deep boom-boom, carried easily and earnestly across the crowd.

"When I was a boy," he said, "I didn't have folks like most people. I had a father, but he was a boozer." Linda drew in her breath, gasping. "He was a boozer," Bill went on firmly, "but he had some good ideas. He had the idea that I should grow up the way he hadn't. He made me work for everything I got and pay for it in cash. He used to tell me I had to count on myself, never on the other fellow. But he didn't know I'd have to go to war. In war you're part of something bigger than yourself, you all know that. I had to learn it. I learned it when I came back to home base in a limping plane that would have dropped me anywhere, relentlessly, if it hadn't been for a couple of bolts, maybe, or a welding job well done. I didn't put those bolts into that plane, and I didn't do the welding. I flew the planes you made for me the best I knew. I've used up three or four—one guy fighting in one small section of a sky that never ends. I'm up here now, today, to thank you. I'm counting on myself, still, sure, but I'm counting on you, too. We'll wind it up together."

Linda clapped with the rest of them, her slim hands beating each other in a fervor she did not recognize. She heard her own voice crying cheers for Bill. He is heart-size, she told herself exultantly, and she applauded him again within her heart for his brief, sincere eloquence.

Jeff edged his way toward the platform, Linda following.

"I'll ask him to speak at the plant tomorrow," he said. "They're pretty generous, these fellows, with their energy. You picked a handsome lad, Linda. He looks all right."

Bill drew apart from the crowd with them when Jeff had met him. "Sure," he said, in answer to Jeff's question. 'I'll be glad to come. What time?"

The matter was arranged and Bill turned back to Linda. "I haven't seen the city yet," he said. "The taxis here have real tires on them, too. Care to make a twosome?"

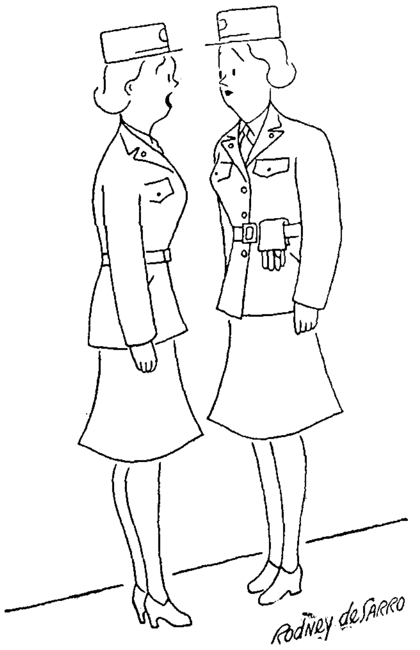
"I work," Linda began, but Jeff nudged her impatiently.

"Go along," he said, "you haven't had a day off in a year."

In the taxi, moving slowly through the noontime traffic, Linda told him, with an unaccustomed shyness, what the speech had meant to her.

"I haven't had much sympathy for you boys, up to now," she told him honestly. "It's seemed to me you cut a pretty quick swathe to get all that glory, but you didn't claim that glory for yourself, Bill. You made me humble."

He touched her hand. "Thanks," he said. "Maybe I outdid myself. I saw you down there." He pushed off his cap and put a hand through his dark hair. "It went across pretty well today," he said. "Sometimes it does, sometimes it doesn't. You're beautiful."



"I had it pretty tough at first. The soldier I was sent to replace was spending three months in the guardhouse"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

As HIS meaning grew on her she drew back slowly.

"You mean it's a canned speech?" she said. "You didn't write it?"

"Sure, I wrote it, and plenty of hours in sweat it cost me, too. I've got three of them. I call this one, 'Weep for Lo, he didn't ask to be an Indian.' "

"Then it isn't true," Linda said painfully, "about your father, all that?"

"Sure, it's true," Bill said belligerently. "You don't think I'd stand up there and dish twaddle? What do you think I am, superman? I can fly a plane, sure. I've got some damned expensive training back of me, but I'm no orator."

"But I thought," Linda went on doggedly, "you were speaking from your heart. I thought you were speaking just to us, thanking us, each one of us, personally." Abruptly disappointment kindled fury. "You insufferable pup, standing up there giving a repeat performance. Do you know how many hours a day those factory workers put in? Do you know how many days a week? Did you ever hear," she ended scathingly, "of Mrs. Susek?"

He looked into her scornful eyes, bewildered.

"Now, wait a minute," he said presently. "I've got a couple of scars to show it wasn't a yo-yo tournament. I'm no lizard, if that's what you're trying to call me." He was getting angry, too, and his voice deepened and his words came slower. "I trained to be a fighter pilot, and I'm a darned good one. Do you want me to deny that? I didn't ask for this tour of the country as a side-show attraction. It was an order from the higher-ups in line of duty and I'm doing it the best I can. If you don't like it, I can't pick a quarrel with that opinion."

"Will you let me out, please? I don't want to hear any more," Linda said.

HE SPOKE to the driver. The taxi lurched and threw Linda against Bill, and she felt his big hands steadying her, but he made no move to placate her as she got out. He got out, too, and saluted her smartly as she hurried away on shrill high heels.

She tapped ahead aimlessly at first, too sick and angry to care where her stiff heels took her. Then, abruptly, she wanted to see Jeff, to talk to him. She waited for a bus and rode out to the factory.

Jeff was on the phone when she walked in. He put his hand over the mouthpiece and spoke to her.

"It's Peck," he said. Vice-Admiral Peck was the commandant of the navy yard where Johnnie was stationed, and Jeff had known him since he had sailed his first ship in the Waite's fishpond back in Indiana. "It may be something about Johnnie," Jeff said, and he waited with a patient eagerness for Peck's return to the phone at the other end of the line. "Hello," he said. "Yes, I'm still waiting. What's that?" He pressed the receiver closer to his ear. He was silent a long while, listening, and Linda standing at the desk in front of him saw expectancy give way to shock, to swift control.

Johnnie's been hurt, Linda thought.

Jeff put a quiet hand to his forehead, wiping off sweat.

"When did it happen?" he said, and presently, "When will he be home?"

Then he wasn't dead. Linda relaxed her stiff fingers.

Jeff looked up slowly, fumbling the receiver to its cradle.

"He's coming home," he said. "Johnnie. Not quite all of him, Linda. He has lost a leg." And he went on in his quiet, controlled voice. "A winch pawl slipped and dropped a six-inch gun. He was lucky to escape alive."

Lucky, Linda thought wildly. Lucky, when he hadn't even had a chance to prove himself? She couldn't cry. She didn't even feel like crying. Johnnie was safe, wasn't he? He was coming home. Ensign Waite, honorably discharged, home again to take his old job in the factory.

"He's been given convalescent leave," Jeff said.

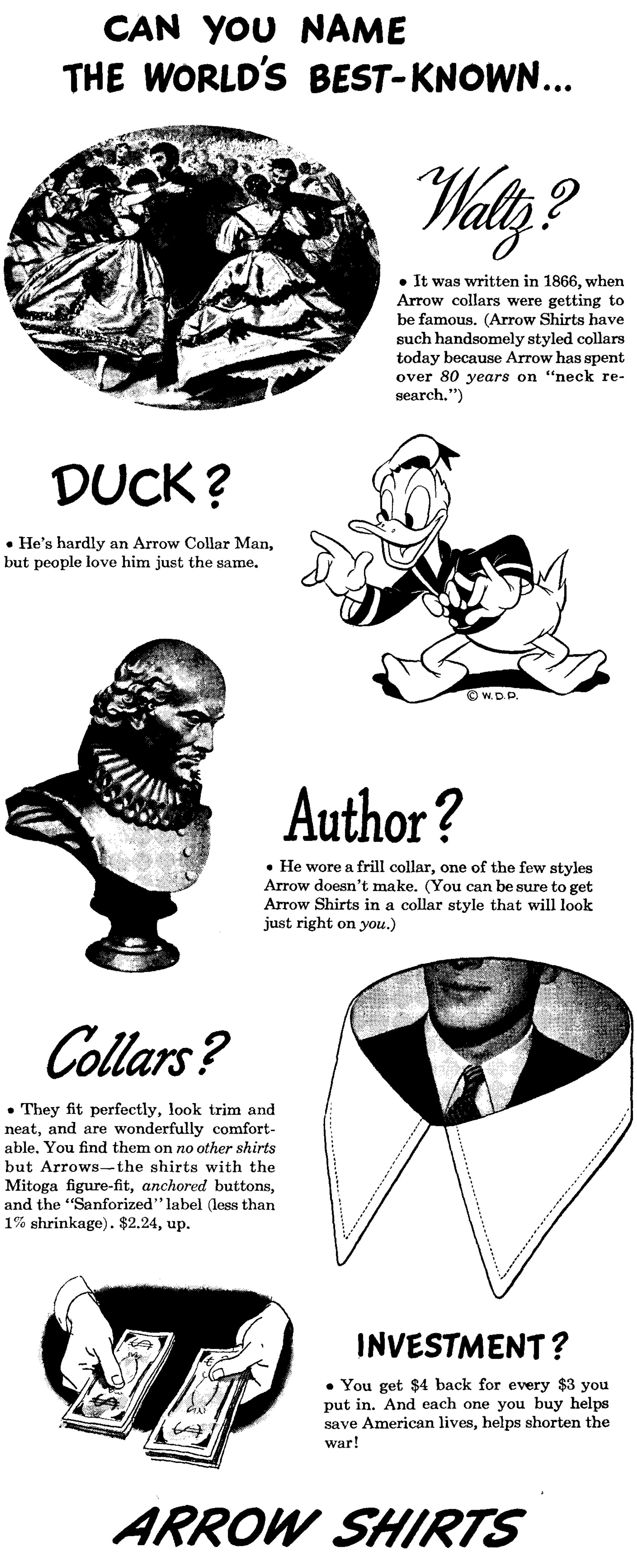
So he wasn't being discharged. He wouldn't be taking his old job in the factory.

"There will still be work he can do," Jeff said carefully, "in the Navy. He's a good engineer." He stood up abruptly, turning away from her toward the window. Linda became aware of the other girls in the office. One of them was reaching for a handkerchief. Linda thought absently, poor thing, she has a brother in the Navy, too. But she felt no shock, no pain at all. She sat down presently at her desk and began again transcribing letters.

When Jeff's hand touched her shoulder she was aware dimly that he had spoken to her first. She stood up quickly.

"What is it, Jeff?"

"Peck called again," he said. "We can



CAN YOU NAME THE WORLD'S BEST-KNOWN...

Waltz?

• It was written in 1866, when Arrow collars were getting to be famous. (Arrow Shirts have such handsomely styled collars today because Arrow has spent over *80 years* on "neck research.")

DUCK?

• He's hardly an Arrow Collar Man, but people love him just the same.

Author?

• He wore a frill collar, one of the few styles Arrow doesn't make. (You can be sure to get Arrow Shirts in a collar style that will look just right on *you.*)

Collars?

• They fit perfectly, look trim and neat, and are wonderfully comfortable. You find them on *no other shirts* but Arrows—the shirts with the Mitoga figure-fit, *anchored* buttons, and the "Sanforized" label (less than 1% shrinkage). $2.24, up.

INVESTMENT?

• You get $4 back for every $3 you put in. And each one you buy helps save American lives, helps shorten the war!

ARROW SHIRTS

P. S. These days, your dealer may not always have a complete line of Arrows. If so, we're sincerely sorry. But please don't blame him. It's caused by unavoidable wartime shortages and delays. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Answers (as if you didn't know): *1. Blue Danube.* *2. Donald.* *3. Shakespeare.* *4. Arrows.* *5. War Bonds.*

WHEN STRENGTH IS "LOST"

Through Illness . . Try This Famous "Building" Food

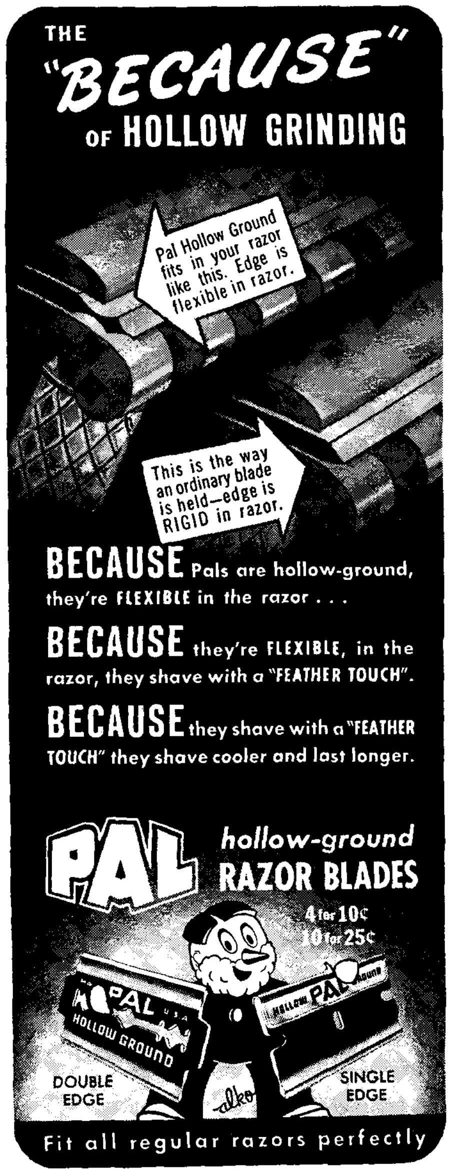
TO hasten recovery after illness—when the weakened system finds it difficult to handle ordinary foods, many doctors advise Ovaltine for two reasons.

First, Ovaltine supplies the *basic* food substances—complete proteins absolutely necessary to repair muscle, nerve and body cells—and high-energy foods for vigorous health. Ovaltine is specially processed for easy digestion, so it usually "stays down" when nothing else seems to agree.

Second, Ovaltine is one of the richest food sources of vitamins and minerals in the world. Each glass, made with milk as directed, provides significant amounts of the essential Vitamins A, B₁, D and G, and Minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron. These vitamins and minerals, so important to speedy recovery, are often deficient in convalescent diets.

Ovaltine is served in more than 1700 American hospitals. If someone in your family needs building up, try giving Ovaltine 2 or 3 times a day to speed the return of vigorous health.

OVALTINE


THE "BECAUSE" OF HOLLOW GRINDING

BECAUSE Pals are hollow-ground, they're FLEXIBLE in the razor . . .

BECAUSE they're FLEXIBLE, in the razor, they shave with a "FEATHER TOUCH".

BECAUSE they shave with a "FEATHER TOUCH" they shave cooler and last longer.

PAL hollow-ground RAZOR BLADES 4 for 10¢ 10 for 25¢

Fit all regular razors perfectly
Pal Hollow Ground fits in your razor like this. Edge is flexible in razor.
This is the way an ordinary blade is held—edge is RIGID in razor.
PAL HOLLOW GROUND
DOUBLE EDGE
SINGLE EDGE

ride to the Navy hospital with Johnnie in the ambulance."

"You mean he's coming in today?"

She felt his arm around her, steadying her, but she stood away from him gravely.

"We should call Nannette," she said.

"I did," Jeff said. "She'll meet us at the station."

His glance at her was anxious and she realized slowly that he had called Nannette from here, from close beside her, and she hadn't heard him.

The air outside was factory-smutted but she took in gulps of it. There was no feeling in her finger tips and her feet were awkward carrying her behind Jeff toward the waiting automobile. Jeff got in slowly under the wheel. His face was gray, the weary lines about his mouth and eyes deeply marked.

"He'll be glad to see us, too," he said, at last. "He'll be changed, Linda. We must be prepared for that."

She couldn't have prepared herself for the gaunt, aged face staring up at her from the stretcher. He had been hurt some time before then, and Peck had waited to call Jeff, knowing how busy he was, knowing he couldn't get away. Johnnie looked at them, each one in turn, with puzzled concentration before he smiled, but it wasn't the old, quick, mischievous smile of Johnnie Waite.

"Dad," he said, "I'm glad to see you." He reached out, clutching for his father's hand.

He became more recognizable as the ambulance moved forward slowly and he began to talk, disjointedly at first, asking questions, scarcely waiting for the answers. His eyes kept coming back to Linda.

"I'm sorry, kid," he said at last, gently. "It's tough on you."

"On me, Johnnie?"

"You wanted me to be a hero," Johnnie said.

There was no criticism in his voice, but Linda shrank back from his naked honesty. She was not quick enough to hide her vivid shock from him. Jeff was watching his son with rapt affection and Nannette's eyes, tear-wet, were on him, too. No one but Johnnie looked at Linda, and his glance held pity for her.

SHE wept, later that night, alone. And she asked herself some bitter questions. Johnnie, too, believed she valued medals. Jeff and Johnnie, both of them. She went back patiently, sorting convictions. There were the little people, she thought doggedly, who should have their back's patted, too, but didn't.

Toward morning bitterness drained off and she began in confused thought to see the warped threads she had woven into the rigid cloth of her assertions. She had been asking all these years for recognition; she had been asking for a medal for herself, a girl who stepped in at fourteen to take her mother's place, adolescent and idealistic beyond common sense or humor. She had been asking that someone acknowledge the lonely, frightened hours she'd had rearing Nannette, controlling Johnnie, when Jeff had been too busy to recall he had a family. She had, she saw now, identified herself with the unsung heroes.

She got out of bed and strode up and down in the dawn-pale room. But I don't *want a medal, she told herself, bewildered.* She went on relentlessly, probing. She didn't want a medal for herself, but she had wanted Jeff to have one, and Johnnie, and she had wanted Bill to prove he deserved one. Lord, Lord, she thought, what a cruel person I've been all these years, to live with.

She slept an hour and when she wakened she thought first of Bill. I must apologize, she thought, and after that I'll go see Johnnie. Her glance was wry, reflected in the mirror. . . .

She slid out of the office before Jeff could pick her up that day at noon. She made her way to the assembly end of the building, one of the crowd surging toward Bill Brown who stood on a makeshift platform rigged from an idle conveyor belt. Jeff Waite was up there, beside him, stooped and yet somehow with the look of Bill, of youth and fire and resolve.

"One of the lads," he said of Bill, introducing him, "who fly our planes. You may have heard him yesterday, and maybe he'll make the same speech here today. We can stand to hear it more than once, spoken by a man who's been out where the rest of us aren't going until we get this job all finished."

There was a quick and friendly spatter of applause. And at that moment, looking up, Linda saw Bill's eyes finding her. He looked away, sweeping the upturned faces with his grave, dark eyes.

"If you don't mind," he said, at last, and speaking slowly, "I'm not going to give you one of my speeches today. I'm just going to *talk* to you."

There was laughter, and Bill grinned and leaned forward and put his hands on the single rail rigged around his platform.

"Jeff didn't tell you," he said, sobering swiftly, "but I'm going to. Johnnie Waite is home. He'll have a desk job now. He's lost a leg."

He waited for his audience to digest its dismay.

"Some of you think he belongs up here instead of me, and you are right. You think he should have medals, and he should, but let me tell you something. Medals don't mean much to Johnnie Waite. He was one of the boys picked out to do a job. His job was on a ship. My job is in the air except when I've been grounded to go around this country talking to people like you who never get the chance to have your picture in the papers. And what if you did, what if you did have your picture in the papers? What would it mean? It would mean that, on a random shot, you had been picked to be a symbol, a symbol of the work the men on either side of you are doing, and the men upstairs and the men out in the annex. And that's the way it is with me. I am a symbol, too, a symbol of what all the other airmen in this war are doing while I try to tell you folks how much we need your planes and like them, and what we're doing to our mutual enemy from cockpits you've been turning out right here.

"We're up there, some of us, where everybody's watching and we like it, sure. We'd show off if we had the time. We'd pull the small-boy stunt of standing on our hands. But let me tell you something. We know who deserves the medals. There aren't too many of us out there, but there will be more, and we aren't fooled by citations and hero worship and applause. There isn't any one of us who doesn't pat his ship when he comes down, if there's enough of him with strength to lift his hand. And when we pat the ship, we're patting you. We're patting Jeff, and Johnnie, and—" He paused.

"Where," said Bill, "is Mrs. Susek?"

The recognition ring around her spread and widened. She was an ample woman, grotesque in her coveralls. A mottled color crept from her throat up to her hair.

Linda wanted to creep away, to hide, but suddenly a broad smile lightened Mrs. Susek's face. She lifted a fat, greasy hand and waved to Bill.

"Three cheers," Bill cried, "for Mrs. Susek. She's a hero."

THE crowd gave way slowly for Linda to nudge through. She made for a side exit where she could get out quickly, away from the crowd, away from Jeff, away from Bill.

The guard held the door wide open, recognizing her. "Swell speech, wasn't it?" he said. "It'd take Nippon a couple of centuries to grow a guy as big as that."

Linda nodded and brushed past. The first few people from the crowd moved past her, heading for their lunch. She stood against the wall, hearing their comments. They swelled in volume and she knew she must go back. She could not run away and hide from Bill.

She found him sitting in Jeff's office, his cap dangling between his hands. He stood up slowly as she entered. There was a question on his face.

"I told you," he said gruffly. "I'm not an orator."

She shook her head to clear her eyes.

"You were swell, Bill," Linda said. She fumbled for the words of her apology, but they wouldn't come and she looked up at him in misery. "I was all wrong," she said. "It isn't what you say. It's what you are. It's you, Bill."

"Look," he said hastily, "don't get that starry look like Nannette. I'm Bill to you, a guy who fell in love last night at six o'clock. That doesn't make me a hero."

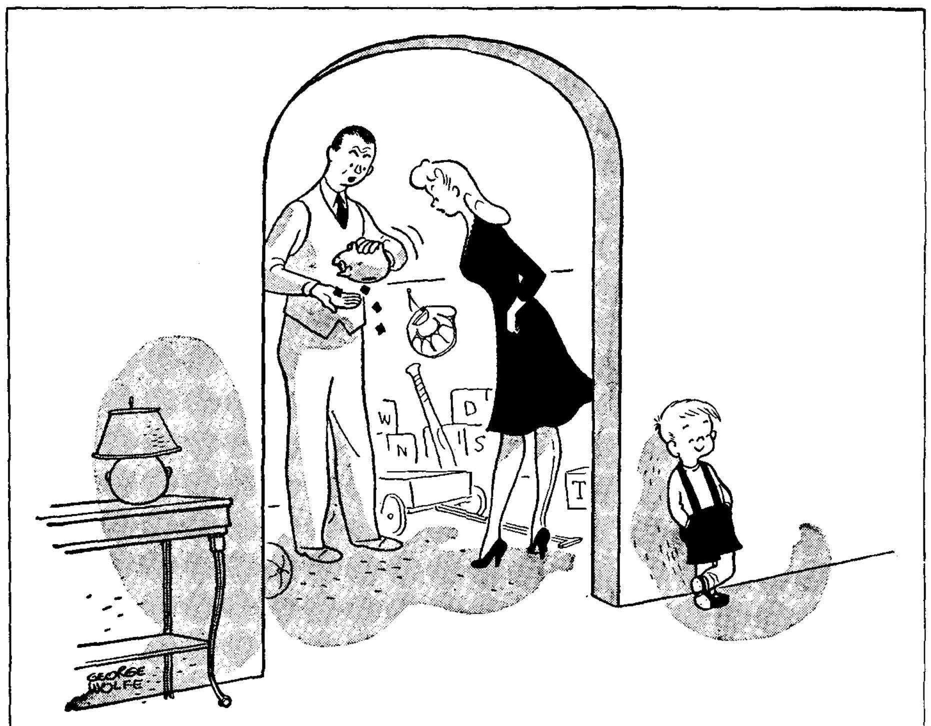
He put his arms around her, and tipped her chin up gently with his shoulder.

"That doesn't make me a hero," he repeated absently, looking at her lips.

She laughed unsteadily.

"Oh, yes, it does, Bill," Linda said. "You just don't know."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Nothing comes out but War Stamps!" GEORGE WOLFE

Blatz Beer

Fast Becoming

AMERICA'S NEW FAVORITE

SPECIAL
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BEER
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BUY WAR BONDS

A HANDFUL OF *Good Taste*

The big swing is to Blatz Beer. In fine hotels! In leading bars! In better clubs and restaurants! America has found a new favorite... the beer that is breaking and setting records daily!

The reason is this: thousands have discovered its satisfying Good Taste. And so will you—from your very first glass!

Never sharp ... never bitter ...
always mellow

Blatz Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.
In our 93rd year

MILWAUKEE'S MOST EXQUISITE BEER

Copyright 1944, Blatz Brewing Co.

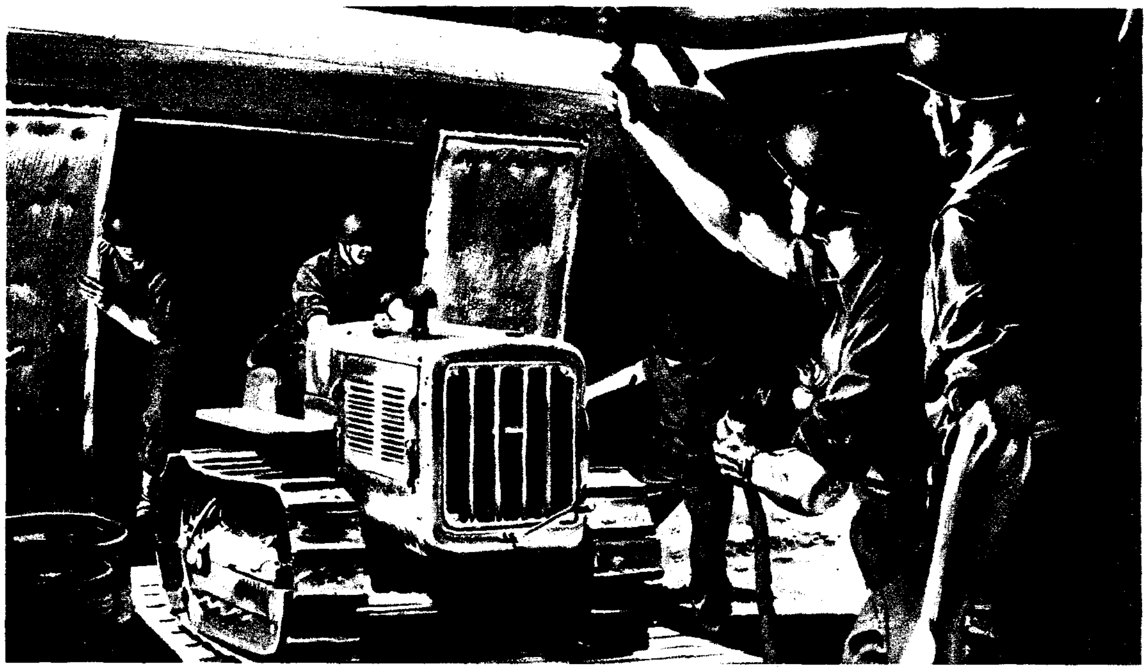
"Axis air base falls to Allies"...Now what?

WHEN YOU READ that Allied paratroops have captured another enemy air base, don't be too quick to say, "Now, by using this new base, our bombers can strike even deeper into the heart of industrial Germany."

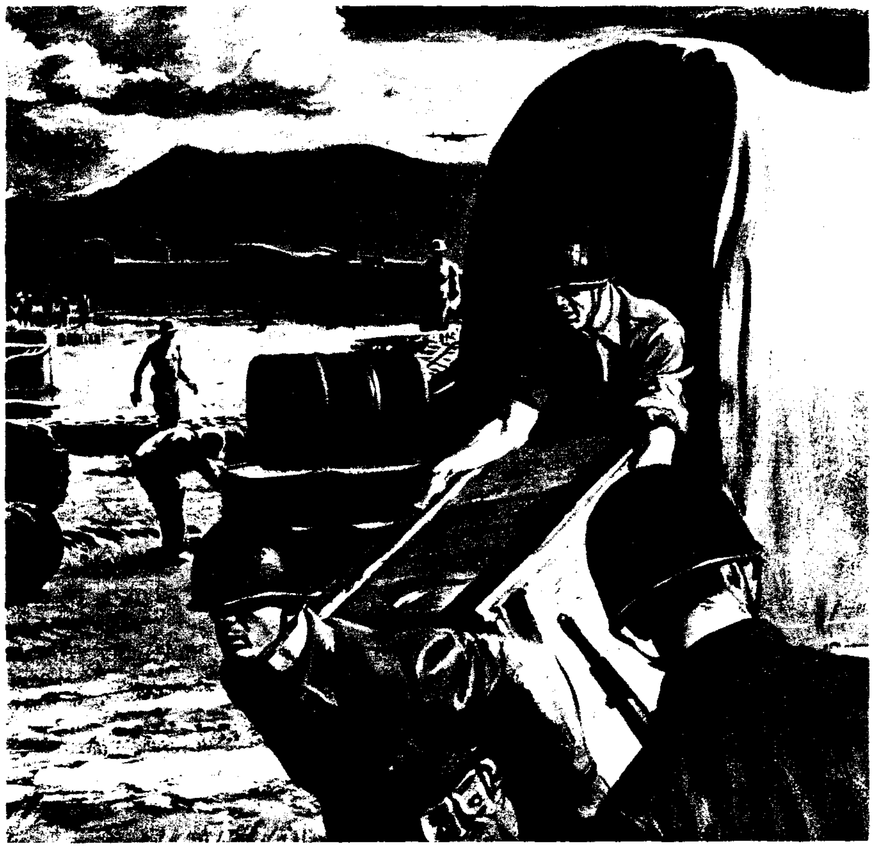
It's not quite so simple as that, by any means. An Axis air base doesn't become an Allied air base merely because it has been wrested from the enemy.

The chances are that the enemy deliberately wrecked most of the ground installations when they abandoned the base. The runways, blasted by Allied bombs, look more like quarries than landing strips. And supplies? There aren't any.

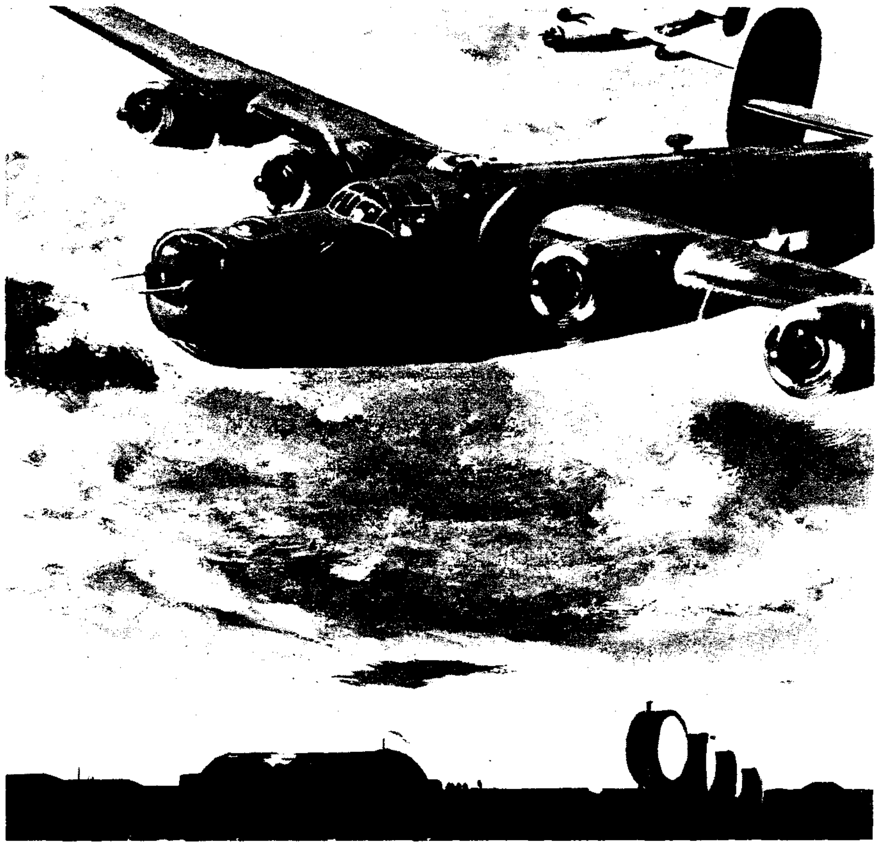
Before a single bomber can take off with its load of block-busters, there is a colossal job to be done — a job which requires the combined efforts of the airplane, the truck, the train, and the ship. That's something the communiques never tell you about . . .



1. **First come** the air-borne reinforcement troops, landing on the bomb-pocked runways. Then more planes, carrying an aviation engineer battalion, "pee-wee" tractors, scrapers, and lightweight construction equipment. An emergency landing strip is smoothed off for fighter planes, and for transport planes that will come in with heavier tractors, scrapers, and rollers.

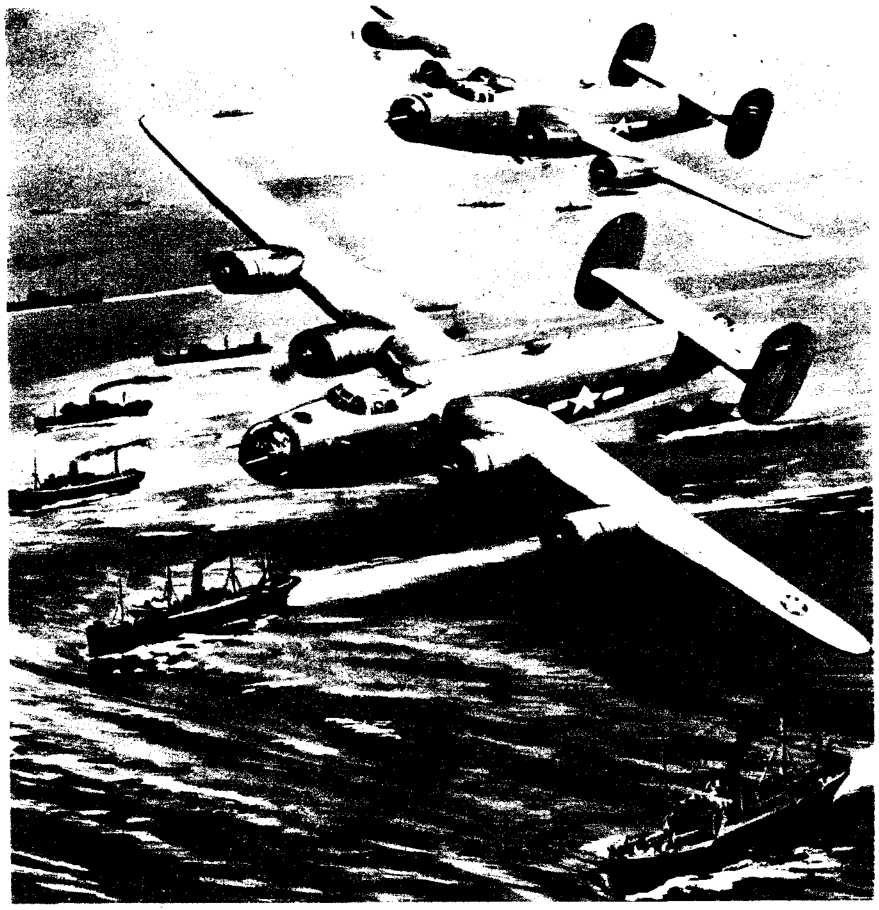


2. **Then, as fast** as roads to the base can be repaired, the trucks come in, rumbling onto the field with gasoline and oil drums, bombs, and food. Others lug in heavy cement mixers, giant bulldozers, and tumble-buggies — so that the engineer battalions can build permanent runways for all-weather bomber operation. By this time, transport planes have flown in carrying operational personnel, radio equipment, spare bomber engines and parts. The engineers are rebuilding blasted supply depots, installing water and sewage systems. The work goes on day and night.



3. **The heavy sluggers roar in** — the big, long-range Liberators and their crews. Transports fly in, too, bringing the ground crews who will ready the bombers for action. Now, at last, the Axis air base has become an Allied air base. The runways have been rebuilt . . . the supplies are in . . . the flight and maintenance crews are here . . . and the bombers are poised for action. Finally — perhaps weeks after the air base fell into our hands — the Bomber Command is ready to strike. How hard can it strike — and how long? That all depends on the vital link in the chain . . .

CONSOLIDATED VULTEE AIRCRAFT



4. **This link is the never-ending stream** of cargo ships loaded with tons of material from railheads and coastal truck terminals in the U.S.A. For the problem of supply cannot be solved by air alone. Transporting the untold tons of equipment needed to *keep* a bomber base in operation is a job in which everything that rolls, floats, and flies must join forces.

The way this challenge has been met is more than a heroic saga in the tightening of the air ring about the Axis. It is a lesson we must remember for the peacetime years that lie ahead.

S. AFRICA
GT. BRITAIN

5. **An enduring peace** will depend, in great part, on the unhampered interchange of people, goods, and ideas between the nations of the earth. And while all forms of transportation are teaming up to meet this postwar challenge, the plane, for one, must play a second, and possibly an even more important role: *that of policing this 60-hour-wide world.*

For the maintenance of an adequate Air Force, for years to come, will be one of the cheapest premiums America could possibly pay for insuring the peace which we shall have won.

QUICK FACTS FOR AIR-MINDED READERS

No ice needed — *Much of the nation's perishable commodities, such as fish, fruit, meat, and flowers, may be transported by air, someday soon. In a plane flying above 20,000 feet, no refrigeration would be required.*

• • •

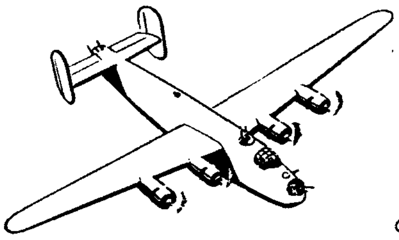
Speed, not cost — The Air Transport Command, using such planes as the Liberator Express, is daily flying hundreds of tons of equipment overseas. Speed, not cost, is the all-important thing when our fighting men need blood plasma, more ammunition, or replacement parts. By plane, they get them in a matter of *hours.* After the war, as planes are still further improved and new economies are effected, low rates will make commercial air freight practical for many products.

• • •

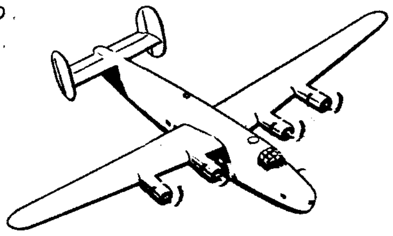
Exit the iron horse? "I have no illusions that the airplane will make the railroads obsolete. On the contrary, there will be room and plenty of need after the war for more and better transportation by rail, as well as by highway, water, and air."—TOM M. GIRDLER, Chairman of the Board, Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp.

No spot on earth is more than 60 hours' flying time from your local airport

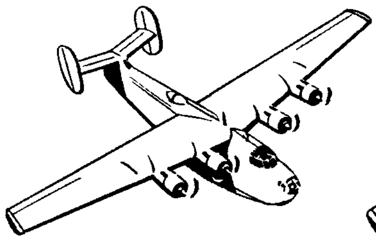
From Flying Jeeps to Leviathans of the air — *Consolidated Vultee now builds many types of war planes, from small trainers to long-range bombers. When peace comes, the company will be in a position to provide the postwar equivalent of such planes, from small privately owned "air flivvers" to huge, transoceanic passenger-and-cargo planes.*



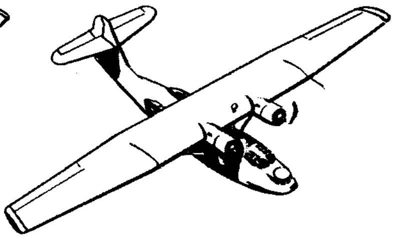
LIBERATOR . . . 4-engine bomber



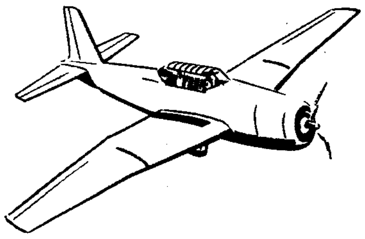
LIBERATOR EXPRESS . . . transport



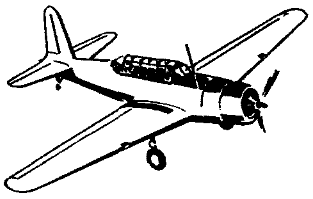
CORONADO . . . *patrol bomber*



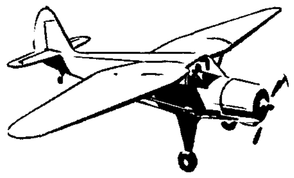
CATALINA . . . *patrol bomber*



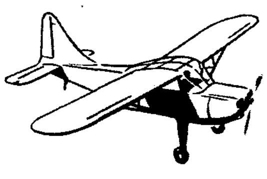
VENGEANCE . . . *dive bomber*



VALIANT . . . basic trainer



RELIANT . . . navigational trainer



SENTINEL . . . "Flying Jeep"

CORPORATION

San Diego, Calif.
Vultee Field, Calif.
Tucson, Ariz.
Fort Worth, Texas
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Louisville, Ky.
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Allentown, Pa.
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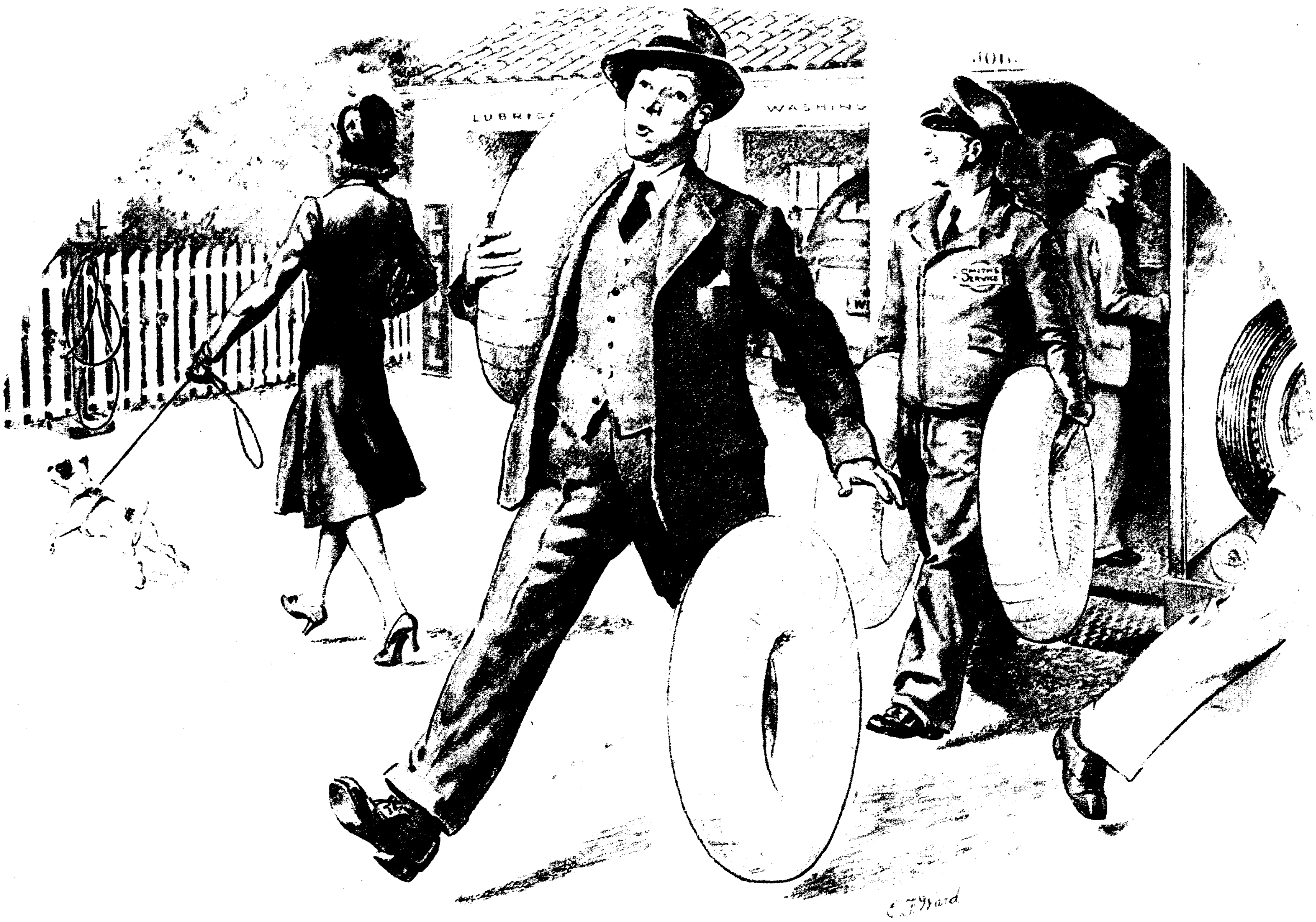
Elizabeth City, N. C.
Miami, Fla.

Member, Aircraft War Production Council



Remember when . . .
you could buy new tires whenever you pleased?

IT DIDN'T MATTER so very much then if a tire's pressure was a little lower than it should have been.

We didn't worry a great deal if we stopped shorter than we should, and left a few rubber marks on the pavement.

There was nothing terribly wrong about gouging off a little of the tread in showing how fast we could get away from a stop-light.

And, as long as we chose the right time and place, it was no crime to "burn up the road" occasionally for the sheer joy of fast motion.

It's different now—*and how!*

Every car in use today is a national asset; it must be kept rolling. And every ounce of rubber in its tires is part of our wartime resources—to be cared for, protected against abuse, made to last as long as possible.

That's the reason for frequent tire inspections—Victory Speed—slow starts and stops—properly maintained tire pressures—careful parking to avoid sidewall damage—and all the other tire-saving precautions you can take.

By doing these vitally important things—not just *some* of them but *all* of them—every American car owner can help in a very real way to make victory more certain and more complete.

* * *

REMEMBER WHEN your Seiberling Dealer was able to offer you all the brand new tires you wanted? He can't be liberal with tires today, but he can and does come through with the personal service and personal interest you can get only from an INDEPENDENT business man. We at Seiberling believe in the dynamic, creative force of American independence—independence of thought and action, and INDEPENDENCE IN BUSINESS. That is why Seiberling Tires will continue to be sold, as they have been for a generation past, by INDEPENDENT dealers only!

SEIBERLING *Experts in Rubber*

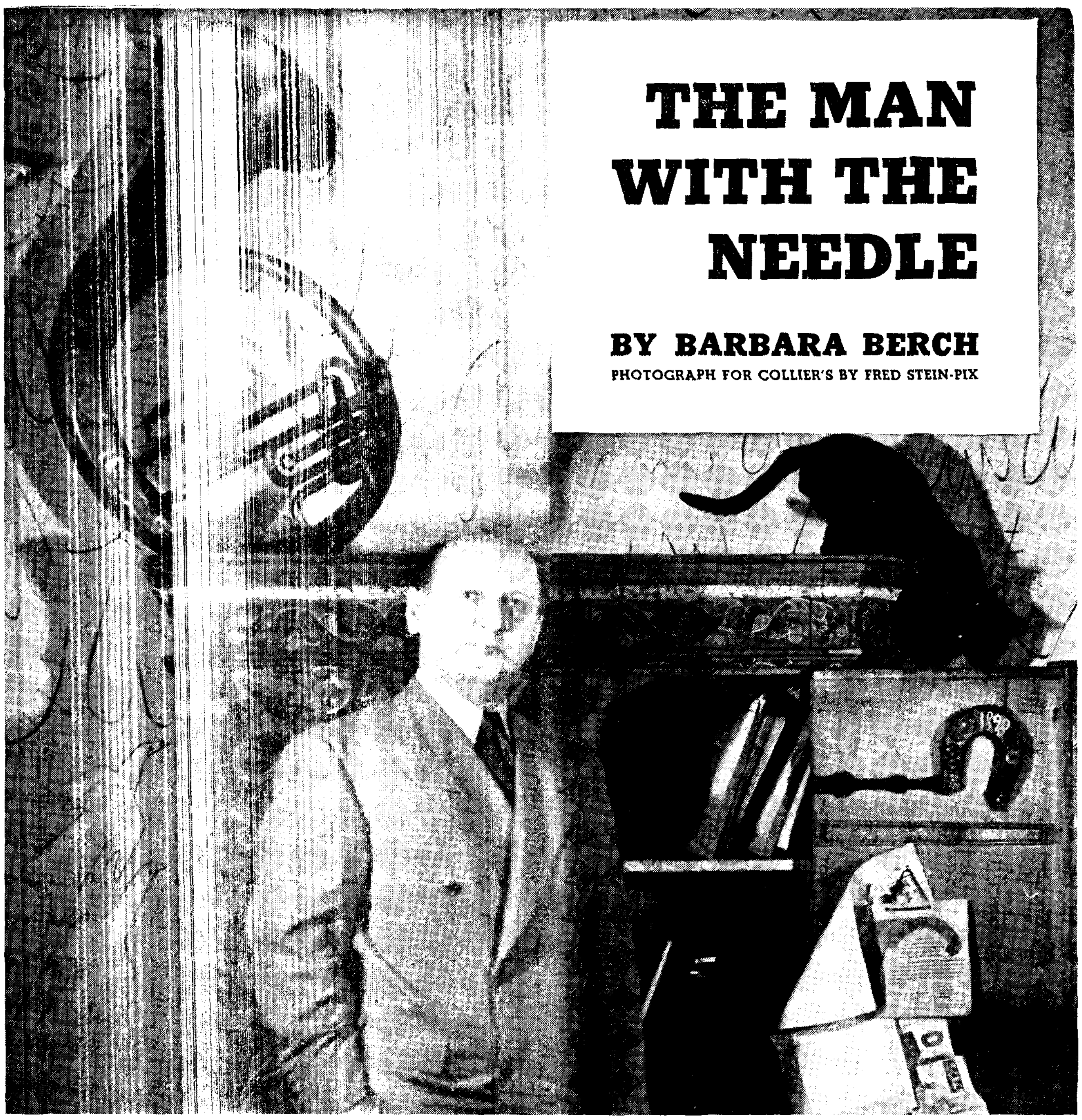
Wartime manufacturers of Bullet-Sealed Tubes and Military Tires for our armed forces—Bullet-Sealing Gasoline Tanks—Rubber Floats, Boats and Pontons—Rubber Parts for Gas Masks, Airplanes and Tanks. Also makers of Tires and Tubes for passenger cars and trucks—Sealed Air Tubes—Rubber Heels, Soles and Mechanical Goods

THE MAN WITH THE NEEDLE

The success story of Ludwig Bemelmans, who became flush, fat and famous by harpooning the flush, the fat and the famous

BY BARBARA BERCH

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY FRED STEIN-PIX



Bemelmans the flamboyant is his own interior decorator. The knickknacks he gathered on his travels; the doves of peace are strictly phony

BECAUSE most of us like to eat and to snicker at someone else's expense, a fellow named Ludwig Bemelmans has been able to work himself up from obscure bus boy to celebrated author-painter, to write six best-selling books, to uphold a reputation as a high-powered wit and to stack up a bank account of heroic proportions. All by kidding the elegant and taking hot licks at the famed.

His books—with titles like Small Beer, Hotel Splendide, and I Love You, I Love You, I Love You—are alive with free-hand Bemelmans art, and come out every couple of years to throw the critics into confused tizzies, and make readers howl with glee.

They dwell mostly on pâté de foie gras and hollandaise sauce, wealthy ladies' thick ankles and potbellied millionaires. So they're reviewed as "mad," "wacky," and "indescribable"—which the author resents. His works, he claims, are droll (but serious) reports of life in the suzette-and-schnitzel set. If anyone hints that the publishers may be interested only because it's going to make them a lot of money—and never mind the lofty ideals—the author fumes. Like everything else he writes and paints, this new book is art, see!

Bemelmans is 45, has a rim of hair, rosy cheeks, an egg shape, a soupy accent, and a great big developed love for humanity. That's what his books mean to say, he explains—that he loves waiters and dancers, obese women, the underprivileged and the rich. "But when I write about them I make enemies. My friends can't see that I really love them when I make fun of them. Understand?"

Bemelmans once wrote a book about Ecuador—a country he loves. He called it The Donkey Inside, and gently described, in word and picture, everything he saw. The people, the dirt, the squalor, the parties, the sex life—everything. It was a long love letter to a country that rarely gets any publicity. The Ecuadorians are furious. When Orson Welles visited the country he announced that he "didn't see Ecuador at all—I saw a ruins bombed by Bemelmans."

Bemelmans was assistant to the head of the banquet department at New York's Ritz-Carlton Hotel before he switched to writing for a living. It started when a publisher called on Mr. Bemelmans at home, studied the art work on exhibition in the bathroom, and asked him to try his talent at a book for children. Forthwith, Bemelmans sat down, wrote and illustrated a testy gem called Hansi, and became a writer of kid's books—for grownups.

Three G's a Week—and for What?

From pseudo-baby talk, Bemelmans went on and up with the publications of his World War I diary, My War with the United States, followed with Small Beer, Life Class, and, through the years, right up to his latest, Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep, a story the ever-hopeful author is said to have related to Mr. Mayer in the following manner:

"The hero is an eighty-year-old Ecuadorian general who has epileptic fits every thirty days. The heroine is an English governess seventy-five years old who carries her coffin with her wherever she goes—"

At this point Louis B. Mayer ran out of the building, screaming. Bemelmans would like to have M-G-M produce it, just the same. He hopes Orson Welles will play the general, and Greta Garbo the lady of the coffins.

Bemelmans related the part to Garbo one afternoon, and she went into seclusion again, speaking of Bemelmans in language unbecoming an enigma.

Bemelmans is the product of a German beer-brewing clan, was a backward boy who flunked out of high school, and got around to shooting a maître d'hôtel in the ear when he was a fifteen-year-old apprentice waiter.

Reform school or America!—so Ludwig, at 16, hit New York with a few words of thick-tonsiled English and twenty letters of introduction to hotel managers around town. These were provided hurriedly by a hotel-managing uncle.

Bemelmans went to work as a bus boy at the old Astor. He broke more dishes than his thin salary could carry, was fired after a couple of weeks, dived back into the pile of letters, and this time came up with a job at the Hotel McAlpin. There he stepped on a Shakespearean actor's toe, was out of a job again, and decided he had enough of the Broadway peasants. So to work at the Ritz, lugging dirty dishes all over the place and pocketing a neat eight bucks a week.

Even at the Ritz, his spiritual home, he spilled his share of Baked Alaska [illegible] racks, and tore the customers apart with [illegible] kitchen help. But about the time he was ready [illegible] dismissal, he was saved by a greeting from the White House telling him he was now a private in the Army—congratulations.

They gave him a Medical Corps classification, free room and board at Fort Ontario, and a baggy uniform. Plus so much night guard duty, K.P., and back talk from lieutenants that he answered a call for volunteers to man a military hospital for the insane.

He got a free trip to Mississippi out of the deal, sleeping two-in-a-lower with a Negro in a strait jacket. Week ends he wrote his diary in German and found himself the first Private Hargrove in captivity with a beer-garden accent.

By Armistice time, Bemelmans was a second lieutenant, O.C.S. variety, teaching the bayonet to new recruits who couldn't understand his English. Then he returned to the Ritz—with plenty of time off to make undercover cartoon impressions of the noted guests. He also managed the purchase of a secondhand Hispano upholstered in leopard skin, and a black chauffeur who wore a custom-made uniform but couldn't drive!

A Waiter's Paradise—with Art

In the middle of the depression, Bemelmans—floating on stock-market tips from customers—quit the Ritz. But not before he sabotaged the place by luring away the best chefs and building his own restaurant on New York's East 55th Street, Hapsburg House. Prices were the clippiest in town, customers were tolerated practically by invitation only, the cooks were fussy and worked on inspiration, and the walls were Bemelmans-painted with lopsided pigeons, spare pants, spread fingers, open windows, and patches of flowers here and there. Strictly a waiter's paradise—with customers lined up begging to be robbed.

One evening Vincent Astor stopped in for dinner and asked for a stein of beer. The waiter hissed and explained that the Hapsburg was a wine restaurant exclusively. "But look at that man over there," protested Mr. Astor. "He's drinking beer." "But that's the proprietor," the waiter said. "That's Mr. Bemelmans, himself!"

Everybody had fun at the Hapsburg, including suffering customers, but the den folded in a couple of years, anyway, because the proprietor drank up all the profits. In champagne, not beer.

Today, Bemelmans lives on top of a Hollywood hill (unapproachable on foot, except by mountain climbers), wears pink shirts, no ties, beige trousers and boots, drinks jumbo glasses of orange juice every morning, and has fun boiling Hollywood Boulevard in oils. "Everybody wants my pictures," he beams. "I could make a living out here just painting the Cock 'n' Bull (restaurant) and the Beverly Hills Hotel."

Mrs. B., who is the former Madeleine Freund of Westchester, set out to be a nun, and ended up by marrying Bemelmans, who thinks he's a pain in the neck to live with. Mrs. B. has other ideas. They've been married nine years and, together with a quiz kid called Barbara, who is eight and blond, they have trudged through the jungles of Ecuador, the Galápagos and other far and dreamy places. Barbara already draws pictures like her dad's.

Bemelmans' latest outpouring, Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep, is the Book of the Month Club selection for March, which means a sure quarter of a million sales. Added to his royalties from his other books, and his $3,000 a week from M-G-M, Ludwig might be said to be doing all right for a guy who got his start by shooting at a headwaiter.

Everything would be heaven, and his father-in-law, who is a conservative man and a banker, would also be happy, if it were not that Mr. B. is an improvident artist: that his tastes are as gargantuan as those of the people he assaults; that, with the money he gives away and the taxes he pays, he'll never be rich. ★★★

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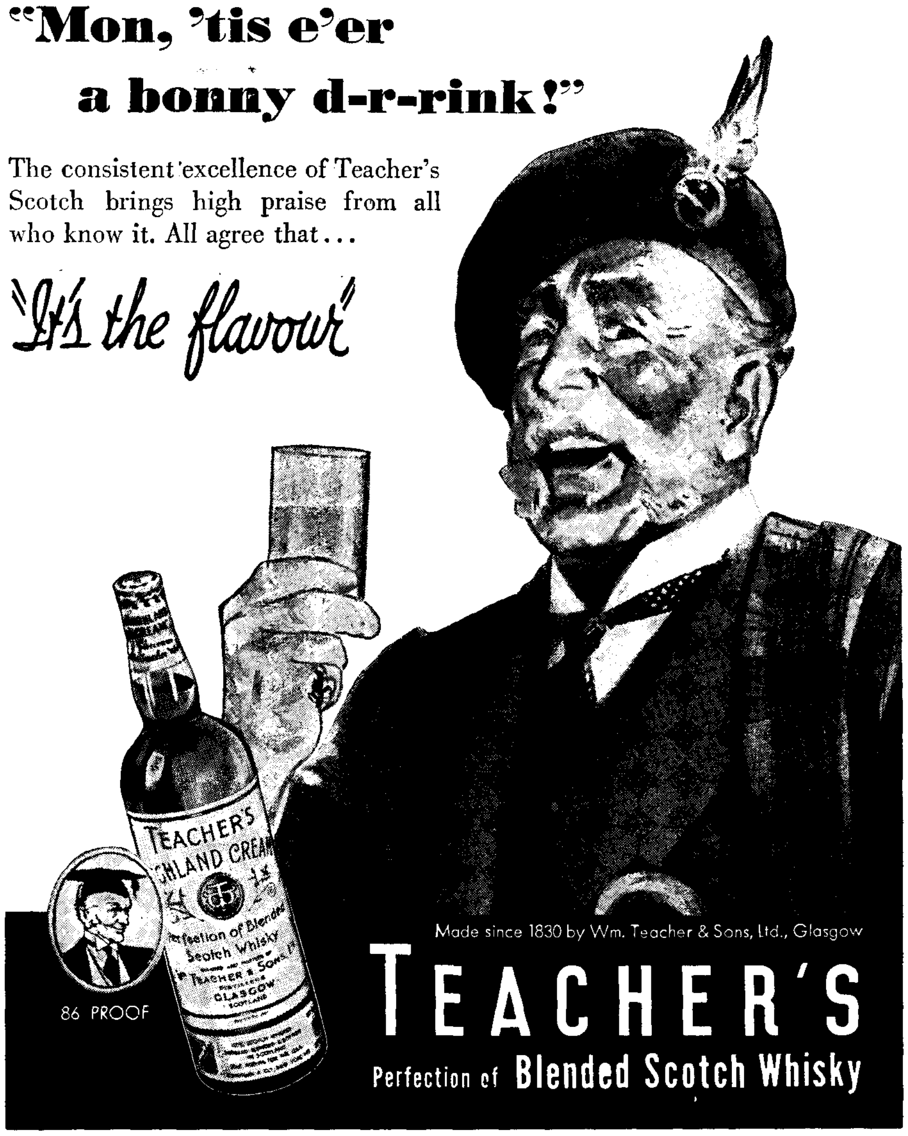

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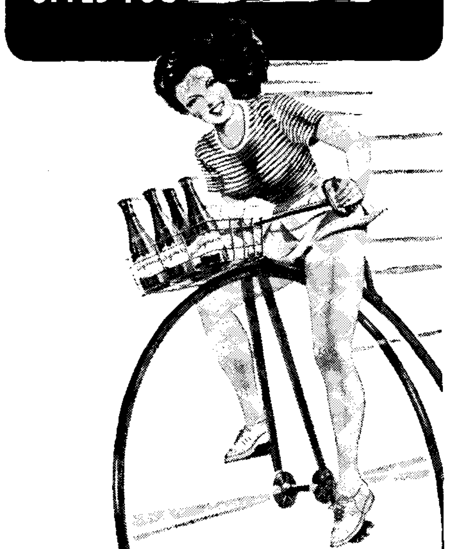

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DR. EDWARDS' OLIVE TABLETS

Embarkation Point

Continued from page 15

"You go," Mr. Knight had said.

She hurried out through the little lobby and up the main street. She came to the village green, and saw the white wooden tower of the church, the small smooth lawn in front, hung with paper lanterns, the wide lawn at the side, sloping down to the estuary, dotted all over with little booths, bright with crepe-paper trellises, with strings of signal flags, with the bright summer dresses of women and little girls.

"There it is," she said to herself, like a child; "that's the bazaar."

Immediately, an unfamiliar and wholly unreasonable shyness came upon her, veiling her eyes, heightening the color in her cheeks, making her feet heavy and her hands unsure. It was a public place, she told herself, sharply, like a store or a show, and there were other strangers there, too. Those people didn't all know one another. And still the shyness persisted.

She walked into the grounds very rapidly, with the look of a woman about to do two or three brisk errands before train time. All around her were pink paper trellises, little tables covered with potholders, aprons, layer cakes, hand-decorated bridge scores, the classic rubble of countless bazaars on the lawns of countless little white churches all over America. Why, she had worked with the Camp Fire Girls in Belleville to make things like these for the Congregational Church Festival, year after year! When she was eleven she had made beadwork bookmarks that brought a better price than anything on her mother's handwork table. Mrs. Appleton, who was rich, had bought half-a-dozen of them for Christmas presents and said that she was a real little artist.

Suddenly, Mrs. Calhoun found that she was smiling and at ease. Why, these people were the kind she knew, the only kind, really, she had ever known. A wonderful sense of well-being came over Mrs. Calhoun, a complete assurance. She began to stroll, to smile.

The clink of teacups arrested her pleasantly. She sat down at a little table, ordered tea, homemade vanilla ice cream and walnut drop cakes from a woman who looked and sounded like Mrs. Weatherby, Phyllis Weatherby's mother. What ever had happened to Phyllis? Funny how Sherry had cut her right off from Belleville like that. Of course, she never had been much of a one to write letters, which made it worse.

When the woman came back with the tea, Mrs. Calhoun looked at the lovely soft, boiled frosting dented with walnuts and exclaimed, "My, how good that looks!"

"Now, my new little daughter-in-law made them. Going to tell her what you said. She just values every word of praise she gets so. Youngest in the family and never set out to do things like this till she got married this June."

Two more women came to the table and sat down. The woman who waited on her said, "Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Tyler, this is a stranger here, you ought to help her get acquainted. Mrs. er . . . my name's Cutler, by the way."

"Mine's Mrs. Calhoun. I'm very pleased to make your acquaintance, all."

Had she been speaking a foreign language for five years, too?

"Summer visitor?"

"I'm boarding at the Knights' farm."

THEY were acquainted. They had looked askance at her bright, smartly arranged hair when they sat down, at her bare, lotion-darkened legs, at her town-in-the-country clothes. They did not dislike city women but they were awkward with them, they found conversation difficult. But at the first word Mrs. Calhoun had spoken, they were at ease. They had recognized her as she recognized them.

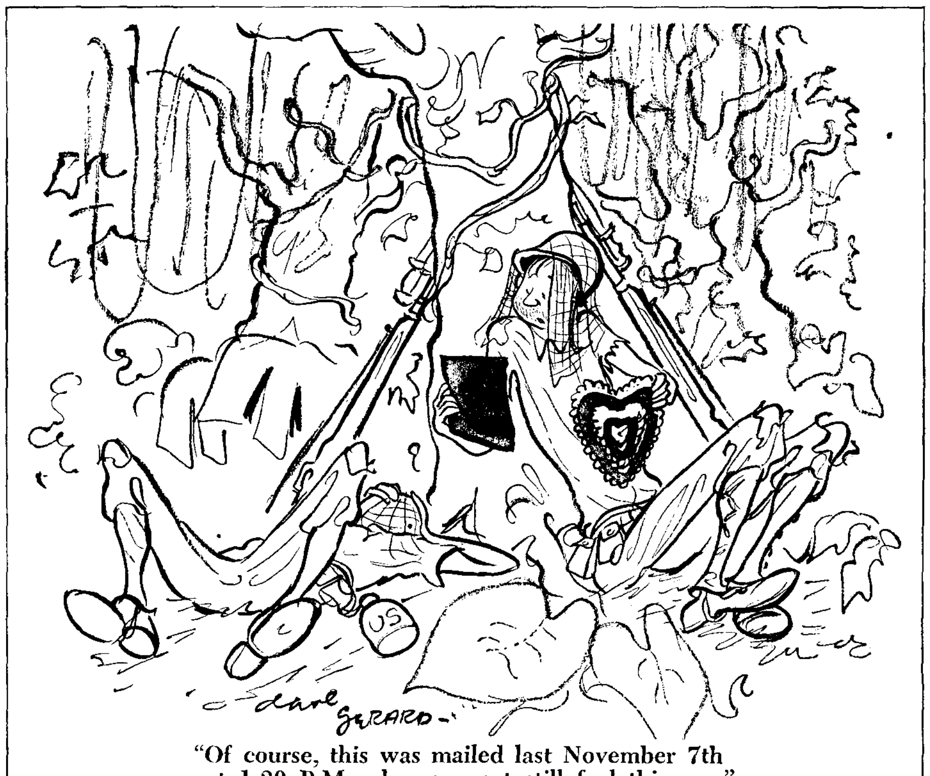
"Knights said they had a young lady from New' York," said Mrs. Greene, as if she were penetrating an unconvincing disguise.

"Well, that's right," said Mrs. Calhoun. "But I come originally from Belleville, Maine."

"There!" said Mrs. Tyler with brisk satisfaction. "I said to myself the minute you opened your mouth, you didn't sound like a New Yorker to me!"

They all laughed together, eating Mrs. Cutler's daughter-in-law's rich, delicious cupcakes.

"Now, say," said Mrs. Greene, struck by a thought. "They were wanting someone to help with the flower table about ten, fifteen minutes ago. You take over for a while, now, Mrs. Calhoun, why don't you? Then, later on when the menfolks



"Of course, this was mailed last November 7th at 1:30 P.M.; she may not still feel this way"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

begin to get here you can take a basket of boutoneers and go round selling them! A pretty young woman, and a new face, too—my, I bet you could sell them like hot cakes!"

"Well, honestly," Mrs. Calhoun said, after a moment's hesitation and as if she were making a sudden confession, "I'd love it."

"That's the stuff!" exclaimed Mrs. Tyler. And Mrs. Greene wiped her lips and got up, saying, "Now you come right along before you change your mind, while I take you over to Mrs. Polk and make you acquainted."

And fifty-five minutes after Mrs. Calhoun had stopped, rigid with terror, on High Street, looking at the gay lawn, the strange people, she stood behind the table at the flower booth helping Mrs. Polk.

It was fun to fix the flowers, to sell them, to hear Mrs. Polk's comfortable, half-laughing words of praise. "Now, Mrs. Calhoun, that's real artistic. I never could fix flowers any way artistic like that." And, "Say, we got a real little high-powered salesman. Go it, Mrs. Calhoun, you're good!"

The smiles and obvious appreciation fell on Mrs. Calhoun like warm spring rain. She could hardly remember when she had been so happy and relaxed. "My, I'm enjoying myself," she said to Mrs. Polk. "Isn't it lucky Mr. Knight thought to tell me about this party!"

The long supper tables had been set out, the first contingent served and the second finding their places, when Mrs. Calhoun was free to take her own place at supper. With surprise she realized that she was hungry and that her arches ached a little. She had been enjoying herself far too much to notice the flight of time.

She was slightly embarrassed to discover that the only vacant chair left at the long table was the single one at the head. She looked at it, laughing and blushing a little. An elderly man with a large yellowish mustache and a shiny high collar, evidently the town wag, jumped up from his seat next to the end of the table and drew the chair for her with a flourish.

SHE sat down, blushing deeper and smiling with more determination. Raising her voice a little for the people on both sides of her, she said, "This makes me feel almost as if I was giving a party."

And the large wife of the man with the shiny collar said firmly, "Now Ned Ebberley, don't you go trying to fluster this little lady. She's pitching right in tonight to help us out, and she deserves our thanks. The kind words embarrassed Mrs. Calhoun even more than the pleasantry, but they heightened her happiness, too, and she smiled warmly at both big Mrs. Ebberley and her husband before she lowered her eyes and took a sip of water from her glass.

Then she looked up and along the length of the table. Sitting in the end chair opposite and facing her was the big young soldier she had met on the steps of the post office. Mrs. Calhoun started sharply, catching her breath as if she had received a physical blow.

This hard start of emotion, of unwilling interest and irrational fear, was a discord, unpleasant in itself and wholly out of keeping with the occasion. She saw the half-smile, the recognition, in the heavy, attractive young face, and she made her eyes cold and blank. Then with casual slowness she moved her head, bringing her attention back to her own end of the table.

On both sides of her, everyone had begun to talk, in a bantering, neighborly fashion. Gratefully she joined in.

It was Mr. Ebberley, the old man with the shiny collar and the drooping yellow mustache, with his flamboyant mock gallantry, she soon realized, who made things really easy for her.

"Now you stop kidding me," she would say to him, laughing. "You're just trying to make me blush, isn't he, Mrs. Ebberley?"

And Mrs. Ebberley would nod at her, laughing too, and say, "She's too smart for you, Ned! No flies on her!"

Suddenly the situation was familiar and delicious. It was as if Sherry Calhoun's poor little wife had never been; as if there had never been anyone but Ginny Tuckerman, the small-town belle. She was arch and innocent at once, she bridled sweetly, her lashes fluttered but her eyes were clear and happy. She was the prettiest girl at the table and she knew it, and knew that it didn't matter the least bit if she was sort of dumb and never said things that were clever or unusual. She was little Ginny Tuckerman, and people would always love her for her pretty hair and her easy disposition.

I feel, she thought, as if I'd never been away from home, only happier, because I had to go away to know how happy I used to be. It's almost scary to feel so much at home again and be so happy.

WHEN she got back to the flower stand, Mrs. Polk had nearly finished filling the little flat basket of boutonnieres that Ginny was to carry on her arm.

"Say," she said, "I was watching you at supper. You were the life of the party. Never saw such a one to make friends. Listen, did you notice a young serviceman down to the end of the table?"

Ginny was fingering the flowers in the basket, making room for one or two more, very intent.

"Down in the end seat right across from me, wasn't he? Yes, I did."

"Well, that's my nephew. He's here on a furlough, and what I'm going to do is, I'm going to ask you to stay till the bazaar's over—that may be later than the last bus out Knights' way, they don't run real late—and then I'll get Jerry to run you out home; he's the boy, you know. He'd be glad to."

Mrs. Calhoun stood still, her head bent over the flowers.

"It won't be *real* late," she heard Mrs. Polk assuring her. "You can rest up tomorrow. Come on, Mrs. Calhoun, you be a sport and stay."

"All right," she said. She made herself smile and spoke again, getting her voice back into the words. "All right."

She was angry with herself because she could not understand or control the excitement of the panic breaking in her.

"Guess I'd better get started," she said, brightly, swinging the basket.

But Mrs. Polk said, "Wait. I'll go with you. Want to make you acquainted with Jerry."

"Does he know what you want him to do?"

"Sure he does. Told him when he got through his supper. He said, 'Fine.' "

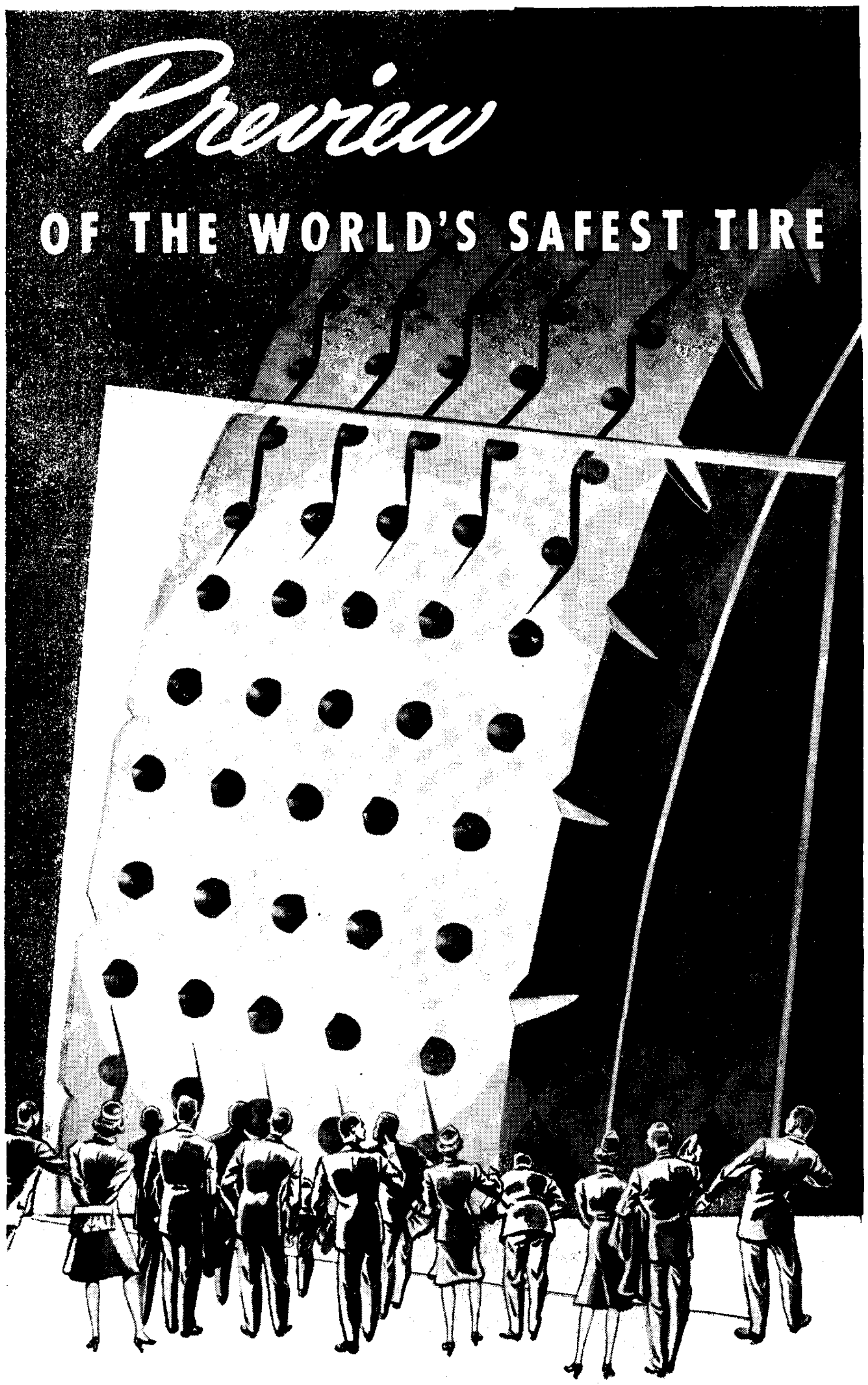
"Then look, Mrs. Polk, you just stay here with the flowers and we won't waste the time hunting him up. Sooner or later I'll run across him and then I'll just make myself known to him. All right?"

"Why, thank you, dear, that's real thoughtful. Sure you don't mind?"

Mrs. Calhoun smiled down at the little knots of sweet William and clove pink. "Mrs. Polk, don't you think an old married lady like me would look sort of foolish, being shy?"

And she started out, hearing the good-natured approving laughter behind her, feeling like a pickpocket.

But she went directly to Mr. Ebberley, as if she knew that he could give her back everything that she had momentarily lost—Belleville, and the lovely, self-confident simplicity of Ginny Tuckerman, the small-town darling. She nearly ran to him, as if he were Joseph's angel with a blessing in his gift, and she said, "Now, hold still while I fix it straight. The first one of all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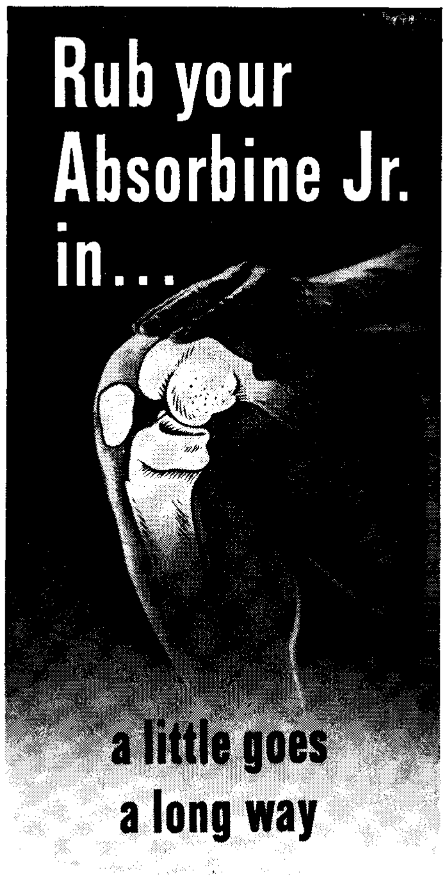
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goes to you, because you're my best beau, aren't you? He is, isn't he, Mrs. Ebberley? You heard him tell me so himself."

And in their warm laughter, their affectionate admiration, their acceptance, she was comforted, almost as assured and gay, almost as deliciously at home as she had been at the supper table.

She went on, happily, going to the older men first, letting their flattered delight consolidate her sense of security and, by the time her basket was empty and she had brought it back to Mrs. Polk, her color was high, her eyes shining; you would have taken her for a girl of twenty. She did not understand her happiness. But she said over and over to Mrs. Polk and the Ebberleys, "Why, I don't know when I've had so much fun. I'm behaving like a regular kid!"

MRS. POLK'S nephew, who had developed in the Army a taste for the world beyond the scope of a church bazaar without dancing, strolled down to the Poland House for a beer, played a pinball machine for some time, went to the Welcome Inn tavern for another beer, then wandered back to the bazaar, having good-naturedly promised his aunt to see one of the ladies home. A boarder at Knights', Mrs. Something-or-other.

So the evening was nearly over before Ginny walked up to him and said firmly, "You're Mrs. Polk's nephew, aren't you? I'm Virginia Calhoun. She says that you've been good enough to offer to drive me out to the Knights'."

The boy was startled. The calculating admiration, the unconscious effrontery of his earlier glance was gone, and in its place was a sort of apology, an unhappy confusion.

"That's right," he said. "Pleased to meet you, ma'am."

Heavens, she thought, I've been an awful fool. Why, I'm years older than this kid. Why, I'm practically his mother. I'm just crazy, these days, like I told Mr. Knight. I'm getting like old maids that take notions.

"I certainly appreciate it," she said. "I guess we'll meet by the stand. Come around when I get through helping Mrs. Polk clear away."

And she left him quickly. An odd sort of irritated disappointment, a tired feeling of humiliation was pulling her down. She was glad that the strings of electric lanterns had begun to blink, that the giggling group at the Girl Scout booth, excited by their late hours, had begun to sing, "Good Night Ladies;" that Mrs. Polk, beaming over the denuded counter, was beckoning her in.

"You look a mite tired," said Mrs. Polk. "My, but we certainly appreciate all you've done. Never let down one minute. We sure appreciate it."

"I loved it," said Mrs. Calhoun. "It was just like being home again."

But as she sat down in the car and leaned back, she felt a heavy wave of weariness overpower her. The boy got in beside her and started the motor. They turned in a half circle and headed out High Street, away from the center of town. Mrs. Calhoun let her eyelids fall, her lips droop half open; in the dark, confident of the young man's total indifference, she let her face sag, her body slouch heavily, her hands lie open on her thighs. It was a peculiar pleasure to yield to this awful heaviness. It was almost like dying. Oh, I'm so tired, her mind repeated, again and again, in a sort of luxury; I'm so tired.

Her absolute immobility, her absolute silence, frightened the young man beside her. He was not imaginative, but he had seen how lively she was at the bazaar, and his simple mind leaped to the guilty conclusion that he had offended her.

"Listen," he blurted suddenly, "I didn't mean to be fresh this morning. You know, giving you the once-over like that out in front of the post office."

Through the heaviness, through the weight of exhaustion, the young man's words struck sharply. Mrs. Calhoun pulled herself erect, she tightened and moistened her lips. But she could think of nothing to say.

The young man blundered wretchedly on.

"You know how it is, on a furlough in a little place," he said. "Maybe I was hoping for some fun; well, isn't that natural? Look, here you are, all dressed up to go to town, and well, see, naturally I looked at you as much as to say how's chances? But I didn't mean to be fresh."

Oh, thought Mrs. Calhoun, I'm going to cry. Oh, I mustn't cry.

"Listen," he said. "You see how it is, don't you? Don't be sore. Look, say you aren't sore."

"No," said Mrs. Calhoun. She turned her head and looked at him in the light from the dashboard, the big-featured, handsome, rather stupid young face, the disciplined shoulders, the wide, coarse hands on the wheel. "No," she said, "I'm not sore." As she heard her own words, all the tiredness left her as quickly as it had come, but in its place was a sensation of hurry that she understood less. A compulsive quality came into her words as if she could neither foresee nor prevent them.

"I'm not sore," she said. "I wasn't then."

He was relieved. "You didn't think I was fresh, then? You didn't notice me?"

"Yes, I did. I could see you sort of guessing. That's why I hurried off so fast. But I wasn't sore. I loved it."

The words startled her. They bewildered the young man, who was without subtlety.

"I don't get you," he said flatly, his voice almost resentful.

"I mean, I was glad you looked at me as if I was a pretty woman and you were interested in me. I thought at the fair, when you were different, that I'd been imagining it. Like old maids."

"I don't get you," he repeated. "You aren't what I thought. You're a married woman with a husband in the service like me. Are you trying to start something? You can't be."

The brutal words, the baffled, half-angry voice broke her compulsion, penetrated her to an unfamiliar depth of reality.

"I don't know," she said. "I don't want you to do anything you don't want to do, though. I'm certainly not asking for anything."

The soldier whistled, a short, exasperated sound.

"Miss your husband, hey?" he said. His voice was cold with disgust.

"No," she said, and she was surprised at her lucidity. "I don't and he doesn't miss me. I'm not the kind of person that gets missed. I don't even get noticed. I didn't even get in the way enough to make him ask me to divorce him and get out. I've been nothing for years, and I'm still nothing. Tonight it was like five years ago, when I was still a kid and stuck on myself and happy, before I married him. It wasn't like that when you looked at me. It made me happy, but not like a kid."

He listened patiently, not understanding, yet seeing that something serious was happening to the woman beside him, seeing that it was not a crass seduction as he had thought at first.

"I still don't get you," he said, more gently. "But I'm sorry I spoke to you like that. I guess I'm just dumb."

"Never mind," she said. "Look at it like this: You gave me back something I lost when I found out I was no good to Sherry. That's my husband. Just for a minute, I mean. Just then, this morning. And don't feel bad about this, now, or worry, or think I'm nuts or something. Just forget it."

SHE made herself smile at him, and she bowed her head while the tears flowed over her cheeks.

"What are you crying for?" he said. "Don't cry. Listen, don't cry."

"Look," she said. "Don't pay any attention to me. I can't stop, but please don't mind. It hasn't got anything to do with you."

But he had drawn over to the side of the road.

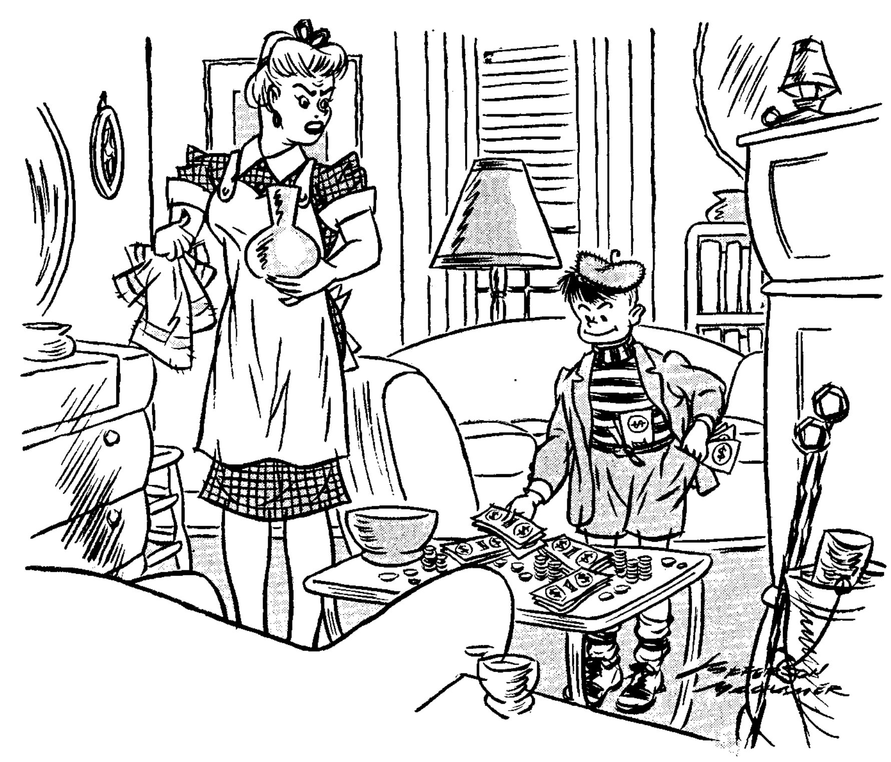
"Don't cry," he said again. He put out the lights. "Here," he said, "here."

After a long time she sighed, turning her head on his shoulder. She spoke, and he bent his head to hear her words.

"Thank you," she said. "Oh, thank you."

He laughed.

"Listen," he said. "Kissing you isn't the hardest chore I ever did." And then, the hard note coming back into his voice, "Look, a girl who can kiss like that never spent all that time in the back seat the



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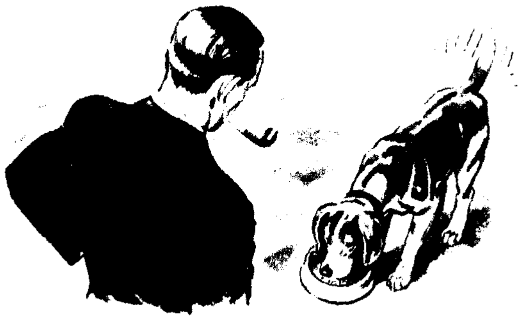

Because you'll find it so easy to feed

DOGS SPEAK FOR IT! Forget every dog food you've ever tried. For GAINES is *The Complete Meal* in every sense of the word. A meal that supplies complete nourishment—a meal that dogs just love—a meal surprisingly cheap to feed—prepared in 3 wags of a dog's tail! *Mix it with water. . . . Whistle. . . . Watch it disappear!*

4 BIG POINTS
that speak for Gaines

1. Provides complete nourishment. A scientifically balanced formula combining meat meal, cereals, dehydrated vegetables, milk nutrients, minerals, vitamins A, B_1, B_2, B_6, D, E, niacin and pantothenate—tested for adequacy, digestibility and ease of assimilation.

2. Dogs like it. Extensive surveys reveal 92% of dogs offered GAINES like it immediately . . . and do not tire of it. More GAINES is eaten than any other brand.

3. Easy to feed. GAINES is merely mixed with water and stirred.

4. Economical. Not only costs less to feed than meat and the usual type of baked and canned foods, but provides *complete* nourishment. It is sold under money-back guarantee — in 2-lb., 5-lb., 10-lb., 25-lb. and 50-lb. bags. No ration stamps!

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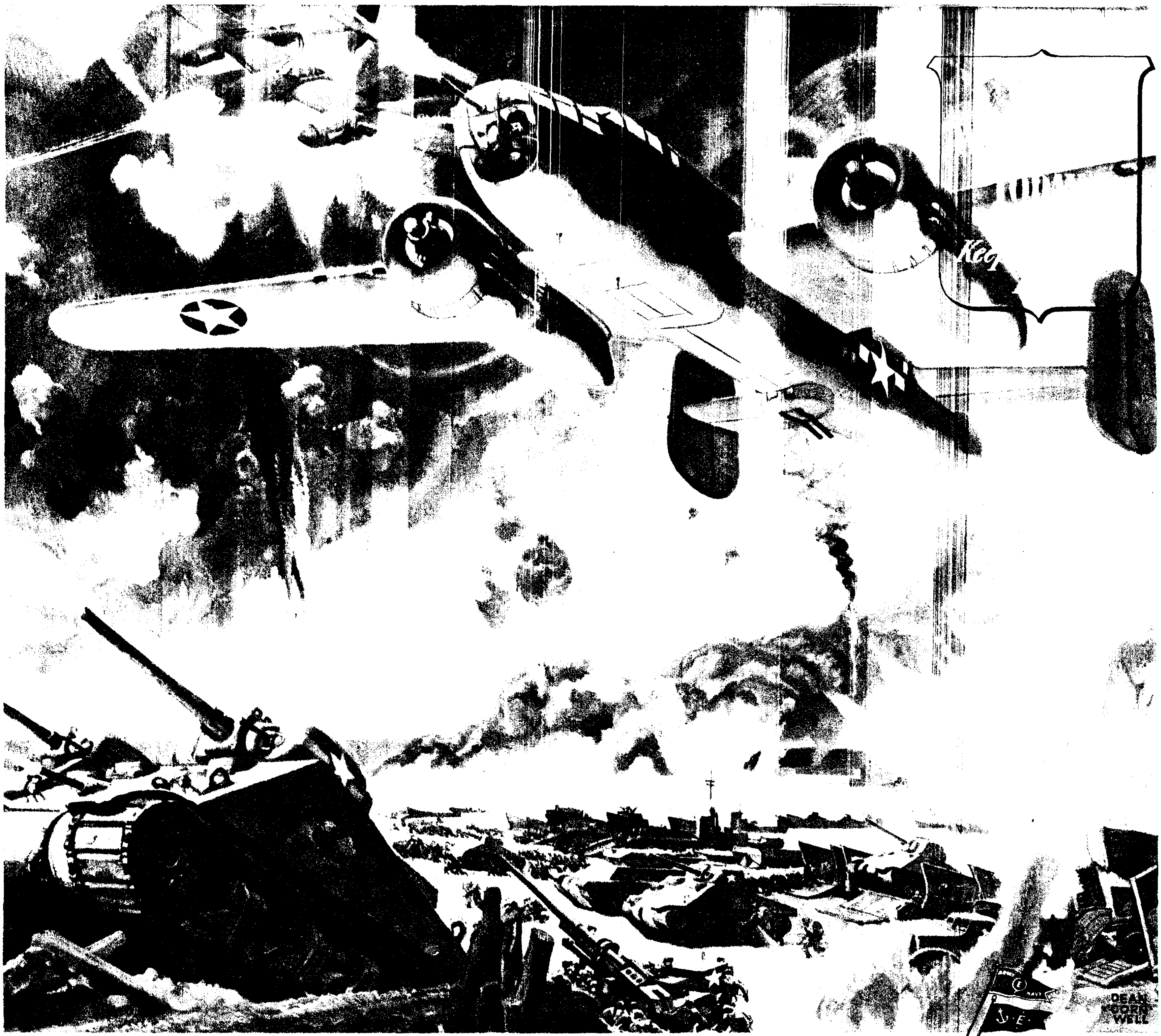
GAINES
MEAL

SPEAK FOR GAINES

THE COMPLETE MEAL FOR DOGS



On every fighting front *Fisher*

The Army-Navy "E" flies above four Fisher plants for excellence in aircraft production and from two others for tank production, while the Navy "E," with four stars, is flown by still another Fisher plant for its naval ordnance work.

THE men who do the fighting, whether on land, sea or in the air, know how important it is to have the best equipment.

They realize that the work we do in our factories can, if done well enough, give them a combat advantage.

We realize that, too. That's why we are devoting all the skills we have developed, all the crafts we have mastered, to give our armed forces the all-important edge.

Whether it's a plane, an anti-aircraft gun, a tank, or a highly sensitive flying instrument, each gets every technical plus we can give it — and that's several.

Craftsmanship is a Fisher tradition. And today we believe craftsmanship carries a particular punch of its own to give a fighting man a break when a break is more than welcome.

• • •

Every Sunday Afternoon
GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR
NBC Network

armament ~~BODY~~ BY *Fisher*

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

way you were making out. Not that I care now, you little devil."

She closed her eyes in the dark.

"It doesn't matter," she said. "And you won't believe me. But I've got to tell you just the same. I never kissed anyone like that before."

Then she felt his warm hands on her again.

"The funny thing is," he said, "I believe you. I believe you."

When they moved apart he turned on the lights and drove her the rest of the way to the Knights' farm without talking.

HE HELPED her out of the car and led her to the door. There was still a light burning in the parlor. Miss Knight had asked her to turn it out if she was the last one to come in.

The soldier looked at the window. "Folks still waiting up for you?" he said.

She shook her head. "I guess not. They leave the light for the last one in."

"Let me come in for a minute. I want to look at you again in the light."

"I sort of wish you wouldn't," she said.

"Why not?" he said. "I'm leaving tomorrow. I won't bother you any more."

"It isn't that."

"Well, why not?"

But she couldn't tell him that she didn't want him to see her looking tired and disheveled, so much older than he, not as he had found her in the dark, beautiful.

"All right," she said. "For a minute. Come in."

She walked ahead of him, into the parlor, her head hanging, the big handbag dangling at her side. Her hair was loosened from its crisp waves, her lips were no longer bright, and her nose was a little shiny. She looked as the boy had hoped she would look, good and gentle, open, a tender, honest woman. He was still, after a year in the Army, a strictly raised boy from the state of Maine, and the situation troubled him.

She turned and lifted her head, looking at him. "Well, good night," she said.

Suddenly his face broke up, and he caught his breath. "Oh, you're sweet," he said. "I wish you weren't married."

"It wouldn't make any difference anyway," she said, quietly. "I'm a lot too old for you."

That was not what he had meant, but he could not explain himself to her, explain the scruple that marred his happiness in her.

"I guess so," he said, awkwardly. Then he crossed the room to her.

"Let me kiss you again for good night," he said, "in here where I can see you. And for goodby." She was smaller than he had thought in the car. He could feel her lifting herself to him. "That's right, dear. That's right. Like that. Again."

Then he moved his head away from her, and looked down, his heavy features suffused, his eyes like a sleepwalker's, unfocused.

"Don't make me go away now," he said, very low. "Don't make me go. They're all asleep, now. You want me to stay, too. You want me to."

The powerful tide of his feelings blinded him so that it was some seconds before he actually saw her face. She was looking toward the door of the room, and his slow eyes followed her look. Miss Knight was standing in the doorway, watching them. As he looked at her, she turned and walked up the stairs.

Mrs. Calhoun and the boy moved apart.

"I guess I've messed things up for you," he said, heavily.

"No," she answered, "you mustn't ever think that. No."

She took his hand and led him to the door. "Good night," she said. "Thank you for . . . for bringing me home."

"Good night," he said. He hesitated, as if he wanted to say something else, but no words came. After a few moments he turned and ran down the walk to the car.

She shut the door and went upstairs. She finished packing her bag before she went to bed.

She did not see Miss Knight in the morning. The thirteen-year-old hired girl waited on her at breakfast. The girl always looked sly and ill at ease. It was likely, thought Mrs. Calhoun, that she only imagined a difference in her manner.

Mr. Knight drove her to the station. He was grave and quiet, helping her into the car, but she could feel his kindness as she had felt it yesterday.

"We'll go by the back road," he said, "for a change. It's real pretty."

The brier roses were flowering by the stone wall, and he drove slowly for her to see them. The field opposite bore a tangle of cow vetch, the clear blue-purple pea blossoms that love spare soil and salt air. Down the slope, east to the distant blue line of the ocean, the poverty grass, iridescent and lovely, blew in long waves.

"I hate to leave this place," said Mrs. Calhoun, suddenly.

"I'm sorry you got to go."

"Mr. Knight," she said, "those people were so good to me, they took me in, and now they wouldn't speak a word for me. And still, I'm their kind. I belong with them."

"You mean, you used to be. You did, once, you mean."

"I guess that's right."

She bent her head, silent for a while. When she looked up at him he was watching the road, but she knew that he was thinking about her, and kindly, and insofar as she understood herself she wanted him to understand her, too.

"Mr. Knight," she said, "about that boy. I never did anything like that before."

"I guessed that, Mrs. Calhoun."

"He's a very nice boy. Plain, somehow, and good. I . . . I hope it didn't mix him up or anything. For long, I mean."

She wanted to be reassured, but Mr. Knight shook his head.

"Well, now," he said, "I don't much expect it did. Hard to tell, though, about kids. Big responsibility."

SHE hung her head, looking at the stitched backs of her blue traveling gloves, the big, transparent clasp on her blue purse.

"He thought I was . . . well . . . bad, at first. But then he was kind to me, the way you are kind. Only now I don't know what to do."

"About the boy?"

"No, about me."

They had come to the station. Mr. Knight checked her bag and stood beside her on the station platform.

"Suppose you'll go back to that nice little apartment you were telling my sister about?"

She shook her head. "No," she said. "I can't do that."

He waited, not asking her why.

"I don't know what it will be," she said, "but whatever I do it won't just be something I used to want, or something I don't dare look close at. I've been that way too long. I've got to get going."

"You ought to have a job," said Mr. Knight.

"Yes," she said.

"And a home, and children."

"Yes," she said again, but less confidently.

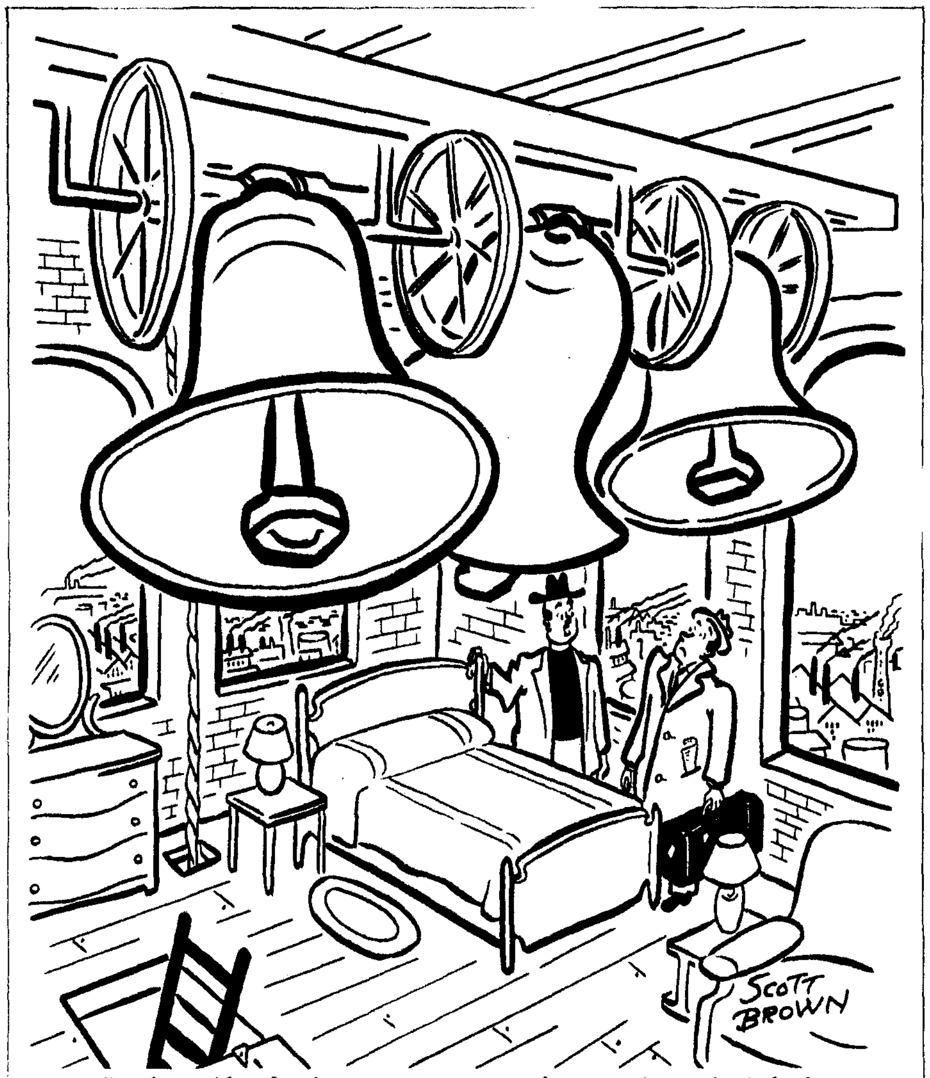
"And a good husband," he said.

She could not speak. The train came in. He took her hand, shaking it hard, smiling at her with his ageless, blue, sailor's eyes.

"You'll make out," said Mr. Knight.

The words were ordinary enough, but Mrs. Calhoun heard them for what they were, a farewell and a blessing. She got into the train. She was not altogether sure of her destination, and she was making a late start, but she was on her way.

THE END



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Mrs. Miniver Writes an Advertisement

"How hopelessly people fail, Mrs. Miniver thought, when they try to describe flying to someone who has never done it. They leave out all the really important things. They tell you that it saves time and (taking everything into account) money; they tell you that it makes the earth look like a map, cows like ants, and cars like beetles. But they don't tell you that it is staggering, tremendous; that it is not merely an experience but a rebirth; that it gives you for the first time in your life the freedom of a new dimension (for although we know that there are three of them, we are forced to move mainly in two: so that our sense of up-and-downness is necessarily dim and undeveloped compared with our acute perception of the to-and-fro). They don't tell you that when you are up there it is the aeroplane that seems to be the safe solid core of things, while the earth is a distant planet upon which unfamiliar beings move among unthinkable dangers. They don't tell you, either, that you will be torn all the time between an immense arrogance and an immense humility, so that you are at one moment God and at the next a nameless sparrow. Nor do they tell you what it feels like to thread your way among the noble and exciting architecture of the clouds; nor how—best of all—you may suddenly find a rainbow arched across the tip of your wing, as though you had caught it in passing and carried it along with you." [From the book *Mrs. Miniver* by Jan Struther.]

* * *

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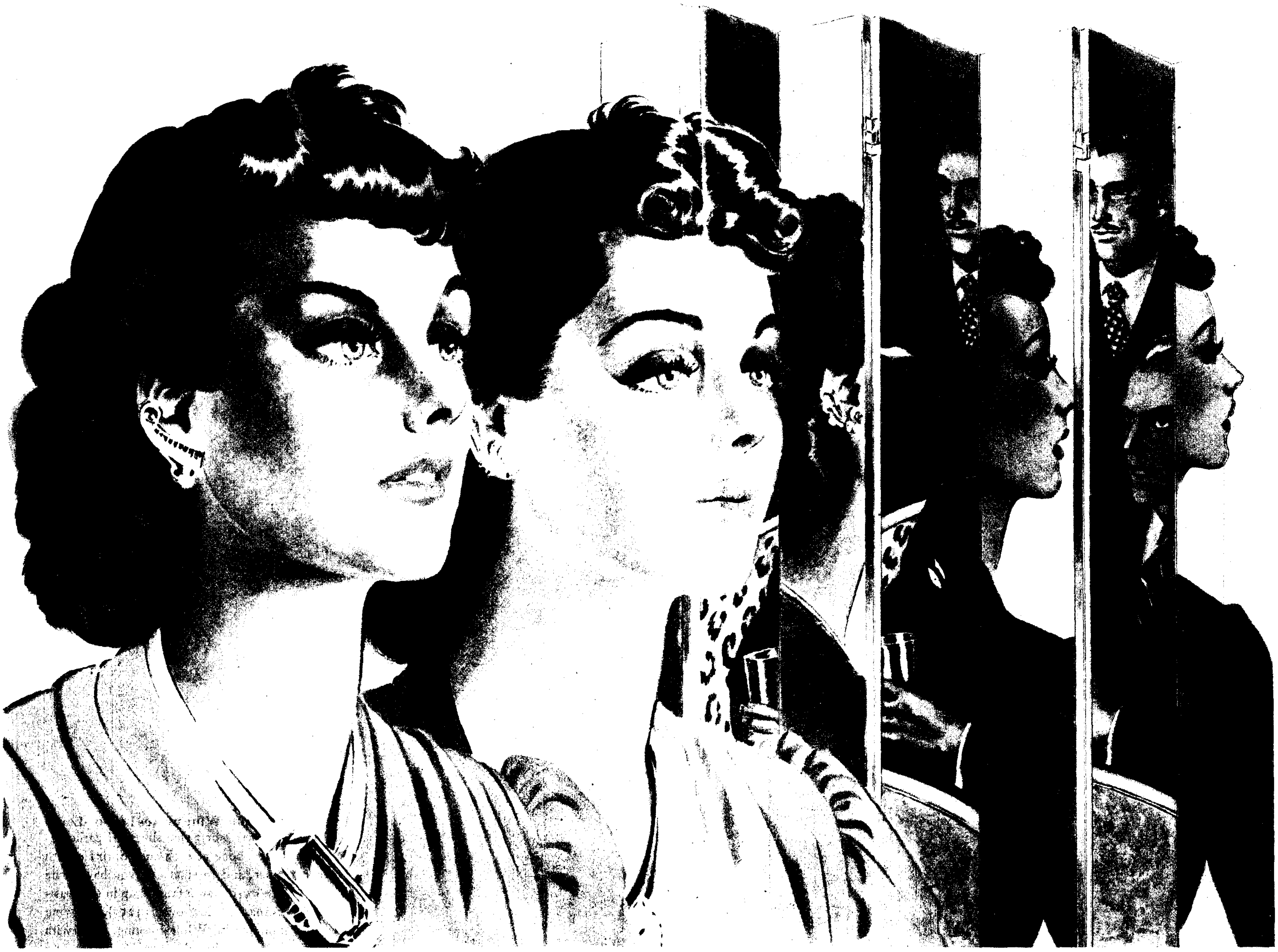


Back in the other room I had sensed the difference between them, but now, smartly dressed and coiffed, they presented a united front

REMEMBER THE STORME TWINS?

BY RUTH LYONS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

If you've ever wondered what it's like to fall in love with someone who has a twin, you'll enjoy this story of a man who had his heart split right down the middle

I WAS in New York on furlough. It was a hot July evening, and I was walking along a side street in the East Fifties with a kid from my outfit. He was a nice kid, but only twenty-four, and he made me feel like a graybeard. I serve the Army in Public Relations, which is all I seem to be good for at my extreme age of forty.

Well, anyway, we were walking along that quiet street and we came to a brownstone house that had a stunted pavement-bound tree struggling for existence in front of it. At sight of the familiar lines of the house and the tree, I stopped dead and put my hand against the rough bark of the tree and remembered all the times I'd gone into that house, carrying hope or happiness or despair along with me.

I thought of Sara and Francesca, who had lived there, thought of walking into that elegant parlor of theirs and seeing those two, who were so dissimilar by nature, identically dressed. I hadn't thought of either of them for several years, but right then, with my hand on the bark of that familiar tree, I realized they'd both been crawling around inside my brain or heart or whatever the organ is that harbors the memory of people and things once very important.

I said to the kid, "Remember the Storme twins?"

"No," he said. "Did they sing or dance?"

I said, "Well, neither for a living, and you're too young to remember them, anyway. They were running high, wide and handsome in the early thirties. You'd see them around at all the exclusive speakeasies and later the respectable joints, always looking very stunning and always dressed exactly alike, and people would stare at them—"

All of a sudden it caught up with me, and I could feel the memory of it all through me, the deep wrenching nostalgia for things long lost but not forgotten.

The kid said, "Let me guess. You were in love with both—"

"Wrong. Only one. I detested the other one. As a matter of fact, they weren't twins. They weren't even sisters. And in the third place, as the story goes, their name wasn't even Storme."

He said, "Are you feeling all right, Daddy?"

"Look, you run along, boy. I just remembered something."

I thought: I'll just look in the phone book and see if I can find either one listed. And as I walked along, searching for a pay station, I was wondering if the kid would have been bowled over by the twins if he'd met them when I had. . . .

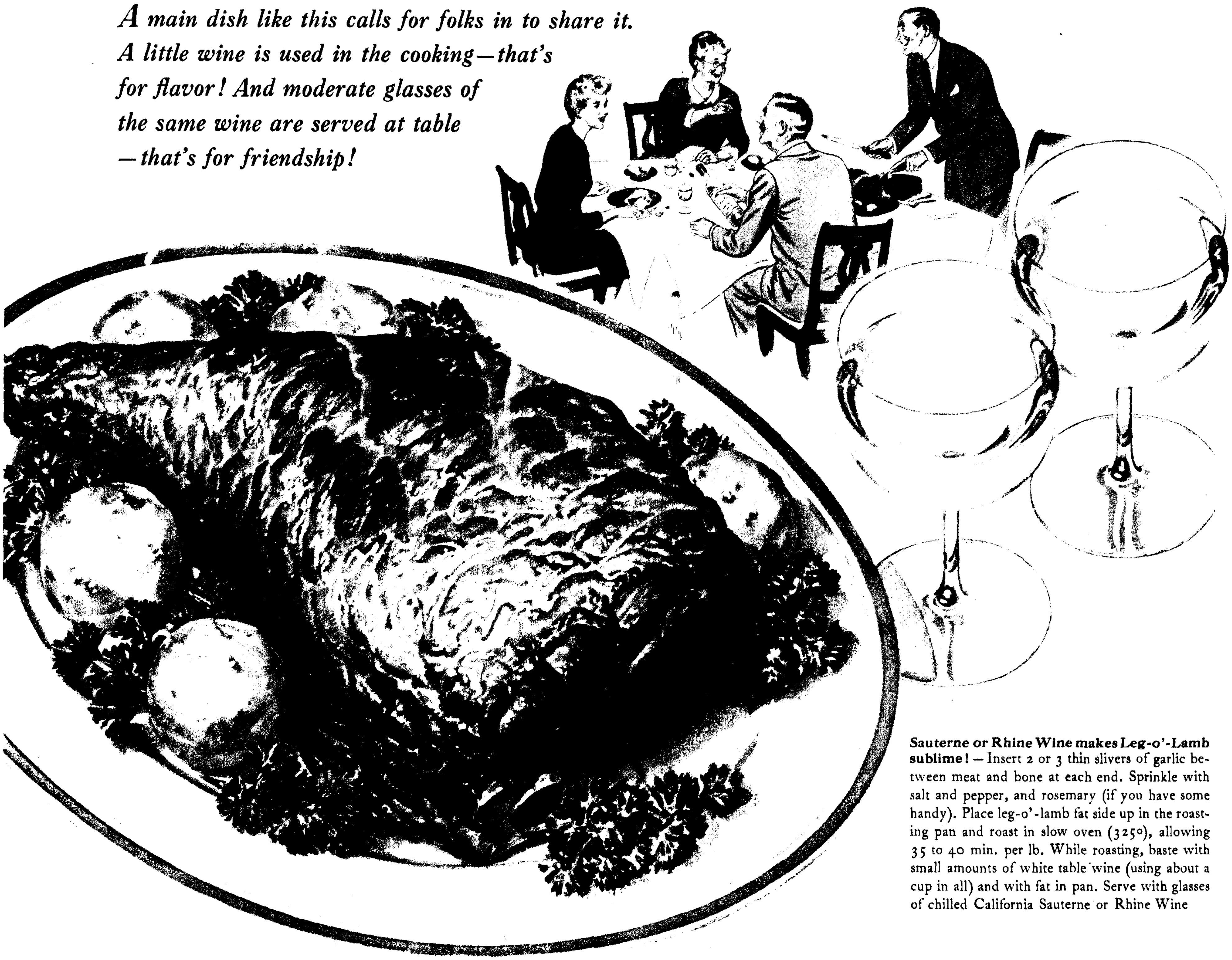
I met them one at a time. Francesca first. One spring day in 1932, I'd looked up from my desk in the Grayleaf Advertising Company to see my secretary ushering her in, and with my first sight of Francesca Storme, I thought: Well, I brought this on myself—because I had insisted on talking to the Stormes when the art director told me the price they were asking to do the art for a new campaign.

I'd seen a lot of their work and read an interview or two, but I'd never met them. They were very clever and very successful and had built up a small mystery legend about themselves. They'd shot up rapidly the way so many young people did in those days, but all anybody knew about them was that they were twins and signed their work simply "The Stormes."

Well, we wanted them badly for the new campaign, but they were asking far too much. And there stood Miss Francesca Storme in my office, looking knockout in a black tailored suit and a huge black hat that no other woman would dare to wear with a suit like that.

She stood there smiling coolly, almost

A main dish like this calls for folks in to share it. A little wine is used in the cooking—that's for flavor! And moderate glasses of the same wine are served at table—that's for friendship!



Sauterne or Rhine Wine makes Leg-o'-Lamb sublime!—Insert 2 or 3 thin slivers of garlic between meat and bone at each end. Sprinkle with salt and pepper, and rosemary (if you have some handy). Place leg-o'-lamb fat side up in the roasting pan and roast in slow oven (325°), allowing 35 to 40 min. per lb. While roasting, baste with small amounts of white table wine (using about a cup in all) and with fat in pan. Serve with glasses of chilled California Sauterne or Rhine Wine

WINE lends a magic touch to wartime meals

IT BOLSTERS THE SPIRIT to have friends over for dinner. Especially when you've saved up the "points" to set out a tempting roast.

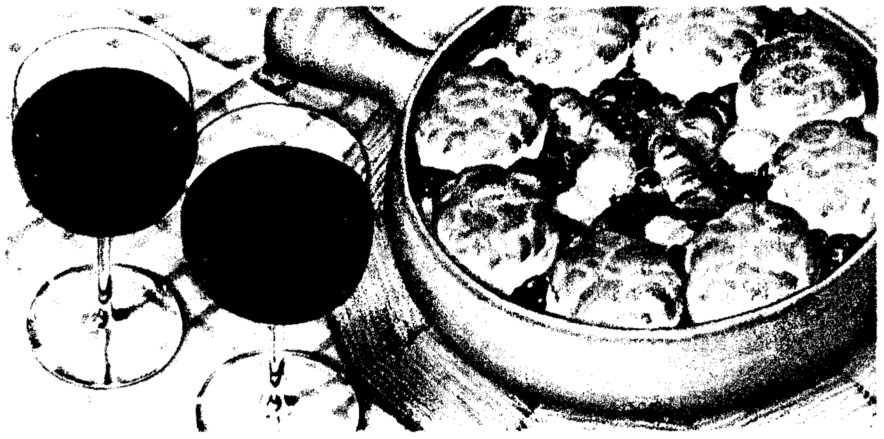
So make the most of the goodness that's in such a kingly piece of meat. As it sizzles under the oven heat, baste your leg-o'-lamb with a little golden table wine.

And when the meat is carved, serve the same good wine in glasses. It's a recipe for good company and a good evening—as well as for that which is best in toothsome eating. Try it, and see.

Try also the more simple wartime dishes that become so extra good when wine is used in the cooking. Notice the one pictured at the right. In a new booklet just printed there are 75 tested wartime recipes. Write for your copy today. It will be sent *free* by the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco 5, California.

●There's a welcome in the moderate glass of Sherry that's served before the meal begins. Sherry, like the Table Wines and the after-dinner-glass of Port or Muscatel, is *a natural companion of food*

BEFORE ALL ELSE —BUY BONDS



Leftovers make this tasty Burgundy Lamb Pie—To serve 4 or 5, coarsely dice 3 or 4 potatoes and 3 carrots; add 6 small onions; cover with boiling salted water. Cook tender. Don't drain. Add 1 cup tomatoes, ½ cup Burgundy wine; thicken with 2 tbsps. flour blended with 2 tbsps. butter or bacon drippings. Add 1½ to 2 cups coarsely diced cooked lamb. (Leftover cooked vegetables may be added also.) Season to taste. Pour into casserole. Top with unbaked biscuits. Bake in hot oven (400°) 20 to 30 min. or until biscuits are well browned. At table, serve moderate glasses of California Burgundy superciliously at me, and all of a sudden I could have slapped her pretty face. If there was anything I detested it was those smart career girls who thought men in business were merely suckers to be exploited.

I pulled out a chair for her and said, "Look, just because you're beautiful, don't think you can hold us up on price."

She said, "I'm only half the team, and the other half looks even better."

"Why didn't you bring her along too?" I asked. "Or don't you think you need the extra ammunition?"

She laughed. "Really, Mr. Galaway, we're not holdup artists. Sara would have come, but she's in bed with a slight coryza."

And I said, in the so-called wit of the day, "Why doesn't she pick on a husky American?" I could have kicked myself for that, but Francesca Storme had some quality that irritated me and made me act like a fool.

She stood there looking at me for a long moment, not even smiling at my feeble sally, and then she said, "It's almost teatime. Why don't you knock off and come over to our shack and meet Sara?"

I don't know why I did, but I said, "Fine," and as soon as I did I regretted it because I knew right then she'd won.

I WALKED four blocks before I found a phone booth, and I flipped open the book and found "Storme, Francesca." It used to be listed "Stormes, The." I took a deep breath and dialed the number, and then I heard Francesca say, "Hello."

Her voice sent a little shiver through me. It made me think of all the times I'd heard her cold voice over a telephone. But mostly it made me think of that one time when she'd said, "Sara doesn't want to speak to you."

I said, very formal, "Hello, Miss Storme? This is Mr. Galaway."

There was a long, tight silence, and I said slowly and with anger, "Don't give me that corny 'Whoever can he be?' routine. This is Jim Galaway. The big dope who was in love with Sara. You remember?"

She said clearly, "Yes, I remember very well, Jim."

"How's Sara?"

She paused again, and then she said, "Why don't you come over and I'll tell you all about it? Perhaps I can get her to drop in later."

I said coldly, "Fine," wondering if she meant that last.

Her place was ten blocks distant, and I decided to walk, so I walked some more and I thought some more.

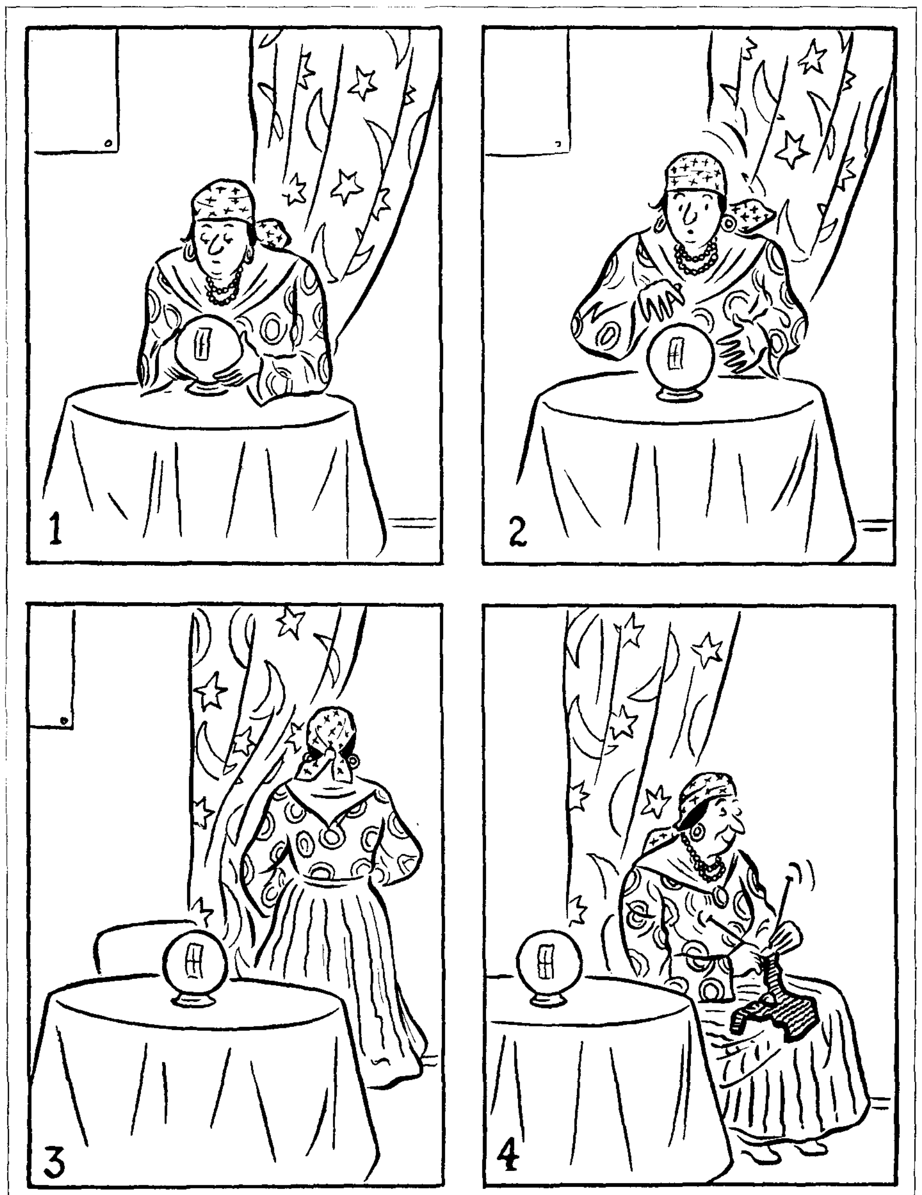
I thought about leaving the office that first day, with Francesca sitting beside me in a taxi that was suddenly and subtly filled with her fragrance. She was an exciting wench all right, and I remember thinking: Heaven help the man who loves you! He wouldn't have a shred of soul left to call his own.

But when I helped her out of the taxi, she put her hand on my arm. Her face was close to mine, her fragrance seemed all around me, and a sort of weakness came over me. I thought: Oh, Lord, don't let me fall for a lass like this! But by the time we got to her door, I was trying, rather sophomorically I'm afraid, to think of an amusing way to ask her to dinner the next evening.

I never made whatever clever remark I thought of, however, because when I was inside the apartment, I met Sara.

It was a beautiful, spacious-roomed apartment, decorated very elegantly in Early Modern—emerald-green walls, with mirrored screens and leopard-skin chairs and large, fuzzy white sofas.

Francesca led me to a room beyond and knocked at a door that was partly open.



COLLIER'S

DAVE HUFFINE

"Sara," she called. "Are you decent, darling? I have a man."

A voice called back, "Yes, of course," and we went in.

The first thing I saw was the pretty girl propped up against pillows on an immense bed with a mirrored headboard. And then I saw the big nice-looking young man sitting beside the bed.

For the first moment since we'd met, Francesca Storme seemed unsure of herself. Her face went blank and a little hard, but her composure returned swiftly and she turned to me with a laugh.

She said, "Well, she seems to have picked on a husky American, after all."

While she made the introductions, I was thinking she had been right when she said the other half looked better. Sara had the same dark hair and eyes and pale skin, but the lips were fuller and softer, the smile tenderer. She was wearing a frilly mauve bed jacket and there was something gentle and feminine and soft about her that went straight to my hard-bitten heart. I wanted to walk up to her and say, "You can have me on a platter any time you want."

Francesca said, "Wherever on earth did you get that bed jacket, dear? It doesn't go with the apartment at all."

Sara looked a little guilty. "George brought it to me. He thinks it's my type."

Francesca looked at George with an expression that seemed to say: He *would.* She said, "George, you take Mr. Galaway out of here and whip him up a drink. I think Sara is well enough to get up, don't you, dear?"

Sara said eagerly, "Oh, yes, Francesca."

While George went to fix the drinks, I noticed the bedroom door had swung open and went back to close it. I heard Francesca say, "You little fool, do you want to spoil everything?"

Sara murmured, "I didn't think you could get him to come."

"Don't be silly. And another thing, about that bed jacket: You know how I feel about your accepting personal gifts from men."

Sara cried, "Can't I ever be human? Can't I ever have any fun?"

I CLOSED the door then and I felt warm and uncomfortable and angry. I thought: What a terrible life for that kid, to be dominated by her sister like that! I realized, too, that the scene had all been prearranged, with me as the sucker. Oddly enough, instead of despising them both, I felt sorry for Sara because I knew she'd been forced into her role by the stronger sister.

When they came out together, smiling, giving off that electric current of charm and excitement that I was always to associate with them, they seemed perfect doubles. Back there in the bedroom, I had sensed the difference between them, but now, dressed and coiffed identically, they presented a united front. They were quite a sight.

Later, when I knew they weren't sisters, I used to marvel at how they took everyone in. They were virtually the same height and build. They both had the same shade of dark hair and eyes and that creamy skin that writers used to describe as gardenia white; and although their features weren't similar, when two tall, striking brunettes dress alike and call themselves twins, it just doesn't occur to you to doubt that they are.

We had a cocktail, and the telephone kept ringing, and finally two more presentable men arrived to take the twins to dinner.

Francesca said to me, "Why don't you come along, too, Mr. Galaway? We're going to Tony's."

I said, with real regret, that I had an engagement.

Sara saw me to the door and said softly, "If you get away early, why don't you

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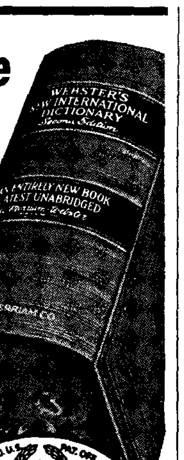

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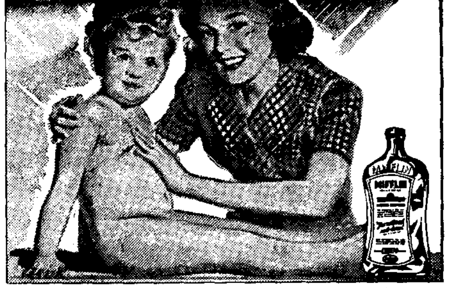

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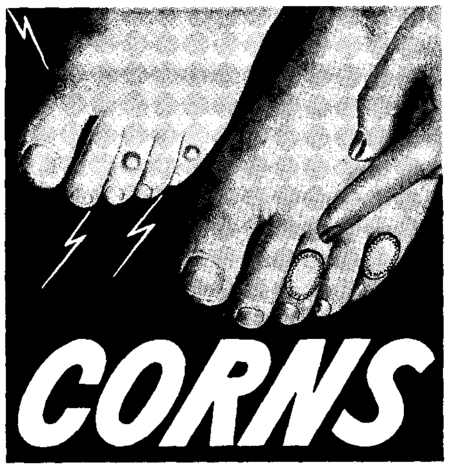

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drop in here later? I haven't had a chance to get acquainted with you."

I went out, practically floating, and I had dinner with an unimportant girl in a speak-easy that wasn't Tony's, but I was right along with the twins and their men, seeing them sweep into Tony's, as I was to see them sweep into many restaurants in the years that followed, taking over the place immediately, with everyone looking at them and wondering about them.

I took the other girl home early and hurried back to that brownstone house. I tapped the bark of the stunted tree for luck on my way in.

Francesca came to the door and clasped my hands in hers and gave me a brilliant welcoming smile. "How nice! How nice!" she cried softly.

I said, "Now, now, you don't have to give me the works, my dear. You'll get the job at your price. I've already decided that." It was crude of me, I know, but I was still annoyed by the trick she'd tried earlier. I added, "And in the future, you don't have to stage any more Camille acts for me."

I have to hand it to her, she had poise and nerve. Her face clouded for only an instant and then she laughed and said, "Oh, you got it! You know, I was afraid you might, as soon as I met you. I had a hunch we'd underestimated you. Well, the next trick will be more carefully thought out, I assure you."

I didn't like the sound of that, but I followed her into the emerald-green room, and Sara said delightedly, "Oh, Mr. Galaway, how nice!" but it sounded all right from her. I went and sat beside her on one of the fuzzy white sofas, and my evening officially began.

I was too busy for several weeks after that to have much time for social dalliance with the Stormes, and they were busy, too, with their sketches. They'd fly into our offices now and then, creating quite a flurry, but we didn't have much time for pleasantries.

ON MY rare free evenings, I would call to invite Sara to dinner or the theater, but she would always insist, a little reluctantly it seemed to me, on including Francesca and some other man. The third or fourth time this happened, I said angrily into the phone, "Aren't you ever allowed to go anywhere without your sister?"

She said, as if reciting a piece, "We're inseparable, Jim. I guess that's the way twins are."

I said, "I've heard all that stuff before. I've read your interviews, too."

After a brief pause, she whispered, "I'll fix it, Jim. Truly."

And she did, finally. I waited impatiently for her in the cocktail lounge where we'd planned to meet, and I must have been in quite a state, because it's a funny thing that, when I saw her coming toward me, I thought of that first day I had seen Francesca come into my office, and a strange sort of excitement beat at me with the odd notion that this was Francesca again. But when I took Sara's hand and felt the warmth of her fingers, a profound relief came over me that it was Sara, after all.

She was altogether different away from Francesca. She was gay and eager and excited. She said, "Oh, Jim, what fun! I feel like a new person. I feel reckless, Jim. It's wonderful."

In the taxi on our way to the next place, I kissed her, and she came into my arms softly and sweetly, and with her fragrance all around me, I again had that odd sense of interchangeability, as if she had suddenly become Francesca, remembering that same fragrance in a taxi with Francesca.

At dinner, she said, "It's marvelous, being alone with you, Jim. Being away from Francesca. It's like—getting out from under a hammer—"

She stopped and put her hand to her mouth. "What a terrible thing for me to say! She's really wonderful, Jim. She's so strong and sure of herself. I don't know where I'd be without her. I feel so ungrateful sometimes when I resent her planning my life for me."

I said, "I should think you would. But I suppose you'll tell me that twins have a stronger sense of loyalty toward each other."

She gave me an odd look and then started to laugh, and when I asked her what was funny, she wouldn't tell me. But I kept at her until she finally said very soberly, "All right, I'll tell you, Jim. You'll be the only one I've ever told. But you must promise you'll never let Francesca know. I don't know what she'd do if she knew I'd told you."

And there in that restaurant, I learned that the twins weren't sisters. They'd met in art school and had become fast friends and decided to live together. They did a poster together, and it turned out amazingly well, and then they had the great idea.

"We both wanted to get somewhere and we worked well together, and we thought: Why not go the whole way and make it a sister act, a twin act? It wasn't such a crazy idea, as people often thought we were sisters, anyway. You know how hard it is to break into this racket if you're fresh from art school. We thought if we went around to art directors as twins, we'd make a definite impression, and they'd certainly remember us. The idea had a lot of good publicity value, too."

"Very ingenious," I said dryly.

"So we cast about for a good dramatic name that they'd remember, too, and we came up with Storme."

I said, "You certainly did."

"My name is really Madison, and Francesca's"—she giggled, but it was a charming giggle—"Francesca's is Smith. We're not even the same age. I'm twenty-two, and Francesca's twenty-three."

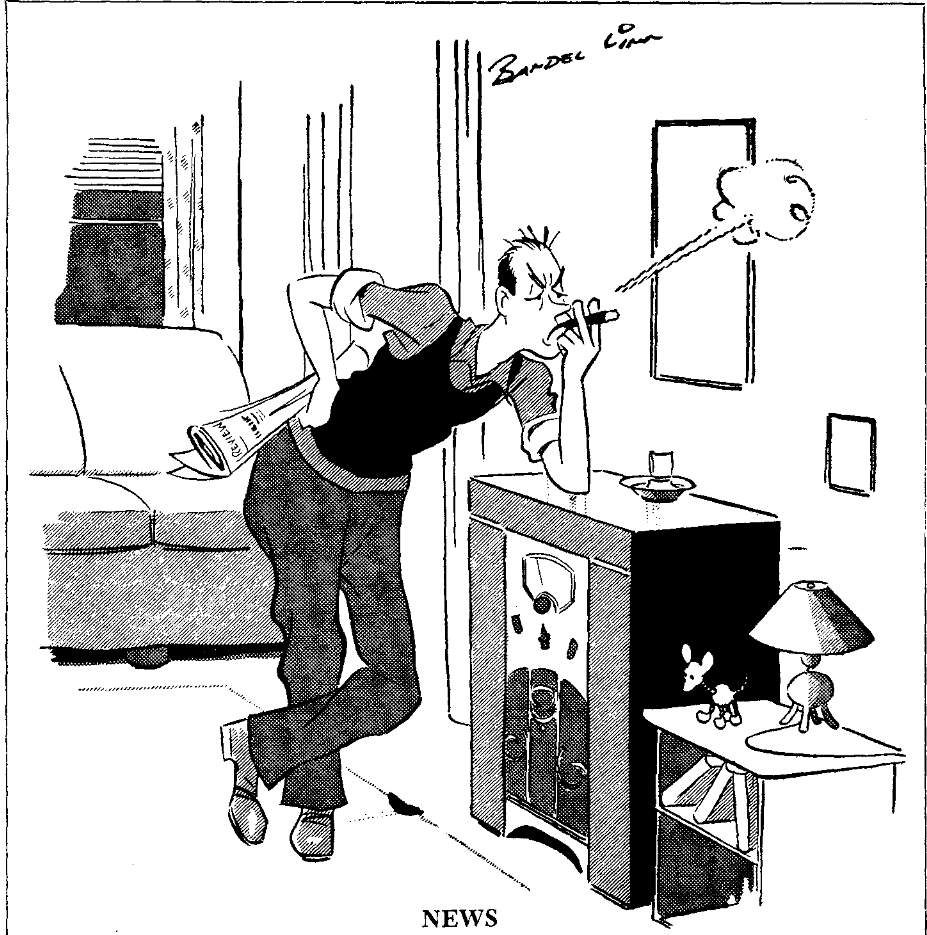
It was a shock, and I couldn't do anything for a long time but just sit there, trying to adjust myself to it. And then the full implication of the thing hit me. I said, "Well, that's wonderful. My sweet idiot, why do you let her walk over you? She has no hold on you."

She said patiently, "But we made a bargain, Jim, and we promised we wouldn't break up the team unless it was mutually agreeable. I couldn't walk out on her anyhow, because we have a two-year lease on the apartment. Besides, I'm very fond of Francesca."

I didn't argue any more about it that night. It was all too bewildering. In the taxi on the way home, she clung to me passionately and even cried a little, and I held her hard in my arms, and we said all the well-known unnecessary words that people say when they're in love, and it was all wonderful and beautiful, with a melancholy tinge to it.

She said Francesca would be furious if she knew she'd sneaked out to be with me, so I got out of the taxi two blocks away from their home; and that was my first taste of what my unhappy love affair with Sara was going to be like.

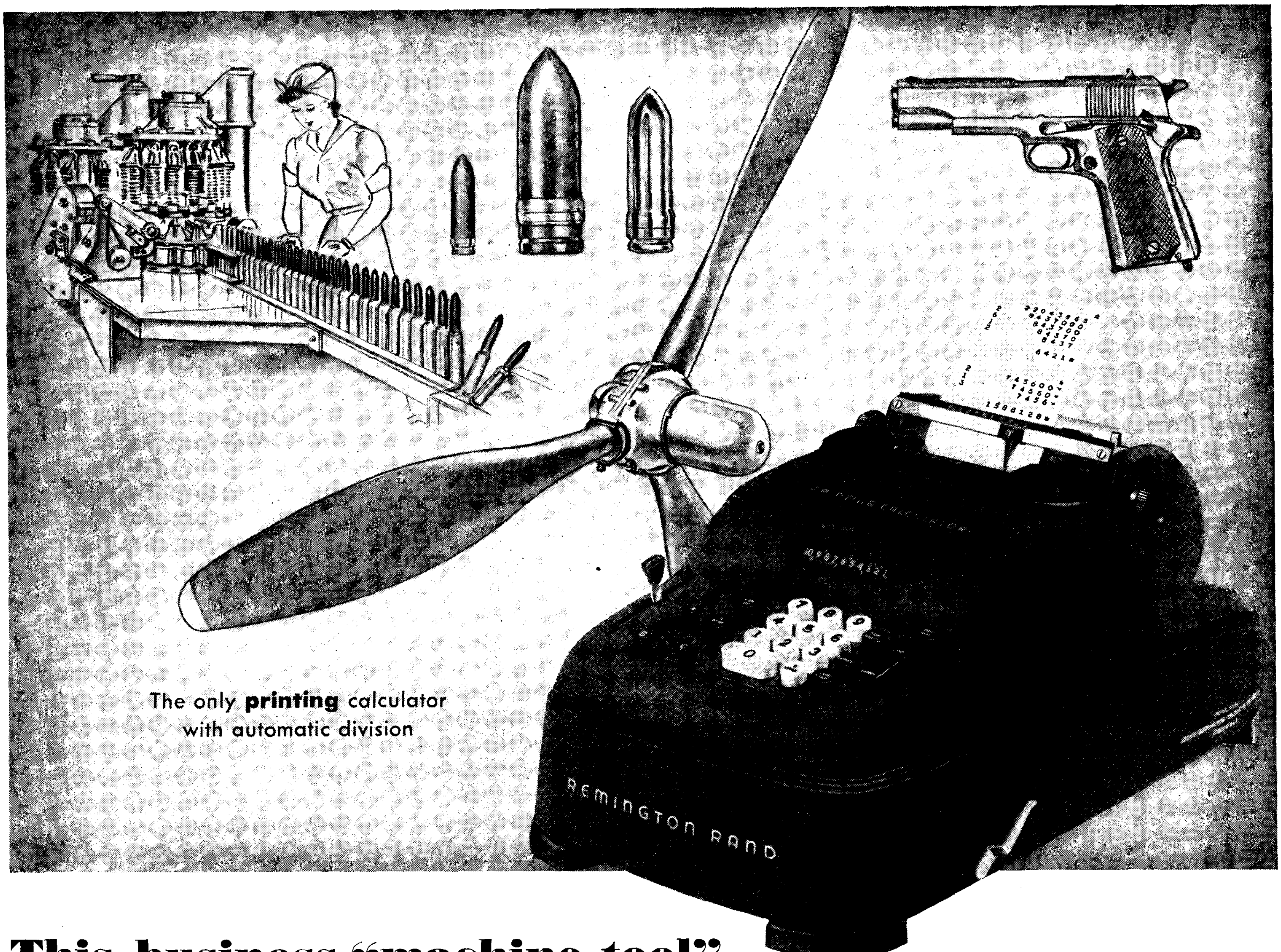
I CAME to the address Francesca had just given me over the telephone and I saw it was a remodeled brownstone with a lot of glass brick marching across its front. I remembered it had been another brownstone they had moved to from the stunted-tree house. That next apartment had been decorated in what Francesca



NEWS

". . . and he stated that a Republican presidential victory was a definite certainty, even though there was a bitter fight going on within the party. Wendell Willkie is far in the lead, but 'Stop Willkie' forces are marshaling every effort to cut this lead. Governor Bricker of Ohio seems to be gaining some delegates despite his apparent unwillingness to make any definite statements on leading issues of the day. Alf Landon, G.O.P. candidate in '36, told reporters he was not running this year, but New York's Tom Dewey has also made this statement and seems to be getting good support. In Los Angeles a group of women's clubs are said to be backing the nomination of Frank Sinatra, and in Wingate, Indiana, a farm organization has suggested that one Harvey Smirch is the man to lead the country . . ."

COLLIER'S BANDEL LINN



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called "screaming Victorian," all fringe and fat white cupids and tufted satin chairs in shocking pinks and acid greens.

I wondered what period Francesca was living in now behind her glass brick. I wondered if she still had that pink Victorian love seat where I'd sat beside her with rage and a lot of other things burning through me one New Year's afternoon a long time ago.

It was more than two years after that spring day when I'd met them. I had wanted to marry Sara right away, but she said we'd have to wait until their lease expired. I never saw as much of her as I wanted to. They had so many business-social duties, and Francesca so often had a prior claim on her time.

It was during the summer of the following year that Francesca said coldly to me over the telephone, "Sara doesn't want to speak to you."

I yelled, "I don't believe it. You've talked her into this. Put her on." But she hung up, and when I called back and let the phone ring and ring, there was no answer.

THE next day, Sara said, "I don't know why she said that, Jim. We were on our way out to the theater, Francesca and another man, and Mr. Bentley and me. Perhaps she thought if I talked to you, we'd be late, and Mr. Bentley would be annoyed. She's been throwing Bentley at me for quite a while now. I suppose because he's rich and influential. He owns several magazines, and we're going to do a series of illustrations for one of them."

I said furiously, "What are you—the come-on girl? The bait? It sounds pretty cheap and sordid to me. Why do you stand for it?"

Her face changed in a way I'd never seen before—defiant and frightened all at once. She whispered, "Jim, don't say that. It's not really cheap, or sordid. A girl has to play every angle if she wants to get somewhere. Can't you see? It's sort of a game."

I said, "Is that the way she talked you into it? Look, I'm trying to open your eyes. She'll ruin you if you don't get away from her."

She'd only say wretchedly, "Don't talk about it, Jim, please."

We'd have those fruitless talks, and then she'd come into my arms, eager and soft and reckless. That was always the best part.

When the lease was up, I made her leave Francesca, and she moved temporarily into a hotel, but she wouldn't be rushed into marriage. She said she wanted to see how it was to stand on her own feet for a while. I talked the art director into giving her a job on her own, and her first sketches were very lovely.

But she was slow. I had to keep nagging at her to get at them, and once she cried out, "Oh, Jim, stop hammering at me. You're as bad as Francesca." Then the tears came and she said contritely, "I don't know what I'm saying any more. I've been so upset. Francesca's been after me, urging me to go back to her."

I called Francesca the next day and said hotly, "Why don't you leave Sara alone? Let her get her self-confidence back. She's doing fine, if only you'll stop bothering her."

She didn't say anything, and for no apparent reason I suddenly felt sorry for her. Then she said smugly, "Everything's wonderful with me, too. It's nice being a lone wolf again."

I said, "I see. Everything's wonderful, but you're still trying to get Sara back."

There was another pause, and then she said coolly, "Certainly I'm trying to get her back. And I will, too," and hung up.

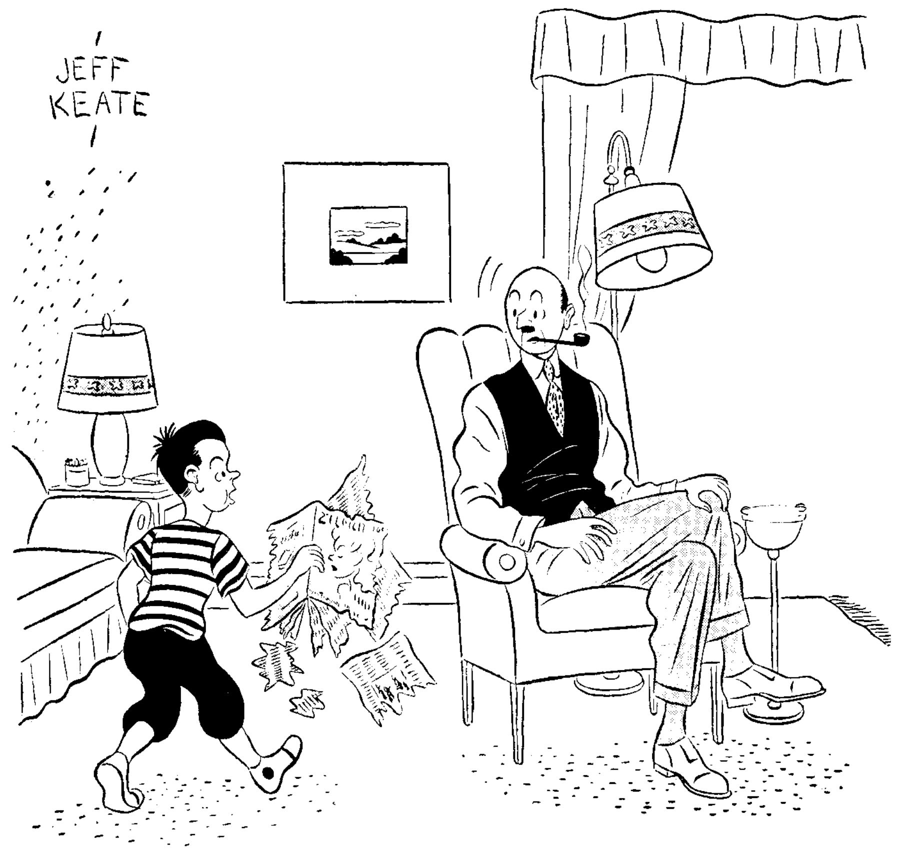
And she did, too. One day Sara told me, weeping bitterly, that she had told Francesca she'd go back with her again. I couldn't believe it.

I said, "Are you such a child that you don't know what you're doing? How much longer do you think I'm going to let you put me off?"

She sobbed, "I can't back out now, darling. I've already signed a lease with her on the new apartment."

All of a sudden I had to get away from her. I said, "Then that's that. If you don't love me enough, I'm not having any. If you change your mind let me know," and I slammed out.

I couldn't believe it was over. I'd wait around for a call from her and, when it never came, I'd go out looking for her at all their hangouts. Sometimes I'd see them across a room, striking and beautiful, laughing together as if they had some secret private joke; and sometimes Sara would look up and see me, and sometimes Francesca would, and either way, it was



COLLIER'S "Here, Pop—the editors ask us to pass it on after reading it!" JEFF KEATE

DON'T
KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING!

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY

THERE is one town in the U. S. A. where furnaces are obsolete. In Virginia, Minnesota, hard coal is so expensive that nobody buys it. Oil is unknown. You can't buy a coal shovel or a sieve; you can't find an ash can on any sidewalk. And this isn't Florida or California, either. It's northern Minnesota, where the average temperature will hang on the underside of zero for a month at a time.

But Virginia, in the heart of the famous Mesabi Iron Range, doesn't freeze. It has one big furnace that makes steam heat for practically all its 12,300 citizens. It employs thirty men to tend its heating plant, and not one of them shovels coal. Machinery does all that. The average householder, living snug in a five-room house without a chimney, pays about $70 in all to have his house and his water heated for one year. That is just about half what it costs the rest of us to keep warm by stoking our own.

"Central district heating" isn't new. Some 300 U. S. cities and towns have partial installations. But Virginia is the first American community to go all out for this modern, economical, trouble-saving system, and the first to apply it to all its homes, stores, schools and churches. A year ago, the last large group of its citizens was hooked onto the heating network, and now the only people left out in the cold are those few late-comers whom the WPB won't allow to buy the necessary steampipe to join up.

The town's heating plant is owned and operated by the people themselves, and it is run without profit or serious deficit—a tribute to the fact that the city engineers are tougher than the local politicians. But the secret of success is not public ownership. It is the plain fact that one big fire under one big boiler, tended by experts burning fuel at $7 a ton, is cheaper than 5,000 separate little fires using $17 fuel burned by amateurs.

The modest little power plant generates steam for heat and electricity at the same time. The greatest number of heat units can be extracted from burning coal when it is turned into high-pressure steam. The best efficiency of turbine generators is realized at this same high pressure. So the steam is first blown down through the turbines, then "bled" at low pressure into the heating mains. Heat losses are cut to the bone, machinery and labor are paid for only once.

Cheap at Half the Price

If the households stoked their own, they would consume some 40,000 tons of anthracite a year. But, with central heating, Virginia burns 43,000 tons of bituminous at half the price, with its electricity thrown in.

Steam mains tunnel under every street in town. Steam arrives on the consumer's premises through a reducing valve. A master thermostat controls the valve and holds any house temperature desired. The spent steam drops through waste pipes as cool water, is weighed and recorded by an automatic meter, and discharged into the sewer. The householder does nothing except pay his bills.

Most Virginians have ordinary steam radiators, though a few prefer warm air or controlled air-conditioning. Any standard heating method works equally well. A "heat exchanger" in the basement (about the size of a trunk) makes the transformation without attention or loss of efficiency.

Before the steam mains reached out to include Virginia's ultramodern hospital, it took six men to run the institution's boiler plant. One janitor is enough now.

What does Virginia do with its cellars, now that there are no furnaces to block them up? Almost everybody in town has taken advantage of the extra space. Some use them for bedrooms. One lady puts her choicest guests in a de luxe suite she has built in her basement for the purpose. A dentist has turned his cellar into a combination game room and bar. A liquor salesman stores many cases of samples in the space his furnace once occupied. Children play in some, wives hang up their wash in others. What they all get, in effect, is an extra story for the house.

Better Living in Smokeless City

Virginia's smoke record is something, too. While other cities annually retire into a thick, pasty "smog" that hangs over the rooftops and permeates streets and dwellings and lungs, this mining town enjoys the clear air of the north and every last ray of sunshine that comes with it. Virginians live in a virtually smokeless city. That means lower cleaning bills for housewives, fewer colds, less laundry, better morale generally. The coal smoke, like the coal, is turned into useful heat at the central plant.

Virginia's fire record is one of the greatest talking points for central steam. Fire Chief Quist claims that dwelling fires are down 40 per cent. When a blaze does start, his men run little risk of injury, most of which occurs in smoke-filled basements, and there are no basement fires in Virginia.

Lowered fire risk is reflected in a 5 per cent "protective credit" on the insurance premiums paid by Virginia's storekeepers. The home owner gets no reduction, but his basic rate is so low anyway that he does not need it.

Central district heating is already being adopted throughout Russia—100 per cent in many of the new industrial cities. In America, it is universally used by colleges and state institutions. New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and numerous other northern cities have it in their downtown districts. All Washington's government buildings are heated from a central plant.

According to technical men, a home-heating revolution is overdue in the United States. It offers, they say, a wonderful promise for the difficult postwar years. If all the compact communities in the winter heating belt were changed over to central steam—either under public or private operation—an estimated fifteen billion dollars of new investment could be made. Some ten million men could be employed for ten years, manufacturing and installing equipment. This new heating system would pay for itself, by preventing the waste of trillions of heat units that now escape up the chimneys of private homes and by eliminating the millions of dollars lost annually in smoke damage caused by home-fired soft coal.

Virginia, Minnesota, is an example of what can be done in an average American community. ★★★

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like a blow in the heart. But Sara never made any sign to me, except that first sudden anguished look.

I kept away from the joints then for quite a while, and I worked hard, and in my spare time there were several unimportant girls I could call up, and I got along.

And then New Year's Eve, 1935, on my way into a night club, I ran into Sara on her way out. She was with a big, carelessly dressed man whom I recognized as Jack Vining, who was what the newspapers refer to as a "millionaire sportsman."

I wanted to take her by the hair and drag her away, but I just stood there and inclined my head toward Vining, who was occupied with the hat-check girl, and said, "Has Francesca decided to take up polo? Or has she an ambition to design baseball uniforms?"

She looked suddenly unhappy. "I've missed you terribly, Jim. Terribly. Will you come to see me tomorrow?" Vining was coming back and she pressed my fingers and said, "Please," and hurried away.

At three o'clock the next afternoon, I was pushing the bell of that new apartment I'd never seen. Francesca came to the door, looking a little startled, and then she said, "Oh, come in, Jim."

I said, "What! No warm greeting? No 'How nice, how nice!'?"

She didn't rise to it at all, just led me unsmilingly into that swishy living room. I said, "Nice shack," and she said, "I had a yearning for something screaming Victorian, and here it is."

I said, "It certainly is."

She said, "Are you looking for Sara? Jack Vining picked her up to take her to an eggnog party at one of his numerous country hovels."

I had been feeling gay and excited and big-chested until that moment. I said, "Have you got a short strong drink around?"

I sat on the pink Victorian love seat, and she brought me a drink. After a while, I had another, and she came and sat beside me, and I was telling her a little loudly about a crazy party I'd been on the week before and about a knockout girl I'd met. Suddenly I looked up from my drink, and her eyes were watching me. They were large and dark and sad, and she said, as if it hurt her, "Don't, Jim! Don't!"

I put my drink down, and something caught in my throat. Before I knew it, I had my arms around her, and my face was pressed in her black, fragrant hair, and again that odd sense of interchangeability hit me. Was it Sara? Was it Francesca?

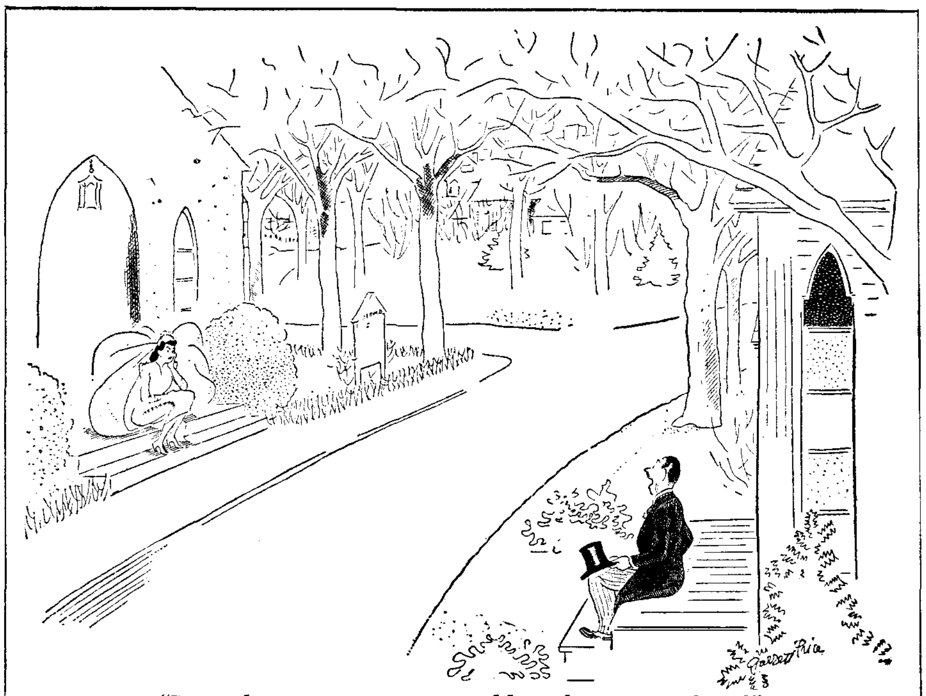
SHE lifted her face, and I kissed her, and her arms were tight around me. It was a shocking, shaking embrace that left me breathless. She drew away from me finally, and I put my hand over my eyes and tried to shake the dizziness out of my head.

She said softly, triumphantly, "You see? That's how much you love Sara. When are you going to open your eyes and see?"

I got up slowly and stood over her, and rage steamed through me. I said finally, "You're getting cleverer with your tricks, aren't you? You said you would." And then I went slowly and quite steadily out of the apartment, even remembering to pick up my hat and coat.

The next day, Sara came into my office. I looked at her and through her, and my heart was a stone that didn't turn at sight of her.

She said, "Jim, don't look at me that way. I can't stand it, darling. Francesca told me you came yesterday. It wasn't my fault, Jim. She made me go with Jack. He called while I was asleep, and she made the date with him for me. He came with all those people, and there wasn't anything I could do. They just practically carried me off. Francesca said you probably wouldn't come, anyway. Don't you see, Jim? She'll do anything—anything—to keep us apart."



COLLIER'S "I say, do you suppose we could work out something?" GARRETT PRICE

I said, "Why?" and wondered why a girl would go to such lengths.

"I suppose it's what you call her overweening ambition, darling. She's afraid I'll get married, and the team will break up and all our success with it. We're really having a wonderful success. We're going to Europe in two days. That's what I wanted to talk to you about. We're being sent by a magazine to do fashion stuff at marvelous money." She added wistfully, "I've never been to Europe, Jim."

So the Stormes went to Paris and they stayed almost two years. I often pictured them sweeping into Parisian night spots, throwing off the exciting electricity of their charm, with everyone staring.

Sara wrote to me now and then, and I answered, and before they left Paris for the States, Sara had married Jack Vining who happened to be in Paris also. . . .

I crossed the street and entered the shiny black door of this last brownstone, and the sum total of all those years since I'd first met the Stormes rose up into my throat, choking me. I rang the bell under Storme-Smith, and the door clicked. I climbed a flight of stairs, and there was Francesca standing in an open doorway.

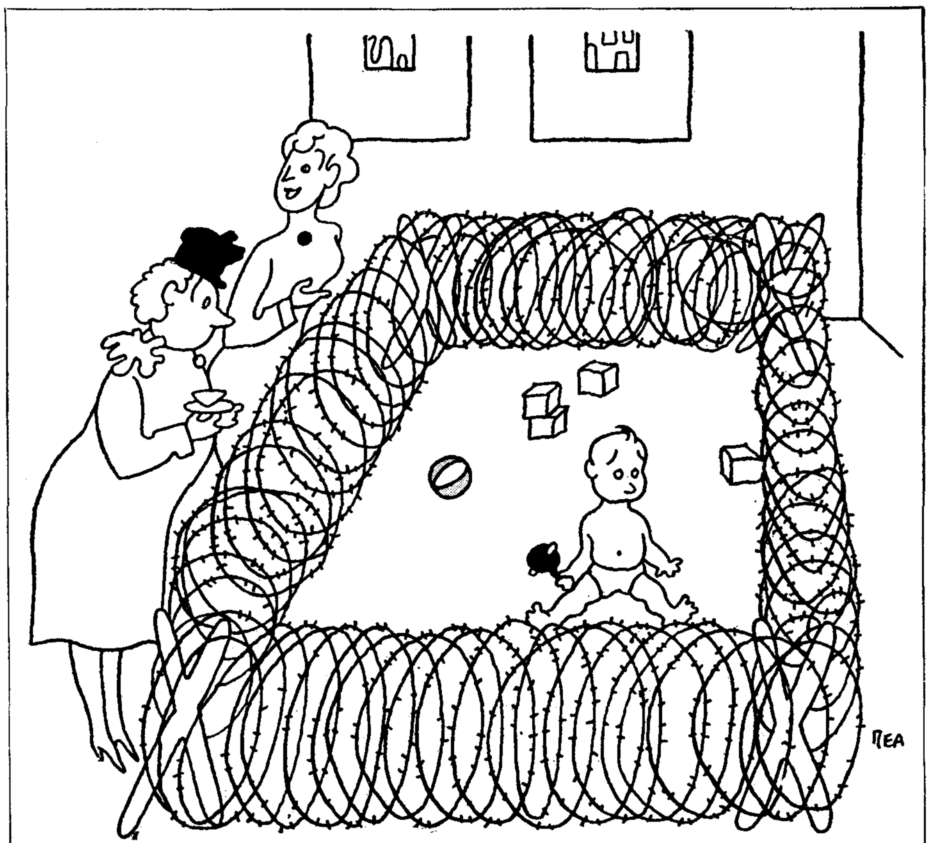
After all the varied self-conscious greetings we'd exchanged over the years, I looked at her now and said simply, "Hello, Francesca," and she said, "Hello, Jim, it's good to see you."

SHE was still striking, still very lovely, but that young air of owning the world was gone from her. I looked around. It was a comfortable apartment with large overstuffed chairs in bright summery chintz, the satin finish of old mahogany and walnut, no shocking clash of colors, just cool reds and soft greens and yellows. The word for it, incredibly enough, was cozy. Which was funny, remembering those other flashy apartments.

I said, "How's Sara?"

"Oh, she's fine, Jim. Shall I ask her over? She'd love it. She's divorcing Jack, you know. She often talks about you. Shall I call her?"

I looked at her, taking in everything about her very carefully, and then I shook my head. "No. I'll just sit here for a



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He wanted to share his dream with Joe . . . but he was afraid Joe would think him soft.

Joe would laugh if he told him how he loved music . . . how some day he was going to sit for a week, just listening to music . . .

Joe wouldn't get it . . . so he kept it to himself. And when Joe asked him what he was thinking about, he said . . . "A blonde in Peoria" . . . and Joe nodded approvingly.

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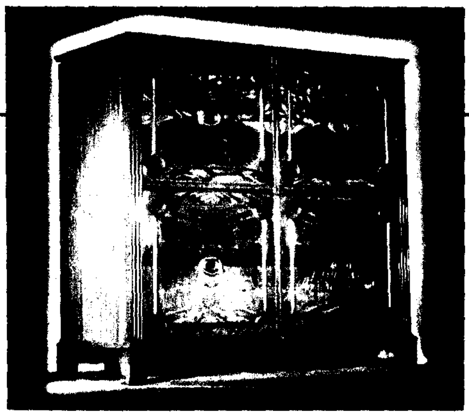
It is to those people we wish to speak . . . for tomorrow when our war job is done, we will bring them a Stromberg-Carlson radio that will rival the concert hall itself in purity and perfection of tone.

Into this instrument will go fifty years of craftsmanship . . . the skill that made Stromberg-Carlson the leader in FM radio . . . plus many new wartime developments.

When you hear what this means in truly fine music . . . we believe you'll agree it was worth waiting for . . . worth saving for in War Bonds and Stamps.

IT WAS PEOPLE, working for Victory, that won Stromberg-Carlson the Army-Navy "E" . . . To these men and women, and to our men in the Armed Forces, we have a responsibility. We must assure them good jobs when peace comes . . . We must plan ahead today. That is the important reason for planning fine radios for you . . . It's the important reason for all post-war planning.



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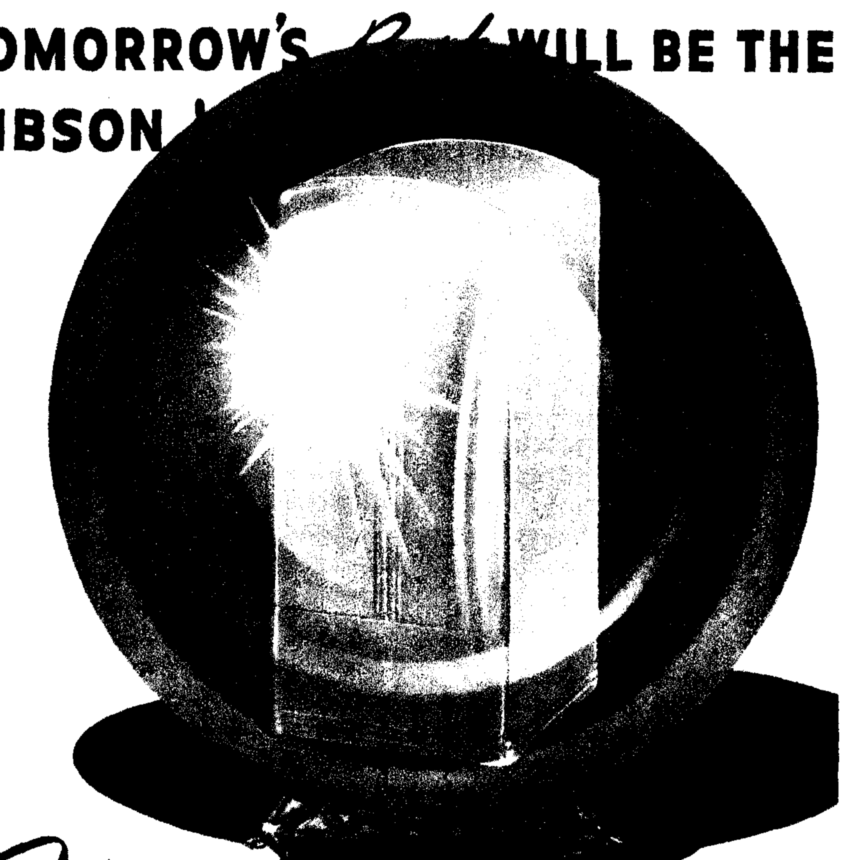

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This is a serious objective of our Government to which we subscribe.

Charles J Gibson
President

What will it be like—your bright new world of Tomorrow? New styles . . . new comforts . . . new conveniences . . . new joy of living! . . . All kinds of marvelous things to brighten your days, to lighten your burdens, to make your life more enjoyable than ever before!

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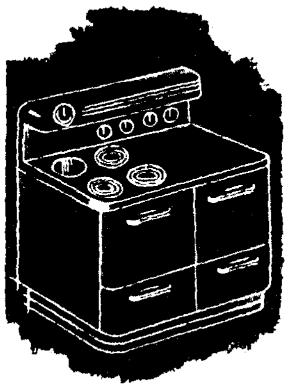

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while, if I may, and talk with you, Miss Smith."

She looked startled, and then she laughed. "I never knew she told you. So you knew all the time."

"Most of the time. Why did you try to keep us apart, Francesca?"

Her face went cold in a way I remembered, and she said, "I didn't really. I think you've probably known that."

After a while, I said, "Yes, I guess I have. I think I knew it that New Year's Day—even when she said it was you who'd made her go away—I guess I really knew then that she'd told me to come just to get rid of me that night. Anybody but a fool would know that a girl doesn't keep a man she loves dangling all that time—"

Francesca said quickly, "I'm sure she loved you, Jim. I think she loved you better than anyone else. There just happened to be something she wanted a little more."

I SAT there figuring it out and wondered why, with all the thinking I'd done on the subject, I'd never let myself think it out straight. Because I was suddenly realizing that, with Sara, it had never been a burning ambition for a great career. And that it hadn't been any hold that Francesca had on her that kept her from me. She had been out for one thing, and she got it . . . Jack Vining, or someone like him.

I said aloud, still thinking it out, "She used each of us. Young George, who was Princeton, good family. She probably liked him until I came along and seemed a better catch because of my business connections. Then came Mr. Bentley, who had so much more to offer. Bentley! And she told me you were forcing him on her. And then Jack Vining, who was probably what she had wanted all along."

Francesca said gently, "Yes, Jim. He was exactly what she'd been after. But she knew that, without the success we made, she wouldn't have much chance to get what she wanted. So I had to drive myself and her, too."

It was strange how I could listen to all that about Sara and how it didn't touch me at all. It was like hearing a story told about a person you know only as a faded photograph in an old album.

I said, "Of course you were being wholly altruistic."

She laughed then. "Of course not wholly, you beast. I was selfish about it, too. But I want you to know one thing, Jim. That time you made her leave, I didn't pester her to come back. She wanted to. She was in an awful state then. I think she loved you, but she wanted more than you had to offer. She wanted to come back because she knew I'd keep her in line, the eventual benefits were greater that way."

A quietness came over her face suddenly, an unrevealing blankness.

She said, "You've never liked me, have you? You've hated me because I was hard and ambitious. I don't blame you. That's why you loved Sara, because she was soft. I've always been too ambitious, too hard—"

Something seemed to hit me in the chest then, and finally I said, "Why, no, Francesca, you're not hard." I saw her right, suddenly all the clean strength of her, the fierce determination, the torturing pride. I said gently, "You're not hard. You're strong. Strong as fine steel."

And then the oddest thing happened. Tears filled her eyes, and suddenly she was sobbing and shaking. It frightened me, and I went to her and put my arms around her and said, "Here, what brought that on?"

She said shakily, "That's the first nice thing you ever said to me in all the time I've known you."

I was shocked and I thought back over all my encounters with her and I knew she was right. I thought of all those crude smart-aleck cracks I'd made at her, throwing them like sharp little stones against her proud strength, and all I could do now was whisper, "Oh, good Lord, Francesca!"

She looked up at me, and it was there in her eyes. I couldn't believe it, and I said her name again, and she said, "Yes, of course, I love you. I've gone through a special little hell of my own all these years. I've been in love with you since the first day I saw you."

I said again, "Oh, good Lord, Francesca!"

Then I took her face between my hands and kissed her, and when I stopped kissing her for a moment, I saw that she again had that look of holding the world by the tail and getting ready to swing it.

THE END

Fun Comes First

Continued from page 24

with her mother for the skiing. She was busy trying to change her Swiss technique to the new Arlberg technique—the crouch—developed by the famous ski instructor, Hannes Schneider.

Paula and her mother returned to Vienna completely unaware of what had been happening in Austria, until they reached the city and saw Hitler's guards in possession and the Swastika flying.

Her father made arrangements to get her a student's passport to England. Paula was packed off immediately, with tears, but without ceremony. She had never traveled alone before. Such things were unheard of in Europe. For a girl of sixteen, that trip through Germany and Belgium to the Channel was tense and terrifying.

In London, she lived with some friends of her father, went to school, learned English and worked for her diploma. She was unhappy and lonely for her family and worried about them.

Six months later, Doctor Kann arrived in London. It had taken him that long to arrange for a permit to go and see his daughter at school. England declared war on Germany while he was there.

Paula and her father couldn't stay on in England indefinitely, so, early in 1940, they set sail for the United States, landing in New York after a voyage made nightmarish by submarines.

When Doctor Kann heard that Hannes Schneider was up in North Conway, he headed north. He discovered that in this small town he could use his hobby of photography to make a living and that Paula could get back to her skiing. She had not had a chance to ski since leaving Innsbruck in 1938. That was enough.

Paula is bent on becoming thoroughly American. She feels no ties with Austria and, once the war is over and her mother has been brought to the United States, she doesn't care whether she ever sees it again. She thinks it's fine for girls to be able to do everything men can do, to earn a living in any way they choose.

Hannes Schneider has offered Paula a job as an assistant instructor, but her father put down his foot—and it's a huge one—firmly. He doesn't want Paula to lose her amateur standing. So, Paula carries on with her strenuous routine, gaily getting ready for this year's events and making plans for bigger and better performances.

THE END

The Night Il Duce Fell

Continued from page 13

to hear any results that the meeting might have. Others, too nervous to remain quietly at home, stood about the street corners discussing every possibility. They asked one another whether the meeting would end in a successful *coup d'état* or whether it would merely mark the beginning of a horrible period of killing and persecution. Optimistic people considered the fall of Mussolini certain because, they said, he could no longer find support in the king or in the people or even in his own ministers.

Pessimistic people predicted what actually did take place later: A merciless persecution and general slaughter of anti-Fascists and the occupation of Rome by a German army. Rome was still silent and empty at ten-thirty that night. At that hour I was again on a tramcar. At one stop a young fellow who looked like a workman boarded the back platform. He was smiling and obviously very excited. Suddenly raising his voice, he cried: "I'd hang that blankety blank assassin and then everything would be over!" Then, taking advantage of the stupefied silence of the passengers who had no doubt as to whom he referred, he added even more loudly: "We have suffered enough during the last twenty years because of that Fascist rat."

"Fascism is Finished"

Men standing nearest him began to edge away. Inside the tram someone burst out laughing.

"Who do you mean?" asked a man beside me.

"That son of a so-and-so, Mussolini!" the workman answered in a shout which rang through the entire car. Those who were seated sprang to their feet. A woman called to the conductor demanding the tram be stopped. In the meantime, another passenger, who was undoubtedly an agent of the secret police, pulled out a gun and threw himself on the workman. There were more hysterical shrieks of laughter from inside the car. Some men pulled the policeman off the young fellow who, as soon as he got free from his assailant, called out: "A communiqué which has just come over the radio says that Mussolini has resigned. Marshal Badoglio has taken over power, and the king has assumed command of the general staff. Fascism is finished!"

We had reached Porta Pinciana where I got off. The police agent also left the car there. He stood quite still for a moment as though completely bewildered by what he had just heard and uncertain as to where to go or what to do. Finally he started to run toward the police station near the Piazza del Fiume. As the tram moved on I heard passengers still laughing hysterically.

The street was dark and deserted. A window in a corner house suddenly opened and two women leaned out. "Is it true?" I asked. Without inquiring what I meant they replied: "Yes, it's true!" From neighboring streets there were a few isolated shouts of: "Long live free Italy! Long live the king!"

They echoed through the silent streets. Suddenly a man dressed in blue trousers and a white shirt with rolled-up sleeves appeared from the direction of the Hotel Excelsior, crying over and over again: "Long live the king! Long live free Italy! Long live Badoglio!"

Every now and then he would add: "To the Quirinal!" In spite of the fact that nobody seconded his cries, he went right on with them. Eventually he succeeded in attracting a small group. I was curious and went along. His behavior struck me as peculiar, because far from taking the shortest route to the Palace he detoured through all the streets in that quarter still continuing his monotonous chant. That made it clear he was a police agent who had been detailed to organize a "popular manifestation" in honor of the king.

As we approached the Quirinal, I became sure of this because we met other men who, like the first, headed small groups and also cried: "Long live the king! To the Quirinal!" I recognized one of these leaders as the policeman of the streetcar. He was hatless, his shirt was open at the collar and he wore no jacket. The enthusiasm he was putting into his new work had made him hoarse and red in the face. Somebody yelled, "Down with Fascism!"

He paused a moment, looking puzzled. It was obvious he had been given no orders about anti-Fascist exclamations. Quickly he resumed his own chant of "Long live the king!"

Bit by bit a game of follow-the-leader had begun, and by the time we reached the immediate vicinity of the royal palace there was a crowd of several hundred people. Standing before the principal façade of the Quirinal, they stared at the royal guards and sentinels with interest and waited to see what was going to happen.

The man in blue trousers and white shirt who had come from the direction of the Excelsior climbed up the lamppost and waved the national flag trying to start an ovation for the king. Nothing happened. Italians had been shouting "Duce" for so many years they couldn't get used to the idea of being able to shout something else. Curiosity had taken them to the palace and now that they were there they didn't quite know what to do.

I heard the voices of the timid advising others to go home. They were afraid the whole thing might turn out to be a mistake. The more daring focused their flashlights on the royal balcony. However, the king didn't appear.

Symbol of a Dying Order

The public was visibly growing bored. Some women threw their arms round soldiers' necks as a gesture of revolutionary fraternity, but they didn't awake any response in the soldiers or onlookers. A little old man who still wore the Fascist insignia in his lapel evoked laughter from those standing near him. He explained he had just been passing by and had stopped out of curiosity.

He added timidly: "I suppose the war has ended."

Without replying to the mocking phrases of explanation, he gazed suspiciously at faces around him to find out whether or not they were joking. He asked some older people if it were true that the Fascist regime had been overthrown. They answered very seriously in the affirmative. He didn't seem entirely convinced, but took the insignia from his lapel and held it in his hand for a moment and, on seeing nobody was paying any attention to him, slipped it in his pocket.

The king didn't appear and nothing else seemed to be going to happen. One man tried to organize another manifestation in honor of Badoglio and proposed going to his house to acclaim him. Nobody moved. Others wanted to assault the offices of Fascist newspapers, but though they put real heat into this suggestion, they failed to ignite the others. However, a few eventually overcame their fear that the Fascists would make a stand and there would be shooting, and decided to move on to attack newspaper offices.

Gradually the masses took possession of the streets. On encountering no re-

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sistance they grew bolder. Anti-Fascist shouts went up, and I heard the same phrases I had seen written on the walls in the San Lorenzo district a few days before. Excited boys leaped on the running boards of cars making them stop, and striking the windows with their fists, demanded identification papers of the occupants. As it barred the way, the crowd kept yelling, "Don't let the bandit escape. He's responsible for the deaths in San Lorenzo."

But no cars carried any worth-while prey. That caused the first disappointment. Not having any definite purpose, people started shooting in the air. They called to passing soldiers to join them and also to people standing on balconies. They destroyed all the windows of party offices they came across during the aimless march. But they didn't start any trouble with German soldiers.

That night I saw several German soldiers. They hurried along, hugging walls and holding cocked revolvers chest-high and looking anxiously from side to side. They too, it seemed, were surprised by developments, and their one idea was clearly to reach their barracks quickly.

In the Corso Umberto, one of the principal streets of Rome, the crowd grew bigger. It was attacking the Ministry of Foreign Affairs on the theory that the heads of the party had taken refuge there. Some of the assailants succeeded in getting through the main doorway but were soon thrown back by soldiers. The street was thickly strewn with newspapers and party posters. People who got into the offices of the Giornale d'Italia were destroying doors and windows. But in the end, truckloads of soldiers arrived and spread out to protect the building.

In the Piazza Venezia, boys were throwing stones at the palace which had been the seat of the Mussolini government and where only a few hours before Blackshirts had stood guard. A boy of sixteen or seventeen who had found a heavy club somewhere was wielding it with both hands to strike terrific blows at the big door. His companions kept calling him to order. They obviously had no idea of seconding his efforts, so he started destroying windows. More sticks appeared and the populace almost got into the building. However, just then some army trucks arrived at fire-engine speed and the crowd fell back. Trying to gain the sympathies of the soldiers, the crowd greeted them with cheers. Nevertheless, the soldiers were not allowing themselves to be too impressed by this favorable reception and pushed people away from the walls of the palace with great speed and not too great gentleness. Several shots rang out. For a moment the crowd was overcome with panic but soon calmed down when it became convinced the soldiers had no intention of resorting to real violence.

Finally the multitude resumed its march toward the Ministry of the Interior. Word had spread round that that was where the Fascists were putting up a fight. Some shots were heard from that direction. A man covered with blood, the first wounded man I saw that night, assured me that people had entered the palace and were throwing Fascists from the windows. Another told me that several important members of the party had been assassinated there. But when I reached the Ministry, it was surrounded by several lines of soldiers.

During the entire night, radio stations kept giving out news that Mussolini had resigned. A proclamation directed to the Italian people by the king and Marshal Badoglio was also read. In this proclamation the king was still accorded the title "Emperor of Ethiopia," but the year of the Fascist era, which had formerly been obligatory, was omitted.

Aspect of Revolution

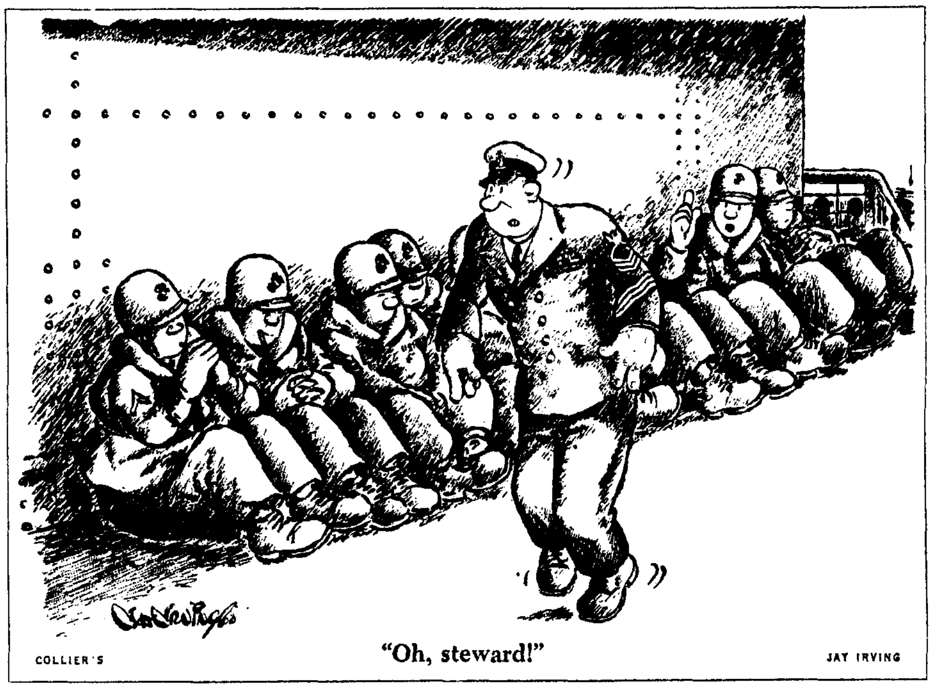
The next morning the streets were again choked with people. It was really only then that the masses poured out of their houses and began to dominate the city. The crowd was a completely different type from that of the night before. The latter had been made up mostly of middle-class passers-by, boys and women. This one was made up principally of people from the workmen's districts. Rome took on the aspect of a city on the verge of revolution. The masses took over busses, taxis and cars of all kinds that they met and obliged the drivers to make a tour of the entire city. The streets in the center were packed with hungry people dressed in tattered rags.

Acclamations in favor of Matteotti were substituted for those in favor of the king. The character of the manifestation was definitely antiwar in spite of the fact that the government proclamation had ended with the phrase "War continues."

The multitude kept shrieking, "Down with war! Long live revolution! Long live free Italy!"

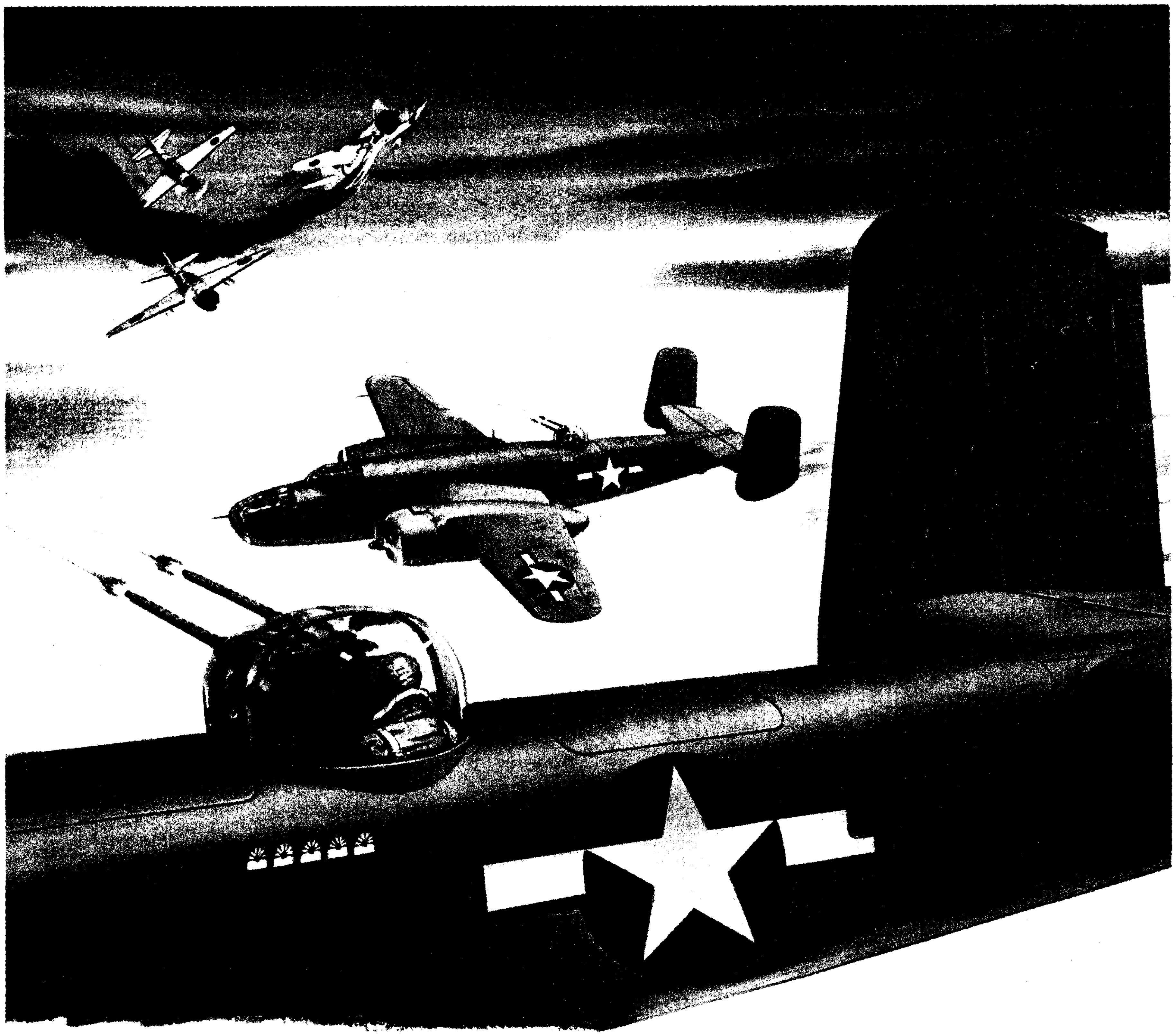
This was the aspect presented by Rome on July 26th. It looked as though the revolutionary movement couldn't be restrained. But the police, who the night before had been conspicuous by their absence, reappeared. A great number of troops could also be seen. In the Piazza Venezia an impressive lineup of cannons was set out. In many sections, streets were barred by sandbags and columns of soldiers. Machine guns were set up on corners. The new government had taken over.

THE END



"Oh, steward!"

JAY IRVING



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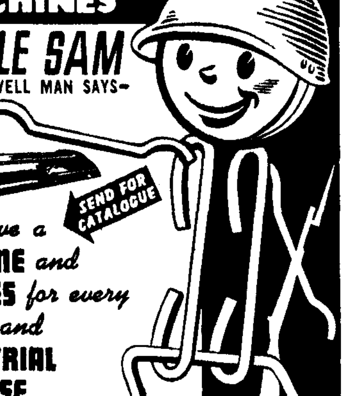

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War Below Zero

Continued from page 12

Bennett his life—to bring out the stranded German fliers of the Bremen.

We likewise knew that Greenland was an important frontier. Long before our formal entry into the global struggle, we realized that it would be an essential springboard for any Nazi air-and-sea assault on the North American continent. But our concern was not only with hemispheric defense; we had another vital interest in this obscure island. Look at your map again: the Great Circle Course, the shortest air route to Europe, lies across its southern tip. Greenland is a logical stopover point in ferrying fighter planes and bombers to our Eighth Air Force in Britain. We would need adequate bases and landing strips and weather stations in the Arctic, we saw, if we ever hoped to launch any thousand-plane raids on Berlin.

For once, we got there fustest. In the summer of 1941, long months before Pearl Harbor, an expedition under my command sailed from the States under secret orders.

Our mission was to establish an Army Air Force base on the west coast of Greenland above the Arctic Circle—the northernmost American air base in the world.

King Borealis Holds Court

There was a significant ceremony aboard our troopship when we crossed the Circle. At noon, just as our bows sliced across the mythical Arctic line, a blast of bugles sounded assembly, and King Borealis and his royal court came aboard.

His Northern Majesty wore a regal crown consisting of a trench helmet liberally coated with white flour paste; a sheet borrowed from the ship's sick bay hung from his shoulders clear down to the soles of his broad-toed Army shoes; behind his foaming cotton beard, the cauliflower-eared features of the mess sergeant peered belligerently. One shaggy, tattooed arm protruded from the folds of the sheet, gripping a black dog whip, symbolic of His Majesty's authority in the Arctic. With the others, he unfolded a scroll, and read aloud the oath of Arctic Brotherhood:

"To all soldiers, sailors and civilians, to all polar bears and seals, to all ptarmigans and narwhals: greetings. Know ye that this G.I. pioneer, having crossed the Arctic Circle, is hereby accorded membership in our ancient and secret society of the frozen North. Let all my subjects henceforth treat him with the proper amount of respect."

I watched the men curiously as they took their oaths. I was sure that none of them had any real conception of what we were heading into; I was just as sure that none of them would have turned back if he had. They were all volunteers, a handpicked group from the regular Army Air Forces. Many of them were from Alabama or Tennessee or Texas; they had never even seen snow before. Greenland was a name in a high-school geography and nothing more. Their conception of war in the Arctic was a sort of Errol Flynn movie of polar bears and walrus and northern lights, with demure Eskimo maids in fur parkas driving teams of reindeer across the ice in the light of the midnight sun.

Even the size of Greenland was a shock to most of them; I remember one loyal enlisted man from Brooklyn who bet a month's salary it was not as large as Long Island. Actually, Greenland is almost half the width of the United States; if Australia is classed as a continent, Greenland is the largest island in the world. It extends as far north as Latitude 83°, over eight hundred miles nearer the Pole than Point Barrow, Alaska.

It is in the shape of a shallow bowl; a rim of high mountains extends around the entire coast, sloping gradually inward, and cupped inside these mountains is a vast sheet of ice, covering the whole island save for a narrow strip along the shore. The Greenland Icecap in places is more than two miles thick; superimposed on the States, it would extend from New York as far west as Kansas City.

The island's somewhat overoptimistic name was given by Eric the Red, who discovered it about 900 A. D. and who called it Greenland in order to lure settlers from Iceland and Norway. This first real-estate promotion scheme was not a permanent success. Today, in all of Greenland, there are not more than twenty thousand natives and whites, most of them living on the southwest coast.

Originally both Greenland and Iceland belonged to Norway; they were ceded to the Danes at the Treaty of Kiel in 1821.

After the Nazi invasion of Denmark, Iceland became free; but Greenland is still a colony of Denmark, administered from the Free Danish legation in Washington. It was the free Danes who gave us permission to install bases and landing fields on this vital Atlantic outpost.

The problem of constructing a base in such an unknown and virtually uninhabited land was a formidable one. There was not even an Eskimo settlement within a hundred miles of the region where we were going, no available equipment or supplies short of the States. Every last toothpick had to be planned and purchased in advance; here in the Arctic, you have to take it with you. All water transportation ends with the advent of winter. We had to take along general construction machinery that would meet any emergency.

In addition to tractors and bulldozers and dredges, the hold of our ship was loaded with a complete library of books, an assortment of games and puzzles, footballs, boxing gloves, even a dozen artificial Christmas trees which I purchased in a New York department store. I knew what twenty-four hours of darkness can mean.

Land of Everlasting Ice

Excitement mounted steadily as our troopship moved past the forbidding cliffs and fiords of Greenland's spectacular coast line. The men gazed in awe at the glistening summits of the mountains; they could not believe that snow would last all summer. Every iceberg was a source of amazed comment: "That's the most ice I ever seen outside of a mint julep." At last the ship sailed up a long, narrow fiord and dropped anchor in a shallow bay. The men scrambled over the side into lifeboats, eager to be the first to set foot ashore.

I gazed in silence at the mud flats, the gravel beach, the bleak and treeless slopes. For the next two years, I realized, this barren spot was to be our only home.

A muddy shoal extended the entire length of the shore; all our supplies and gear had to be towed over this flat in barges before they could be unloaded on the beach. Our first job was to get tractors and equipment ashore to facilitate this unloading, and to erect barracks so we could have a place to sleep. In addition, we had to get the radio station set up and operating.

For these first weeks, we worked day and night, sleeping under canvas and cooking outdoors on blacksmith stoves set up behind house sections to protect them from the wind. Fortunately, the weather held dry and clear; everyone dug in together, soldiers and civilian construction engineers laboring side by side, and the first building mushroomed fast. As soon as it had a roof on, we all moved in and slept on the floor.

A few days later, a second building was completed; we transferred our gear into that, and the first building became our mess hall. Gradually the camp grew, and we had more comforts. Ranges were installed, steel bunks were set in place, blankets were substituted for sleeping bags. We even made a Finnish steam bath out of an empty gasoline drum and a wobble-pump borrowed from a motorboat.

Meantime we had a chance to reconnoiter and determine the best route to the site selected for our future field. The distance was about eight and a half miles; we were soon in good shape from the daily exercise. With dog teams—the same dogs had been on the Byrd Antarctic Expedition—we explored the valley beyond the landing field; by the time I returned, the men had roughed out a road over two miles long, and an ambitious jeep, taking off alone over the rocks and tundra, had managed to make it the rest of the way to the field: the first automobile ever to penetrate the interior of Greenland.

Runway on the Frozen Waste

That pioneering jeep was the pathfinder for our future road. The caterpillars followed, gouging a trail of mud and chunks of frozen tundra over which our heavy equipment could make its way to the landing-field site. We worked fast; winter was approaching, our days were growing short. By the beginning of December, we had a runway ready to accommodate the first plane.

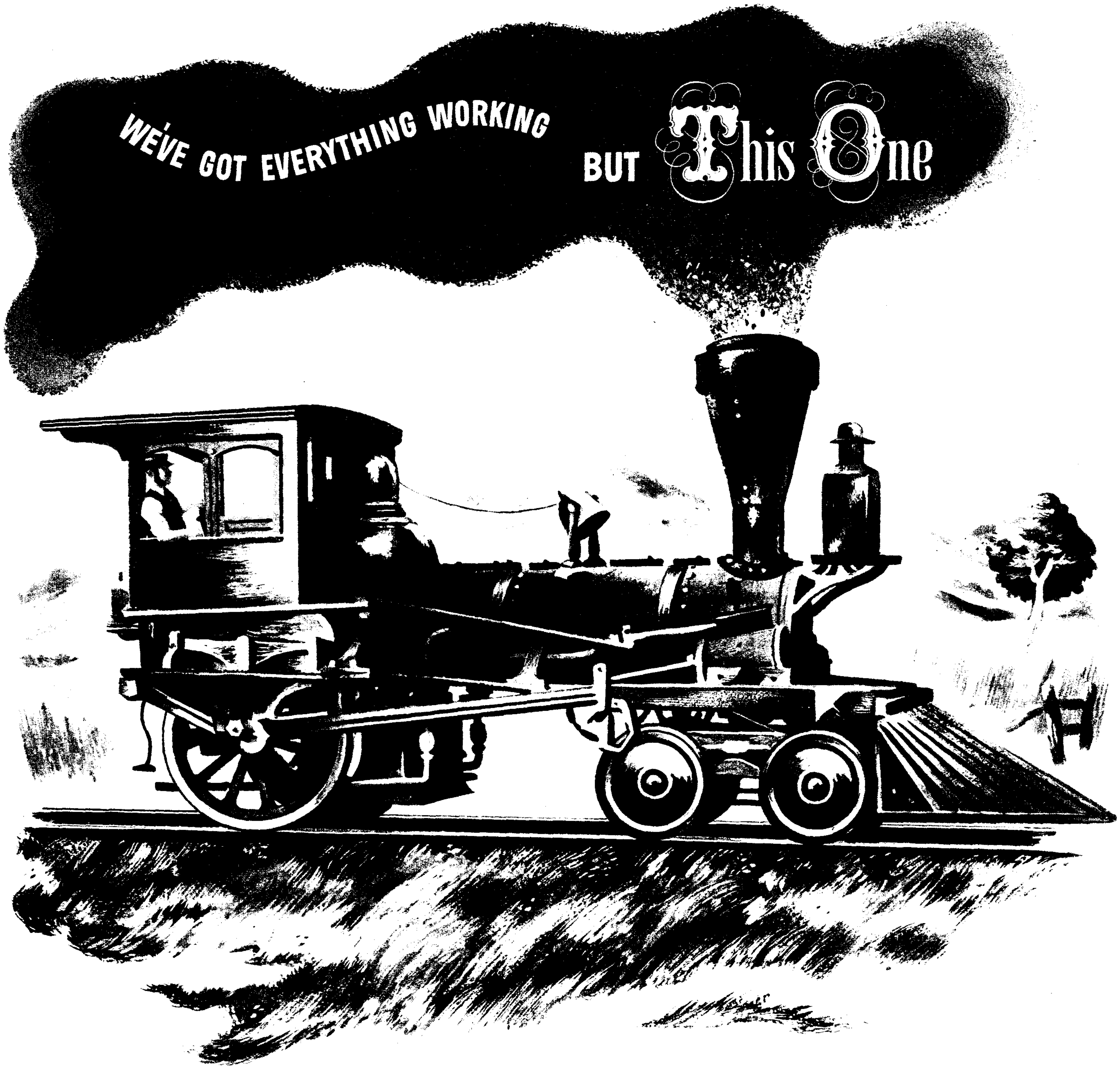
I don't suppose the full realization of how utterly isolated we were was borne in on the men until the last ship sailed back to the States; there would not be another until next summer. Standing on the beach and watching it disappear around the bend of the fiord was worse than leaving home; it was like seeing home leave them.

Suddenly they were alone, a few black dots on the Icecap, a few lives pitted against all the forces of the North. For the first time, they could hear the silence. The wind seemed to howl like an Arctic wolf with a new and vindictive voice. The darkness was coming on faster and faster; every day the thermometer dropped a little lower. The men fought down a rising panic; it could not get any colder, they could not survive if it got any colder. And still the thermometer went down a few more notches each morning, the shadows lengthened, the silence drew closer like a tightening noose.

There is an awesome quality in that quiet, intense cold. You step outdoors and your rubber-lined trench coat freezes stiff as a board before you can shut the door. You feel your face wither in a matter of seconds, as though it had been seared by a flame. A white dot on your forehead foretells a week of agony; a deep breath will shrivel your lungs. A little snow sifting down carelessly inside your boot tops may mean a couple of amputated toes, perhaps the loss of a foot.

The danger dogs your every footstep, trailing unseen on silent pads, waiting for you to stumble and fall. You hear it in the dry squeak of snow under your heel, the rumble and boom of the shore ice, the occasional riflelike explosion of a chunk of frozen cordwood.

Day after day the cold increased, the days grew shorter. At first, the men put



It has taken some doing to handle the war load thrust upon the railroads — more than twice as much freight and nearly four times as much passenger traffic as in ordinary times.

And, because of other war needs for materials, it has had to be done with very little additional equipment.

But with the good sportsmanship of travelers and the surpassing aid of shippers the job is being done.

Doing it, though, demands that the railroads use every piece of serviceable equipment or equipment which can be made serviceable. And so they've got everything working now to do the job that must be done now.

But there's still a job ahead—first and foremost, a growing war job, and after that the work of making these railroads ready for the service of the America of the future.

That's why the railroads are not only working but are studying so as to keep ahead of their appointed tasks — to meet the nation's war needs now, and later to provide for peacetime America the finest transportation that experience, plus modern materials and science, can devise.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

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This whisky is distilled by us only, and we are responsible for its richness and fine quality. Its elegant flavor is solely due to original fineness developed with care. There is nothing better in the market.
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BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY COMPANY, INC., AT LOUISVILLE IN KENTUCKY on every item of winter clothing that had been issued to them, bundling themselves in a half-dozen woolen shirts at a time. I did not interfere; I have found that the best way of dealing with a soldier is to let him experiment for himself. Presently they discovered that this extra clothing only served to cut off circulation, and by midwinter, they were all dressed alike: a pair of ankle-length felt shoes with felt soles, regular ski-trooper pants with knitted cuffs to keep out the wind, a single woolen G.I. shirt, a windproof gabardine jacket, and—most important of all items of Arctic clothing—one-piece union suits of long underwear. Two-piece underwear works apart on the trail or when you sleep, the shirt ends up around your neck and the pants sag around your knees, your exposed kidneys are icy cold. We discarded the regular G.I. issue, and every man wore a suit of old-fashioned Balbriggans.

I issued only one other order about personal appearance: no beards. Shaving every day seemed an unnecessary ordeal in this Arctic wilderness, and one enlisted man suggested pointedly that somebody ought to tell Santa Claus; but thawing out a set of frozen whiskers can be more painful still.

Even the food tastes of the men seemed to change. They devoured with relish foods they had never dreamed of eating before: codfish liver, codfish roe, seal meat, reindeer, ptarmigan, arctic hare. They learned to cook fish in the manner of the North, cutting it into chunks and boiling it in sea water; I imagine some families back in the States are due for a rude shock when their sons come home after the war. At least, the diet agreed with them; the men gained on an average of twenty pounds their first year.

Now the winter was on us in earnest; the sun was only a red glow at noon and, with the darkness, the danger of depression increased. Exercise was the answer: if you got tired enough, you could sleep. We organized classes in skiing, and during the few remaining hours of daylight the only soldiers left in camp would be those on active duty; all the rest would be out on the adjoining slopes, practicing Telemarks and Christies.

Sometimes the men cleared a ring in the snow and staged some weird boxing bouts, the fighters sparring clumsily in their heavy boots and parkas, their breath making white clouds in the frosty air. One enlisted man discovered in the library a book on falconry, and managed to train several rare Pilgrim falcons by loosing them on a long string and teaching them to return and perch on his wrist. When the storms drove us indoors, we put on impromptu vaudeville shows in the crowded mess hall.

I suppose they were not very professional shows: a hillbilly quartet with cigar-box guitars and tissue-paper combs, a G.I. who juggled a half-dozen tin mess cups, a youngster from Georgia who told darky stories in dialect. The jokes were old, the music was off key; but I wish sometimes, as I listen to the quarreling and complaining back in the States, that certain folks back home could have been standing in that group huddled around the piano, arms draped over bulky shoulders, voices raised in loud harmony to drown the rattle of sleet and the relentless howl of the wind. Perhaps problems like strikes, or taxes, or an extra pat of butter, or next fall's election would seem a little less important if they could be face to face with darkness and loneliness and cold. . . .

The cold was not our only menace. One afternoon, a large four-motored plane appeared out of the leaden sky, circled our camp area slowly and headed back toward the east. We identified it, with a sinking feeling, as a Focke-Wulf Condor. Our location was no longer a secret to the enemy.

Where Life is a Battle

When you fight the Arctic, you fight on the Arctic's terms. On the trail, you fight sudden thaws, and treacherous snow bridges that give way under your weight, and crevasses into which a driver and team of dogs may plunge and never be seen again. If you are flying, you fight icing conditions that overload your wings with tons of ice; you fight eccentric whirlwinds over the Icecap that rack a ship and drop it several thousand feet in a second; you fight the fog. Most of the time you win, but sometimes you lose, and the Arctic shows no mercy to a loser. . . .

The fog had been building for several days, late in June, born of the ice pack that moves down slowly from the polar basin each spring. It eddied and sucked around the jagged coast, flooding the narrow fiords, obliterating all landmarks and navigational guides in a limitless white ocean.

Here and there an uncharted mountain peak protruded like a vicious reef; and the pilots of four B-17s, proceeding from a field in Labrador toward our base in Greenland, fought their way higher and higher in a desperate attempt to get above the stuff. Their gas was getting low, radio contact was poor, their S O S's came through to us faintly all night as we tried in vain to guide them in.

At two in the morning, one Fortress found our field and managed a successful landing.

A second Fortress was forced down in the water near a base in southern Greenland; all of the crew were saved. The third pilot crashed his ship behind a small Eskimo colony north of us; the plane was completely wrecked, but, miraculously, no one was hurt. We learned of their landing through the Danish radio, evacuated them safely in two PBYs and dispatched a crew of our own mechanics to dismantle the plane and salvage as much as possible.

The fourth Fortress, with Lieutenant Stinson as pilot, made a wheels-up landing on the Icecap itself, about 125 miles south of our base. His crew showed the greatest presence of mind and ingenuity; no sooner had the ship skidded on its belly to a full stop than they set to work with hacksaws, cut off the twisted propellers from one engine, dug out a space beneath it in the snow. Thus they obtained a power source by which they could run the generators and recharge their batteries in order to maintain constant radio communication. In addition, they cleaned out the hydraulic and heating systems, and installed a stove inside the plane, using engine oil for fuel. We got radio bearings on them, located them the following afternoon, and dropped standard emergency supplies: sleeping bags, C-rations, coffee, a complete new set of polar clothing for each man.

The next job was to get them out. They had come down in a heavily crevassed area of the Greenland Icecap, impossible for a landing. On previous flights, across the Cap, I had noticed that shallow lakes of melting snow and slush formed occasionally in large sinks on the Icecap itself. A hasty survey disclosed a lake three miles long, not more than a dozen air miles from the spot where the plane was wrecked.

That evening a Navy PBY dropped me off at the lake with two experienced sled drivers, Sergeant Dolleman and Sergeant Healy, who had both been with Byrd in the Antarctic. We paddled our rubber boat ashore through the watery snow, and landed on a weird beach of sloping blue ice, as bare and smooth as the side of a porcelain bathtub. There we bedded down in sleeping bags for the night.

We woke next morning, the Fourth of July, to a drizzling cold rain that turned into sleet and then snow. We made ourselves as comfortable as we could, and waited out the weather. By noon, it had stopped raining, with only light squalls of sleet and snow, so Healy and I decided to make a stab at it. We left Sergeant Dolleman at the camp, with orders to send up smoke signals from time to time, so we could find our way back, and we set out on skis, each with his own packsack, a couple of days' rations, and ropes for crossing the crevasses.

You think of the Greenland Icecap as a solid substance, but actually this is not the case.

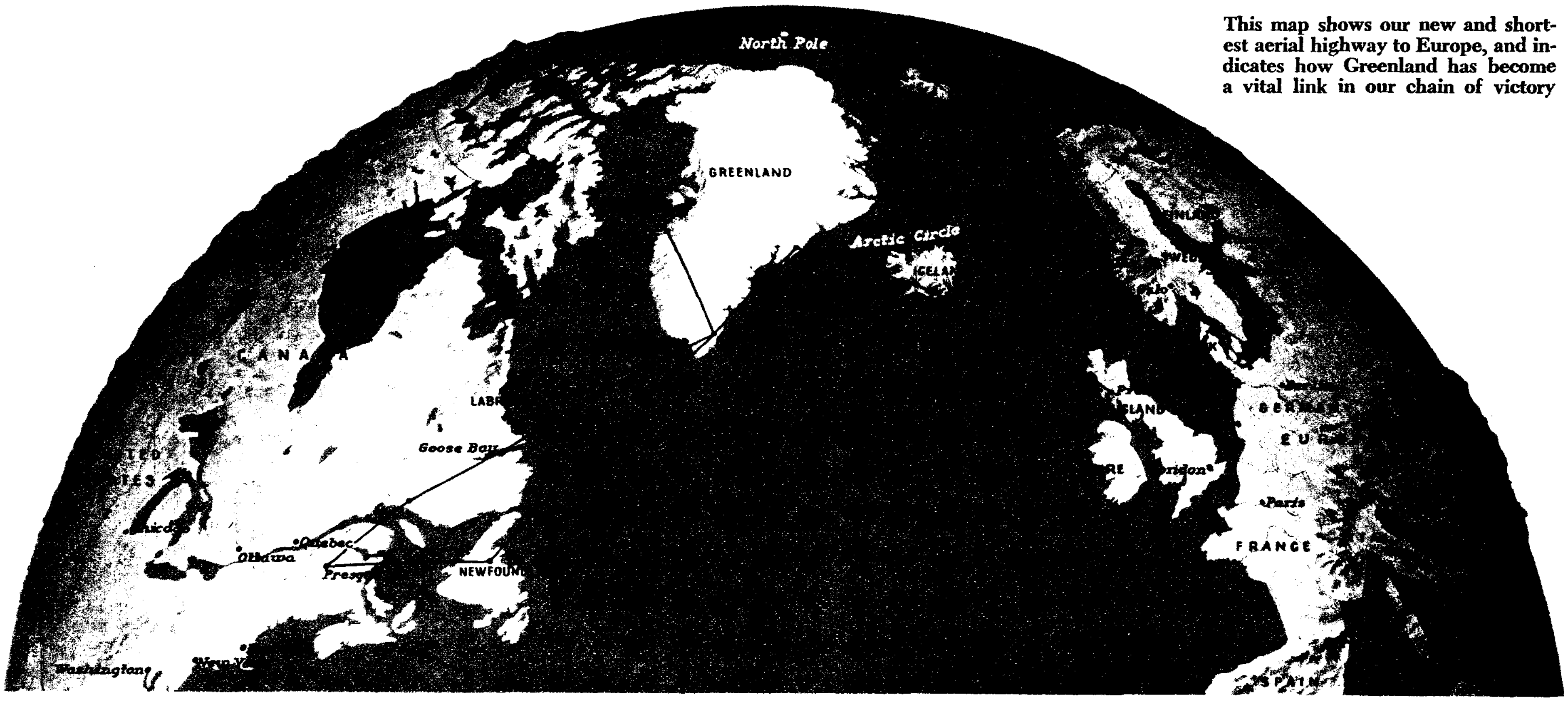
Ice in the Arctic is fluid, constantly moving and shifting as it works toward the sea; and near the coast where the glaciers break off into the ocean, the bending produces deep vertical cracks in the surface of the Cap.

Always Danger Underfoot

Some of these crevasses are virtually bottomless; you can drop an object into one of them and listen in vain for it to land. Most of the fissures are covered by thin roofs of snow, called snow bridges, which vary in width and thickness. Sometimes the ice will shift, and one side of a bridge will break loose, forming a natural booby trap in the trail; the only safe procedure is to test ahead of you with your ski pole every step of the way. In good light conditions, you can tell when you are over a crevasse because the snow bridge sags a little in the middle; but in fog, these warning hollows are imperceptible, and you must go roped constantly. A moment of carelessness may prove fatal.

The fog was growing worse and worse as we proceeded through the heavily crevassed area along the coast. The surface was so broken that sometimes, with only a hundred feet of rope, there would be as many as three deep fissures between Healy and myself. We could hear water running constantly beneath the ice, eating it away underfoot. Several times, as we felt our way blindly forward, the rear end of our skis would drop sickeningly into an unseen opening. At last we gave up, backtracked ourselves into camp, put on dry clothing and waited to make another try that evening.

(To be continued next week)

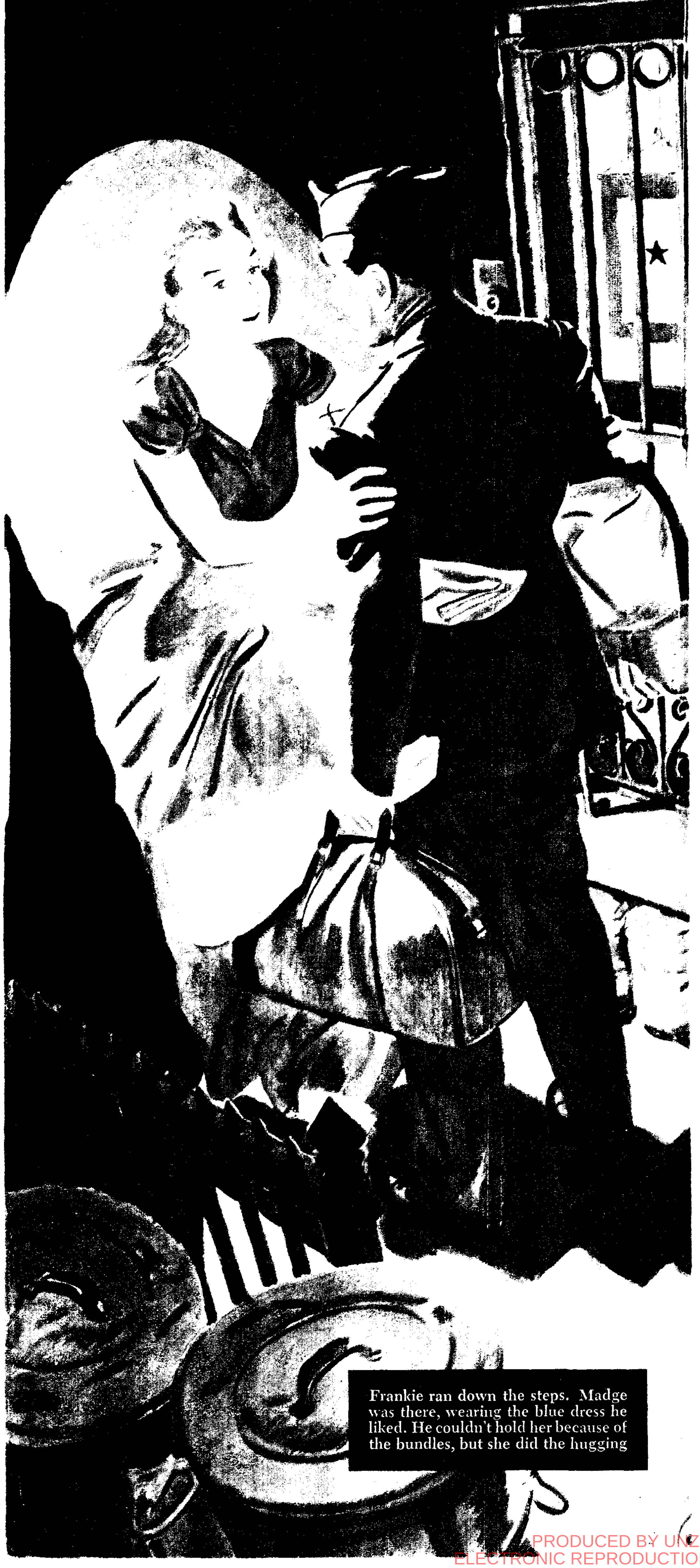


This map shows our new and shortest aerial highway to Europe, and indicates how Greenland has become a vital link in our chain of victory

WEEK-END PASS

BY GEORGE HARMON COXE

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN



Frankie ran down the steps. Madge was there, wearing the blue dress he liked. He couldn't hold her because of the bundles, but she did the hugging

THE instant Private Frankie Travis left the train, he started hurrying. "Save me a seat on the six-o'clock," he said to Al and Sydney, and went up the stairs on the double and through the tunnel to the subway platform, bucking through the turnstile just as an express ground to a stop.

It was 9:20 when he came out on the sidewalk at Ninety-sixth Street. He stopped twice—at the delicatessen, and the florist, who was always open Saturday nights—and, walking hard, he saw finally the lights of the basement apartment.

He ran down the three steps and then Madge was there, wearing the blue evening dress he'd liked so well before they were married. He couldn't hold her because of his bundles, but she did the hugging, hard, her mouth hot and sweet against his own.

When he could, he put down his bag and the bottle of wine and the ice cream. He gave her the flowers and when he heard her happy squeal and saw the quick color in her cheeks, there was a tightness in his chest, and his throat was full.

"Violets! Oh, Frankie!"

"On account of your eyes," he said, and kissed her again.

Chris, aged one, who had watched all this with approval, came crawling over to add his welcome. Frankie swung him high and Chris gave out with his gurgling double-talk and slapped happily at his father's chin.

"Quit droolin'," Frankie said, a mock severity offsetting the hardness in his throat. "Hey, when's he going to talk, Madge? All he does is drool and slug me with his left."

"When he grows up," Madge said, "I'm going to tell him what you said."

They drank some wine and ate at a card table in front of the fireplace with its gas log. Madge fixed an omelet and green salad, and she had baked a chocolate cake. The little radio was going and when they were ready for ice cream Frankie bowed extravagantly.

"Would you care to dance, madam?"

"I'd love to, Mr. Travis."

The blue skirt swirled high as Frankie spun her and Madge laughed and held her cheek to his. "Like in the ritzy places," she said. "Dancing between courses."

They put Chris to bed together but she wouldn't let Frankie help with the dishes. "There aren't enough of them," she said. "Rest yourself, soldier."

She got his slippers and he took off his shoes and stretched out, listening to her gay humming in the kitchen.

HE OPENED his eyes to find Madge bending over him. She wore the quilted robe she'd had on their three-day honeymoon to Atlantic City. "Wake up," she said and kissed him. "It's almost one o'clock."

He sat up, stricken and ashamed. He said she shouldn't have let him sleep like that. He said it must have been the wine.

"You were tired," she said. "The nap was good for you."

"But, gosh. You were all dressed up . . ."

"Oh, but that was just for supper." She rumpled his hair and danced away before he could grab her. "That's just a dinner dress."

When he rose he saw there was a fire in the gas log, and on a chair his pajamas were laid out. "It was getting chilly," Madge said, watching him. "I thought you'd like to undress in front of the fire."

His eyes caressed her and he was humbled by the wonder of her love. "You think of everything," he said huskily.

In the morning Frankie awoke with an avalanche on his chest and the fine warm smell of coffee in the room. The avalanche was soft and struggling, and Frankie chuckled and boxed with his son and let Chris clout him on the chin.

Madge snatched Chris away. "Come on, soldier, rise and shine."

Outside, the morning sun was warm and bright and when Madge had put the roast of pork in the oven they walked in that sunlight, finding a bench in the park three blocks away where Chris could crawl on the grass. Frankie breathed deeply and his muscles felt good.

"Have I told you how wonderful you are?" he asked after a while.

"Not today," Madge said.

"You're wonderful."

Nor were these idly spoken words, for Frankie remembered the months after Chris came when Madge could no longer work, when all she had to live on was the sixty-two-dollar allotment. Her budget was simple: eight dollars a week for rent, one-sixty for Chris' milk, around six for everything else, mostly soup for Madge.

But she would have it no other way. It was all right if you had a family but when you were orphans, well, Madge said it was just as important to bring Chris up right as it was to work in a factory. And now, with the eighty-dollar allotment for a wife with one child . . .

They had their dinner at one and when Frankie sat down on the divan after the dishes were done Madge told him to rest. "There's room for two," Frankie said and pulled her down beside him.

AGAIN when he opened his eyes he was alone. Madge was moving about the room and he saw his packed bag and his jacket and cap on the chair. "It's after five," she said when she saw he was awake.

"Yeah. Some husband," he said. "Nine one night to six the next and most of it I sleep."

"Because you need it," Madge said.

He washed and combed his hair. He nuzzled the soft skin of Chris' neck and then he was at the door with Madge in his arms. She never carried on at these times. No tears; just a shining moisture in her eyes and a fierce, convulsive strength in the final hug before she stepped back.

"Next month?" she whispered.

"Next month. Unless—"

"We'll be waiting for you. Whenever it is."

He made the train with five minutes to spare and went through the cars until he found Al and Sydney. They greeted him with weary indifference and Frankie grinned at them as he sat down.

"Hang-over, huh?" he said. "Musta had quite a night."

"Did we?" Al said. "Boy, what a party!"

He started to detail their activities and Frankie listened absently and stared beyond the Jersey meadows at scenes which pleased him more. He didn't have to close his eyes. It was all there, imprinted indelibly in his mind and heart; it would still be there when there were no monthly trips, when it was time to shove off and get on with the war. And, knowing this, a guy could carry on, sure that what he did would be worth while . . . He heard Al telling about the dinner dates and how they'd gone to this club and that one; then Syd was saying:

"How about you, Frankie? Have yourself a time?"

"Had a fine time," Frankie said.

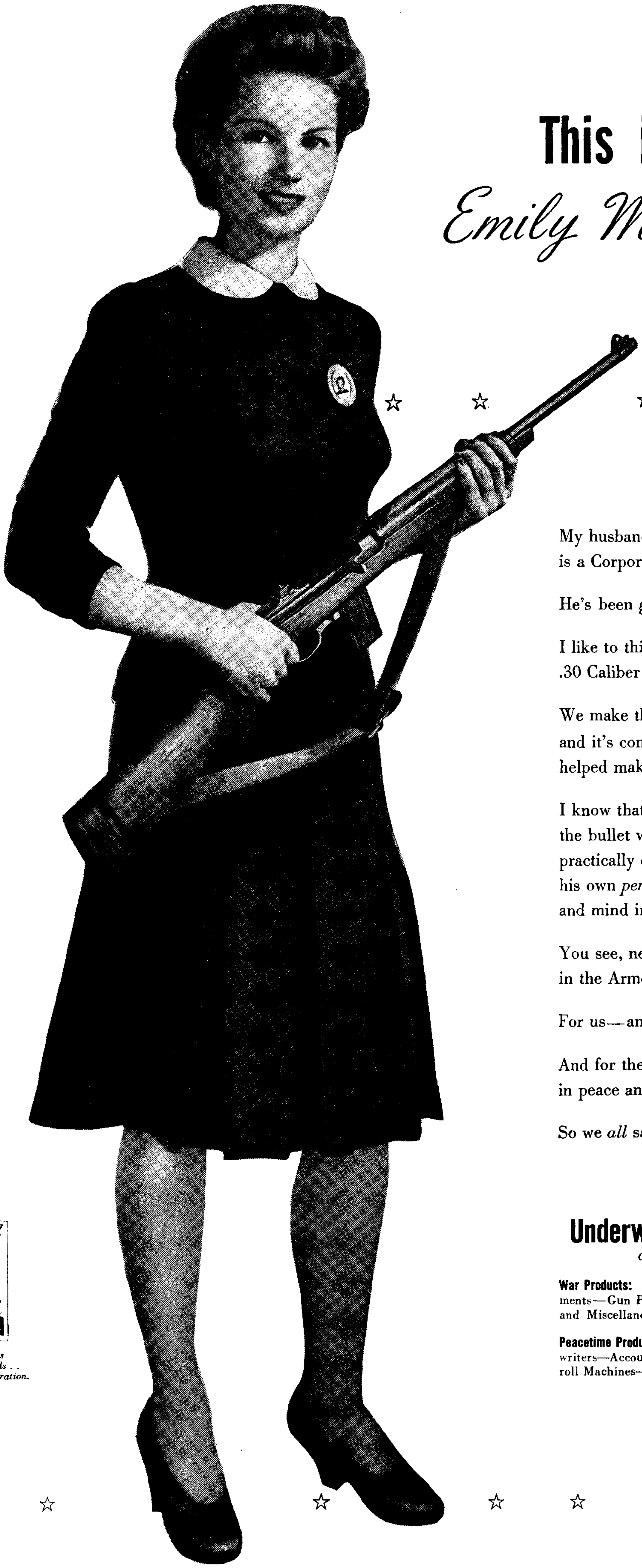
"Stepped out, huh? Go dancing?"

"Yeah, we danced," he said, and when Al wanted to know what else, he said, "Mostly I stayed home, with the wife and kid."

He saw them exchange glances, saw Al's brow lift. He knew what they were thinking. They used to kid him at camp about coming so far for so little time, and it was a hard thing to explain.

He saw their weariness and smiled, and perhaps because he felt so good, he was suddenly sorry for them. It seemed funny, his feeling that way, but somehow he did; pitied them actually, for he saw now that they didn't realize how much a week-end pass could mean. They just didn't know.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE



This is Emily Mallia Speaking...

My husband, Mike,
is a Corporal in the Army.

He's been gone nearly two years now.

I like to think of him as carrying one of these
.30 Caliber Carbines wherever he goes.

We make them here,
and it's comforting just to know that my hands
helped make a part of what he's fighting with.

I know that when Mike shoots his gun,
the bullet will go straight where he aims it because
practically everyone in the U E F plant here has
his own *personal* reason for putting his heart
and mind into the work.

You see, nearly everyone of us has somebody
in the Armed Forces who's fighting for us.

For us—and for you, too . . .

And for the way Mike and I want to live . . .
in peace and comfort—after the war's won.

So we *all* say: Speed the guns . . . to speed that day!

EMILY MALLIA—Badge No. 5301

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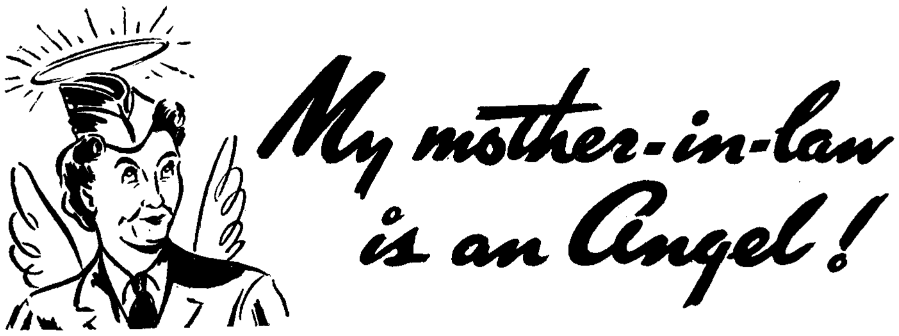
My mother-in-law is an Angel!

BEFORE I WAS MARRIED I used to dose myself with a laxative that tasted simply awful! Whenever I had to take it, I'd hold my nose, make a face, and gulp it down. My, how that stuff used to weaken and upset me!

Some laxatives are too strong!

LATER I SWITCHED to another laxative which was supposed to be *very mild*. But it was like jumping from the frying pan into the fire. Instead of bringing relief, this medicine only stirred me up and left me feeling worse than before!

Some laxatives are too mild!

I'D BEEN MARRIED almost a year, before I talked about my laxative problem to my mother-in-law. In almost no time, that little angel was back with a box of Ex-Lax! It tasted good — just like fine chocolate. And Ex-Lax worked so easily, so thoroughly, so effectively! It's not too strong, not too mild . . .

EX-LAX is the Happy Medium!

IF YOU NEED A LAXATIVE WHEN YOU HAVE A COLD —
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EX-LAX

THE "HAPPY MEDIUM" LAXATIVE

Tito

Continued from page 19

five vice-presidents. Each of the five vice-presidents represents each of the principal racial bodies within the nation. The system is not accidentally like the Soviet order in Russia.

Although a year ago, Tito stressed the role of Communism in the liberation of Yugoslavia, he sings variations of the Soviet theme now. In recent weeks Tito's propagandists have stressed (1) the right to own property; (2) freedom of private industrial and commercial enterprise, and (3) a representative federal government, as being among the chief aims of his regime along with the fullest implementation of the Four Freedoms. From all available evidence, it seems that Tito is trying to accomplish a sort of tommy-gun wedding between Communism and what the professional left-wingers call Capitalism. He is thinking, too, his aides say, in terms of a Slav federation. His aims in this direction fit snugly into the Soviet policy. The people to whom Tito appeals are predominantly Slav, and a Pan-Slav congress sits perpetually in Moscow.

Tito is combating illiteracy as he fights. He has instituted state schools for grown-ups, and attendance is compulsory when men and women aren't fighting. He has started a state theater. Its actors are on tour now in the liberated areas, performing revues, sketches of a political nature.

A Student of the Arts

They'll do Shakespeare next, but the Partisans insist this isn't because Tito is a Shakespearean student. Tito speaks halting English, but reads it easily. He lost a complete set of Shakespeare in the last offensive and has left only Tolstoi's War and Peace and some volumes of Mark Twain and Dickens written in Serbian. He speaks German, Russian and Bulgarian fluently, and understands and reads French, in addition to English. He likes to listen to Russian music and spends hours at the radio to hear the Moscow and London news and musical broadcasts.

Tito has the full support of the church. Every brigade has its chaplains—Moslem, Jewish, Greek Orthodox or Catholic. Even those die-hard Orthodox priests who might be inclined to intrigue against what they consider the Bolshevization of Yugoslavia have only the highest regard for Tito and personally consider him somewhat of a saint. This is at least partly because personally and publicly Tito lives an exemplary life and demands from his co-ed army the same asceticism.

At least one fourth of his troops are women. "They are every bit as good as men for guerrilla warfare," Tito says. "Brave, enduring and able. But it is difficult to make officers out of them and to teach them how to take cover. In guerrilla fighting, the art of taking cover is paramount. Women always choose the shortest distance between two points, and consequently get hit oftener because they ignore the protection of trees, bushes, rocks and ditches. It is hard to make them understand that a good soldier is a live one."

Promiscuity is nonexistent in Tito's army. This is remarkable for many reasons, but principally because the Slavs are a lusty, full-limbed, pleasure-loving people. Drinking is strictly taboo. In the early days, drunkenness was punishable by death. It is no longer a capital offense, but boys and girls lay off the slivovitch. The national drink, by the way, isn't so good these days. The prune crop has been hit by a blight.

Tito is married to a second wife who is described as being considerably younger than he, a beautiful blond Slovene. She keeps in the background, doesn't live with him at headquarters and is leader of the Women's Anti-Fascist Council. She is a graduate of the University of Zagreb and has an important job in the education program. Tito has a son by his first marriage; he is a soldier in the Soviet army. One of Tito's happiest moments was when he received word that his son had been made a People's Hero, the highest award given by the USSR to fighting troops.

His right bower is Ivan Ribar, president of the presidium. Sixty-two years old, he is a former wealthy Croat lawyer whose palatial home in Belgrade was bombed by the Germans when the country was first invaded. In 1918, Ribar was president of the First Yugoslav Chamber of Deputies, a member of the Democratic Party, and in 1924 was instrumental in dissolving the Yugoslav Communist Party. He later became president of the Croat Peasant Party.

Although Ribar now occupies a place in Tito's regime equivalent to that of Kalinin in Russia, he was one of a handful who met with Tito in a Belgrade flat in May, 1941—a few days after the Germans had occupied the country—to plan resistance. As the pair plotted how to rescue their country, the Nazis patrolled the streets with tommy guns. At that very moment, two resistance movements began, one led by Tito and Ribar and the other by Mikhailovitch. The two, unfortunately, weren't co-ordinated, although Tito, between May and October, 1941, made two and possibly three visits to Mikhailovitch's headquarters in an effort to unify the two guerrilla armies.

Each time, according to the story as it is told now by the Partisan delegates in Cairo, Tito went to Mikhailovitch's hide-out unarmed and escorted by two men. On one occasion, Tito is supposed to have obtained Draja's promise of co-operation and to have pledged 5,000 Partisan rifles in return.

Mistake in Identity

Mikhailovitch, however, didn't know with whom he was dealing. He is said to have believed that Tito was a Russian general and to have remarked recently, "If I had known who he was, I would have shot the Red." But that's hearsay.

Although Tito must have acquired considerable military knowledge as a soldier in Russia and a volunteer in Spain, he has no formal military education. High Allied officers say, however, that he demonstrates uncanny generalship. He has numerous handicaps.

The Partisans have little or no antiaircraft defense. German planes bomb Partisan detachments almost at will. He has only a few antitank guns and a small number of tanks captured from the Germans and Italians. Captured guns, rifles, uniforms, matériel of all kinds provide the chief source of Partisan equipment. The Partisan army is at least one third clothed in Italian uniforms, with Yugoslav insignia and red star sewed on caps, and it is interesting to note that the Communist salute has been abandoned.

The Partisans do have a few factories which produce land mines, grenades and small ammunition. They are reasonably well off for food, one high-ranking Partisan officer claiming that "there is more land under cultivation now than ever before, because the areas actually held by the Germans are physically small."

Even if they didn't have Tito, the Yugoslavs would be hard to beat. But they do have Tito. He may become a dictator, but, right now, he is one of the towering figures of this war.

THE END

The Week's Work

Victoria Lincoln and son Tom

IN HER article, Women Behind Barbed Wire, p. 20, Marjorie H. Gunnison modestly soft-pedals her personal difficulties as a prisoner of the Japs in Manila and Shanghai, but in conversation she'll tell you that one thing that troubled her greatly was the loss of her hair. It fell out so fast—due, she supposes, to the vitamin-deficient prison diet—she figured that her first purchase when she got home to America would be a wig. Some women prisoners did become bald, but her own fate was not so harsh. Under kind treatment, her tresses are flourishing once more.

Lipstick was a bone of contention in camp committee meetings. The Japs occasionally would let one of the men prisoners go to a drugstore with a guard to buy medicines—but only medicines. When the women begged for lipstick as well as aspirin, some committee members were disgusted. With money so short, why waste it on fripperies, they argued.

"Fortunately my husband (Royal Arch Gunnison) was a good talker," Marjorie says, "and he persuaded the committee that make-up was essential to morale. It wasn't too hard to distract a guard's attention long enough to glom thirty or forty lipsticks."

Both Mr. and Mrs. Gunnison were North American Newspaper Alliance and Collier's correspondents in the Pacific area when war broke out, and the telling of their experiences, in articles and over the radio, has kept them both busy since they arrived in New York on the Gripsholm. Mr. Gunnison will have an article in an early issue of Collier's.

VICTORIA LINCOLN, author of Embarkation Point, p. 14, agrees with Anthony Trollope, the Victorian novelist, that with writing, "It's dogged as does it." But Trollope couldn't have known just how much doggedness is required of a woman writer who is also a mother and housekeeper. "I write mornings when my children haven't mumps and if I have a maid," Miss Lincoln says, "and I keep wishing I could find more time for it."

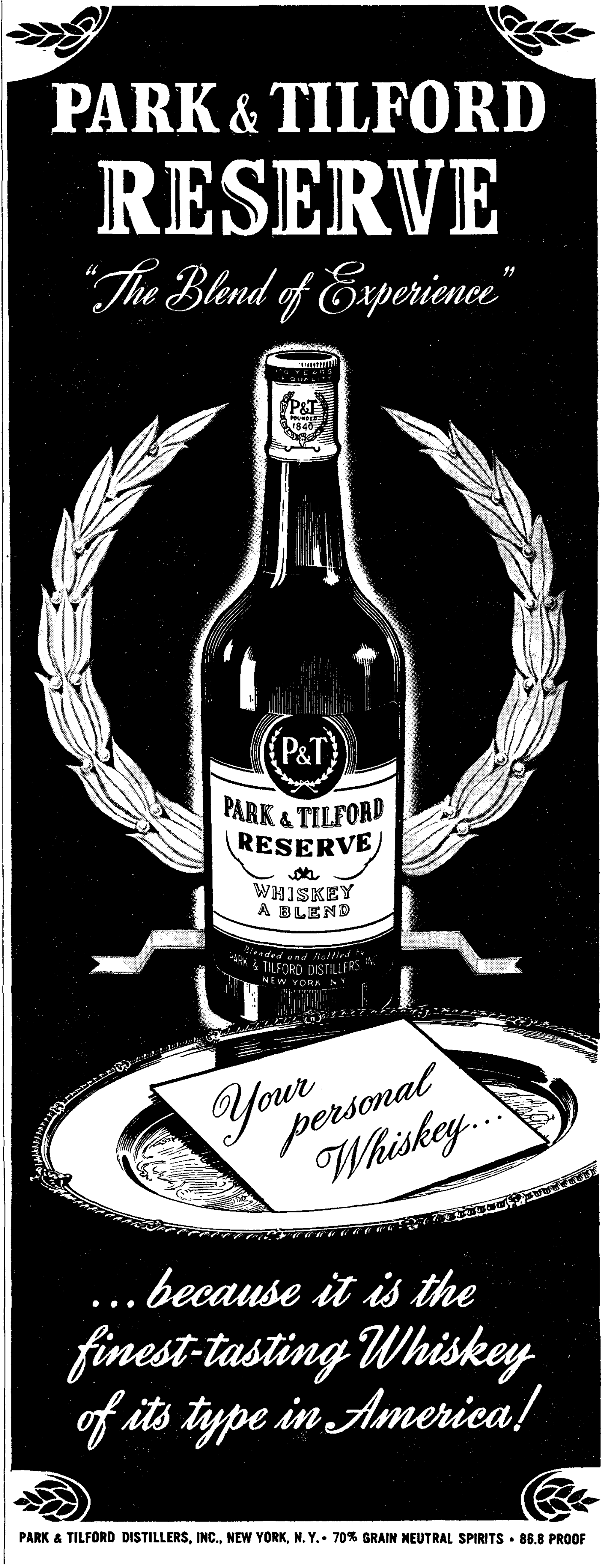
Her writing career began in a casual sort of way. She liked detective stories, and so she thought she'd write one, just for the fun of it. She bought a bunch of notebooks and left them here and there about the house, and when she had a spare minute, she'd pick one up and scribble a few more words. She'd never have had the nerve to submit the result to a publisher, she says, but a friend did it for her. She isn't proud of that first effort, entitled Swan Island Murders, but her second book, February Hill, established her as a first-rate writer. Now she's about to have another book published, a collection of short stories, poems and essays.

Miss Lincoln's husband, Victor Lowe, a teacher at Ohio State University, urges her to chuck the household chores in favor of disciplined writing. "But so long as my children are little," she says, "I'll probably be more housewife than writer."

IN WAR BELOW ZERO, beginning in this issue, p. 11, the full story of Greenland's important role in the war is told for the first time. But the idea has been brewing in the minds of the authors, Colonel Bernt Balchen and Corey Ford, ever since they breakfasted together one cold day last summer at an Iceland officers' club, mysteriously named Hotel de Gink. Over a dish of powdered scrambled eggs, they decided that many Americans might like to know more about Greenland, but the War Department, for security reasons, held up the telling till now. The series will be published in book form by Houghton Mifflin. . . . A. P.

Mr. and Mrs. Royal Arch Gunnison

HAROLD STEIN



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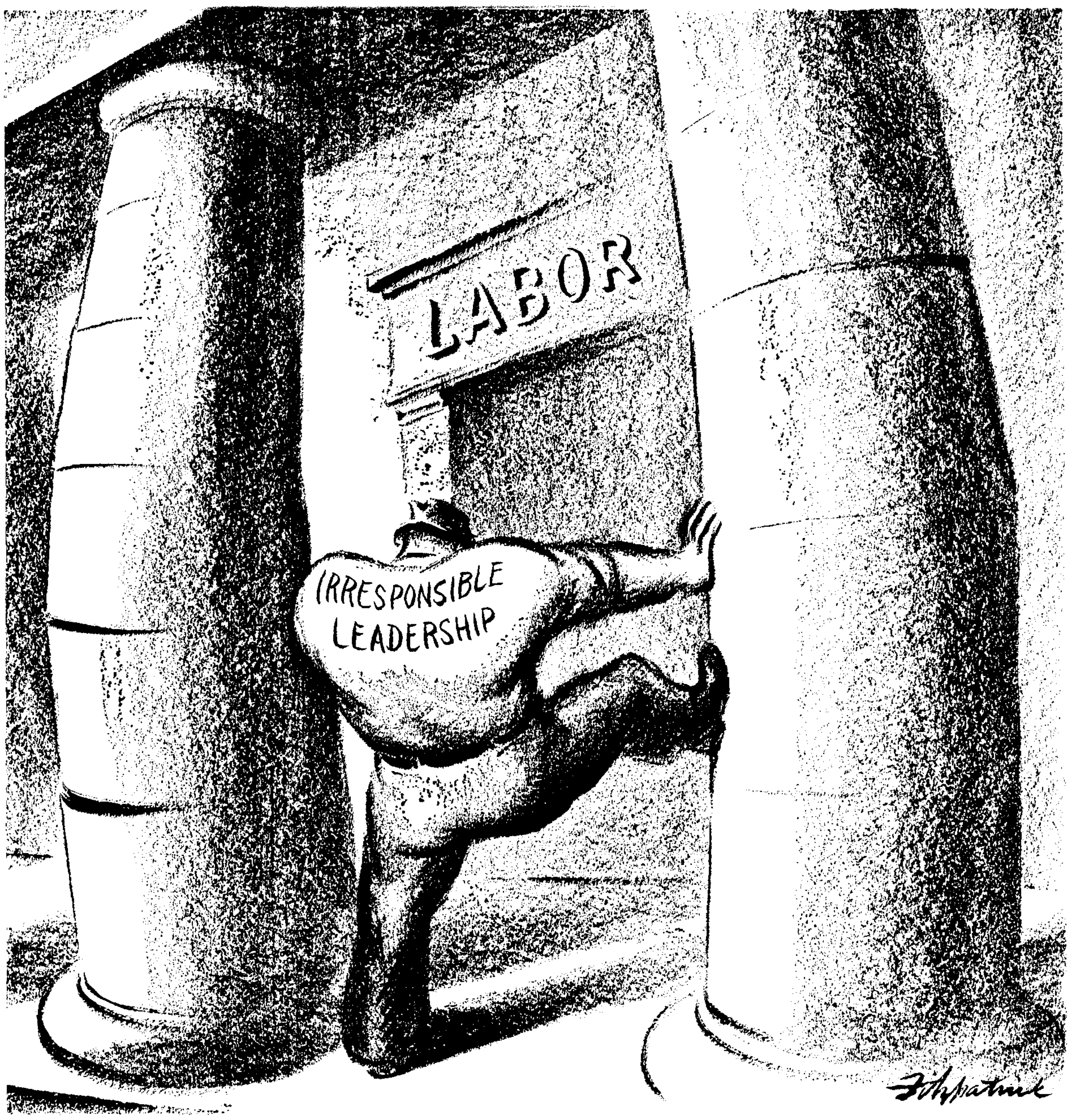

SOME BLUNT WORDS TO LABOR

As ALWAYS, we believe labor unions are essential to the welfare and progress of this country. But as long-time admirers of labor unions, we will now deal the rough side of the tongue to some of them.

Some of these outfits are going too far. We think that is plain to any objective observer—plain as it was to Chief of Staff Marshall when he said the threatened railroad strike had given the Germans a fine propaganda weapon and would prolong the war.

There is no doubt that wage increases are needed here and there, both inside and outside organized labor. There is no doubt, either, that the Administration has buttered up labor excessively from time to time. But the Administration appears to be adjusting itself to changing circumstances as regards labor; and it is time for various labor leaders to do some adjusting on their own account.

Labor has attained great power in this country. Responsibility goes with power; or the power presently leaves its irresponsible possessor. To accept its proper measure of responsibility, labor would have to consent to such things as genuine union elections supervised by public officials, to periodic financial statements worked up by outside auditors, to cool-off periods before strikes, to an end to feather-bedding practices, to laws forbidding labor unions to keep new processes and materials away from consumers, to assorted devices for keeping racketeers and Communists out of key positions in labor unions.

If U.S. labor does not consent to these reforms, what then? Well, the Armed Forces will be coming home some day; and at the present time the home-front antics of some labor organizations are stirring up an ominous lot of antilabor sentiment in the Armed Forces. If the boys come home feeling predominantly that way, this country will become a breeding ground for some home-grown version of Fascism or Nazism. And Fascism means tyranny, imposed first on labor and eventually on everybody in the unlucky country that falls victim to Fascism.

It is time for some labor leaders and their followers to get back to the common sense which some abandoned shortly after Pearl Harbor.

Stock Piles for the Next War

MOST of us hope there won't be any next big war, but we have no guarantee of it as yet. In which connection, we'd like to call attention to two recent publications which seem to us to dovetail neatly. One of these is Maxwell S. Stewart's recent Collier's article One World—One Market, about raw materials and where they are to be found on and under the skin of this earthly ball. You can still get the big, elaborate map that went with this article, plus a 72-page world raw materials index, by sending 50 cents to Map Section, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y. The other of these recent publications is a report by E. O. Sowerwine, assistant to the president, Anaconda Copper Mining Co., on the war's rapid consumption of sundry United States raw materials and the feasibility of importing those materials for stock-piling after the war.

Mr. Sowerwine's report is keyed to this ominous sentence in its introduction:

> The unified efforts of government and industry have assured an ample supply for the present emergency, but have developed the alarming fact that in the case of certain metals, particularly copper and zinc, our reserves are being so rapidly depleted, even as to those metals in which the United States production has led the world, that if our natural resources continue to be drained at the present rate, another war 25 years hence would find this country almost entirely dependent upon foreign sources.

The stock-piling advocates propose, in brief, that for ten years after the war our government buy up durable raw materials from other countries and impound them in this country for emergency use in war, and for no other purpose. Metals left over from the war in the form of planes, guns, tanks, ships, etc., would also be acquired, melted down and stored.

These proposals strike us as of urgent importance. Still poignantly fresh in our memories is the horrible prospect we faced after the Japs cut us off from most of our natural rubber supplies in the Far East. We've licked that emergency now—but not nearly as thoroughly as we'd have licked it had we stock-piled, say, 2,000,000 tons of natural rubber in this country beginning after the war started in September, 1939.

A resolute, long-term stock-piling policy should insure us against such near-catastrophes next time—if there is a next time. But it should do more than that. It should help speed world trade back to normal as fast as possible after this war; and if we can restore trade in a hurry to an impoverished postwar world, we can probably get a good start at solving the other problems connected with the peace.

Army Air Forces Epic

ONE of the most inspiring pieces of literature yet to come out of this war, we believe, is the recent report of General H. H. Arnold of the Army Air Forces to the Secretary of War. General Arnold, incidentally, won the Collier Air Trophy for 1943.

It is now no secret that Pearl Harbor all but wrecked us in the air as well as on the surface of the Pacific. In a few hours, our 526 combat planes located strategically to meet possible Hawaii and Philippines attacks were slashed by the Japs to 176. And we had, just before that disaster, only 1,157 combat planes all told, anywhere.

The picture has changed somewhat since then. General Arnold says:

> From the wreckage of a score of airfields scattered in the Pacific area rose an air force of 2,385,000 officers and enlisted men—a number still growing. As of October 31, 1943, those men have already flown over 250,000 combat sorties, expended in combat more than 40,000,000 rounds of ammunition, used up nearly 2,000,000,000 gallons of gasoline, destroyed in aerial combat 8,478 enemy airplanes, probably destroyed 2,555 more, and damaged another 2,834. These figures do not include enemy planes destroyed on the ground or the extraordinary score run up by the American Volunteer Group in China.

Thanks to the phenomenal achievements of the American aircraft industry, military airplane production has zoomed from 20,700,000 pounds of air frames in 1940 to 667,000,000 in 1943.

When we've won the war, of course, every man and woman who took direct or indirect part in it will be entitled to a share of the credit for having saved the country. But it is hard to see how a lion's share of the credit can justly be denied to General Arnold and his co-workers—Billy Mitchell disciples, most of them—who sweated and bulled Mitchell's air-war dreams into coming true at a time when they had to come true, or else.

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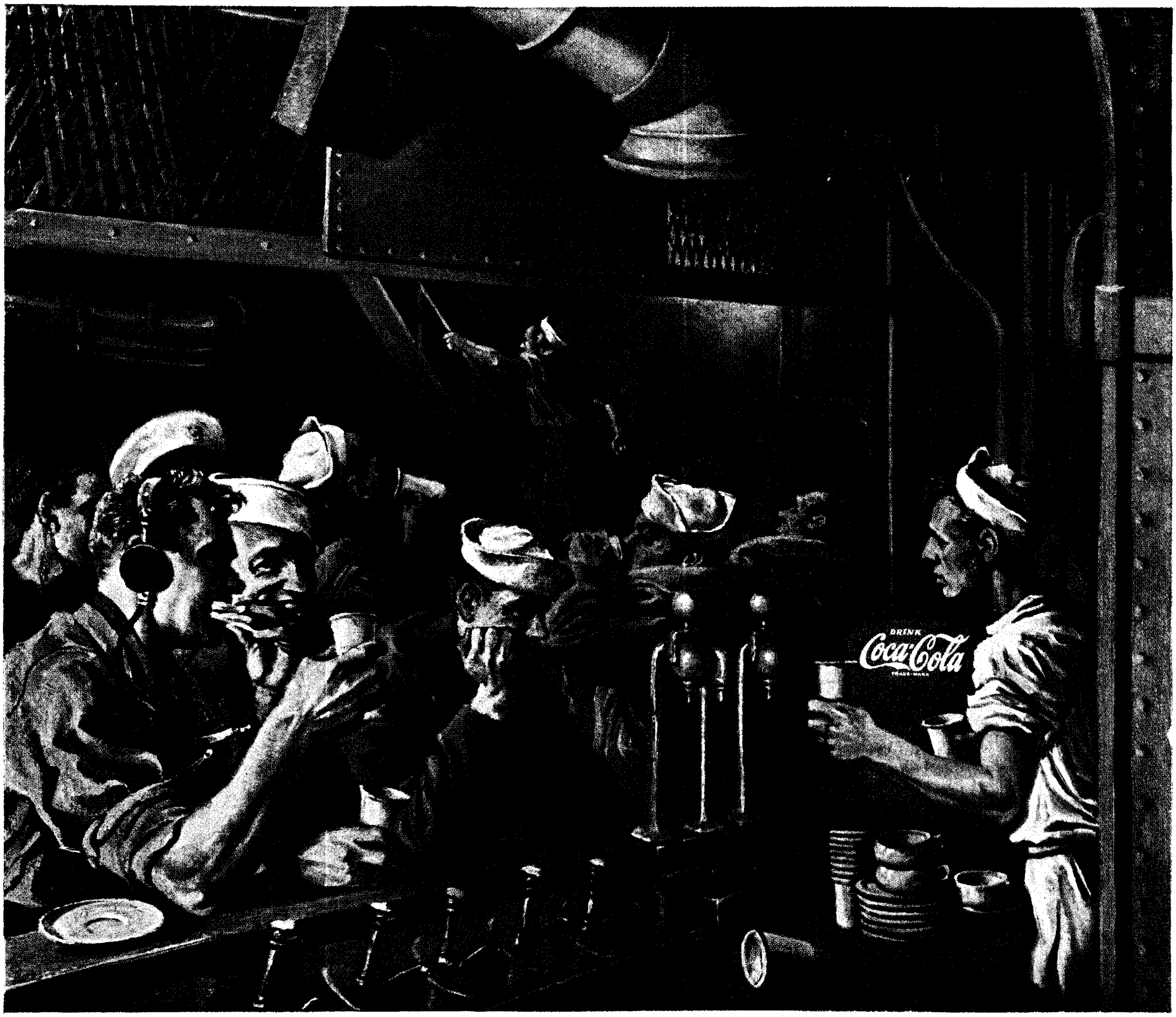

. . . a way to relax on a battleship

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